Drake
Jan. '15

To Bessie -

Wishing you
many happy returns of
June 2 9th and several return
to "England"

Hattie

1915

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MY REMINISCENCES

"All men are interested in any man if he will speak the facts of his life for them; his authentic experiences, which correspond, as face to face, to that of all other sons of Adam."—CARLYLE.

MY REMINISCENCES

BY

LORD RONALD GOWER

NEW EDITION

DA
565
G75A3
1895

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & CO. LTD
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1895

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PREFACE TO NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF "MY REMINISCENCES"

ALTHOUGH it may seem somewhat unnecessary to re-issue a new edition of these Reminiscences, the fact of the four earlier editions having come to an end has made me do so. I have had frequent suggestions made me to bring these Reminiscences "up to date," but I have refused to do this for two reasons—the first, that whatever little merit the old ones may have, they have at any rate the distinction of being, I believe, the only memoirs written at the early age of five-and-thirty; and the second is, that since the year at which they close (1880), I have little but sad and almost tragic facts to record. The deaths of many relatives; the sadder marriage of one, once dear to me; following close on the sudden death of my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland, at the end of the year 1888. Such things sadden life for all remaining time, but they are not of an order which appeal to the general reader; on whose indulgence I again rely.

RONALD GOWER.

February 1895.

PREFACE

ONCE upon a time an Italian nobleman built himself a funereal monument. On being asked why he did not leave the care of this work to his relatives after his death, he replied that he had little confidence in their taking the trouble or going to the expense of doing so.

Agreeing with this Italian, I have compiled these recollections from my old journals — diaries which will probably serve to light the kitchen fire when their author has departed.

At any rate, I save others the trouble of looking through a large amount of ill-written MSS.; and I hope that these Reminiscences will not prove entirely without interest to the general reader, on whose indulgence I throw myself.

R. G.

BARCELONA: *Dec.* 2, 1882.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	STAFFORD HOUSE	1
II.	CLIVEDEN	9
III.	TRENTHAM	20
IV.	DUNROBIN	30
V.	MY FATHER'S FAMILY—THE GOWERS	46
VI.	MY MOTHER'S FAMILY—THE CARLISLE HOWARDS	66
VII.	EARLY RECOLLECTIONS	79
VIII.	EARLY YEARS	92
IX.	1863: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE, AND GENEVA	105
X.	1864: COLCHESTER, AND GARIBALDI'S VISIT	113
XI.	A VISIT TO POTSDAM—LORD CARLISLE'S DEATH	121
XII.	CAMBRIDGE DAYS	131
XIII.	CAMBRIDGE DAYS (*continued*)—ITALY IN WAR TIME	150
XIV.	CHISWICK HOUSE	171
XV.	LAST DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE—THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION—GARIBALDI AT HOME	181
XVI.	1868: FOREIGN TRAVEL—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—MY MOTHER'S DEATH	195
XVII.	1869: IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD	213
XVIII.	1870: FRANCE IN WAR TIME	220
XIX.	1871: PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE AND AFTER THE COMMUNE	254
XX.	1872: HUGHENDEN, ETC.	269

CHAP.		PAGE
XXI.	1872: FROM LONDON TO YORK BY ROAD	282
XXII.	THE LENOIR COLLECTION—NAPOLEON III.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA—THIERS—COUNT DE WALDECK	324
XXIII.	1874: WORK AND PLAY	336
XXIV.	1875: IN PARIS AND ELSEWHERE	351
XXV.	WORK IN PARIS—MILLAIS—THE EMPRESS EUGENIE	366
XXVI.	1877: "VANITY FAIR"—CARLYLE—THE GUILLOTINE	377
XXVII.	1878: TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK AGAIN	393
XXVIII.	IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICANS, AND A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW	449
XXIX.	1879: PARIS, ITALY, RUSSIA, AND SPAIN	458
XXX.	1880: TAINE—SARAH BERNHARDT—LORD BEACONSFIELD	492

MY REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

STAFFORD HOUSE

I APPEARED on this earthly scene in the month of August 1845, born literally in an art palace; for no house in London deserves better such a title than the great brown building that on the south fronts the Mall, on the east St. James's Palace, and on the west the Green Park, and which, in the summer of '46, was facetiously dubbed by the club wits of Pall Mall and St. James's Street the "lying-in hospital;" for a few days after my birth two of my mother's daughters were confined of their eldest born under the same roof. Rogers, the banker-poet, the friend of Byron and Moore, said that, although he had seen all the palaces of Europe, he preferred Stafford House to any of them. "I have often said," he added, "that it is a fairy palace, and that the Duchess is the good fairy!"

In one of the rooms hangs a brilliant water-colour drawing by Eugene Lami, representing one of the many occasions on which the Queen—then in the early happy days of her reign—honoured Stafford House by her presence. It was during one of these receptions that Her Majesty, on entering the great hall, paid her hostess a compliment worthy of Louis XIV.: "I have come from my house to your palace!" In Lami's drawing the grand staircase is shown crowded with guests, and the spacious hall a blaze of light. The artist has chosen the moment when the Queen, escorted by her host and hostess, is descending the staircase. Among the throng that rises as the Sovereign approaches, portraits

of some of the family are introduced, easily recognisable although the figures are but three or four inches high. That tall form and long face is the late Duke of Devonshire, uncle of my mother, friend of the Regents, and the discoverer and patron of Paxton; next to him stands a kilted and plaided figure, the head of the Campbells, who had, when this picture was painted, but recently married the eldest daughter of the house. There, among a bevy of ladies dressed in the fashion of the days of D'Orsay, many likenesses could be pointed out of a society that is now all but passed away. Few indeed of the principal actors in this bright scene are left.

In spite of its sombre exterior, Stafford House deserves the epithet both Queen and poet gave it. Palatial indeed are its great hall and its matchless staircase. These, again, are environed by galleries and saloons containing treasures of art that few public collections could rival. But what has given Stafford House its greatest prestige has been the noble influence in the cause of charity and freedom with which it and my mother's name are associated. What a succession of illustrious guests have been welcomed in this spacious hall! Poerio and his fellow-sufferers, still weak from their confinement in the prisons of Naples; Garibaldi the Deliverer, clad in his famous red garb; Livingstone and Charles Sumner, besides a host of princes and magnates, potentates and plenipotentiaries, having ascended these storied stairs. On the principal landing of this staircase, fronting the great glass doors, which are supposed to open only for royalty or for the departing bride, how many charitable meetings have been held, how many triumphs of music accomplished! Here Malibran, Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini have sung; here Ristori and Thellusson recited. Nor has this hall echoed only to the strains of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, but also to the voices of philanthropists and patriots—to Lord Shaftesbury advocating the cause of the white, and Garrison that of the black slave.

The best description of Stafford House has been written by Lord Beaconsfield. "Crecy House"—as it is named in "Lothair"—"is," he writes, "one of the half-dozen stately structures that

our capital boasts of." And of it he gives the following history, which I quote because it is true:—"An heir-apparent to the throne (the Duke of York) in the earlier days of the present century had resolved to be lodged as became a prince, and had raised, among gardens which he had deviated from one of the royal parks, an edifice not unworthy of Vicenza in its best days, though on a far more extensive style than any pile that city boasts. Before the palace was finished the prince died, and irretrievably in debt. His executors were glad to sell to the trustees of the executors of the house of Trentham the incomplete palace, which ought never to have been commenced. The ancestor of the Duke was by no means so strong a man as the Duke himself, and prudent people rather murmured at the exploit. But it was what is called a lucky family—that is to say, a family with a charm that always attracted and absorbed heiresses." Further on the hall is described; but instead of Firenzi's admirable copies of some of Paul Veronese's masterpieces, with which its walls are panelled (how well I remember the disappointment I felt on seeing the originals of these well-known copies at Venice huddled in dark galleries and darker churches!), Lord Beaconsfield, in the easy manner which blends in his romances facts and fiction, describes the hall as being adorned with "paintings by the most celebrated artists of the age commemorating the exploits of the Black Prince!"

Near, but not in the hall, hangs a painting somewhat similar to those the statesman-novelist describes. This is a large cartoon, which, to the bitter mortification of the artist, poor Haydon, had been rejected by the Committee for the Decoration of the Houses of Parliament. My father, ever ready to befriend the unfortunate, bought the rejected cartoon. Nor was this the only occasion in which he assisted the well-meaning, ambitious, but unlucky painter. When great height, beauty of proportion, and magnificence of colour are so happily blended as in the great hall of Stafford House, the *chef d'œuvre* of the architect Wyatt, the conviction of architecture being one, if not the greatest, of the fine arts asserts itself. What single production of human art can

produce a greater sense of delight to both eye and mind than such structures as the Roman Colosseum or the Athenian Parthenon, wrecks and ruins though they are? In a much humbler form, and on a much smaller scale, the interior of the great hall of the house where I was born has always been to me a source of intense pleasure, ever fresh and unstaled.

Viewed when lighted *a giorno*, full of festivity and flowers, of perfumes and music, or with only the cold moonlight streaking one of the tall grey columns or lending a ghostly brightness to a figure in one of the copies of the great Caliari's painting, this hall has to me something almost sublime in its size and in its proportions—like some grand poem turned into solid masonry, imperishable, and immutable to time and age and human changes.

What the future destiny of Stafford House will be is not easy to guess. In two score years or so it reverts to the Crown. It will then probably become the home of one of the numerous princes that the future Royal Family will have to house—a far more suitable and worthy abode than the one now occupied by the Heir-Apparent. Never was there house equally magnificent and commodious. Every room in it, whatever its size, is as comfortable as it is handsome. In all of them my mother's hand is apparent. Unlike the palaces of Italy, which, although stately in appearance, resemble rather homes for the dead than dwellings for the living, at Stafford House the rooms, however vast, have a feeling of comfort about them. The great hall itself can, if needed, be converted into a most commodious sitting-room. And so with the other galleries and chambers. In the great square banqueting-room, so called from its having been the scene of large dinners and ball suppers, and in the adjoining gallery—the ballroom—the wealth of decoration rivals Versailles itself. In these days, when the palatial style of decoration has given place to feeble imitations of a mode half *cinque-cento*, half Louis XVI., it is likely that Stafford House is the last of the great houses decorated with all the pomp and magnificence of the days of Louis XIV.'s reign. But in spite of the gilding and splendour of decorations of these rooms, the art treasures that still—for

some of late have been dispersed—adorn them are what make Stafford House truly remarkable. The student of history will search in vain for that unique gallery of French portraits, beginning at the sixteenth and ending at the nineteenth century, known as the Lenoir Collection. Chantilly is now the home of those treasures that had no rival out of the Louvre; but enough remain of rare and remarkable paintings to make this gallery well worthy attention. By far the finest are the immense paintings that occupy the greater space of one of the walls in the gallery. Both are works by Murillo, and both painted in the great Sevillian's best, his third and latest manner. They formed part of the series of illustrations that he executed for the Church of the Hospital of Charity in his native town, representing scenes from sacred history emblematical of or illustrating deeds of charity human and divine. A few of this series are still in their original position on the walls of the old church at Seville. To Murillo's fame this series of "Caridad" paintings is as important as the Sistine Chapel to that of Buonarotti, the halls and galleries of the Vatican to that of Sanzio, or the glories and triumphs of Henry of Navarre in the Louvre to that of Rubens. Let us observe the one of these two great pictures on the right of the fireplace. In the figure clothed in rags of the youth who kneels with clasped hands at the feet of a venerable, white-bearded old man, and in the attendants, one of whom carries the new dress for the penitent, while another shows a ring he carries in his hand, and in the child who, in the background of the picture, leads the fatted calf, the whole story of that most beautiful of our Lord's parables is portrayed in a manner at once so pathetic and yet so simple that a child will recognise the old familiar story at a glance. Remark that true touch of nature which shows the little dog fawning on the Prodigal as he kneels at his father's feet. In spite of rags and tatters, he recognises his old master—"who was dead, but is alive again; who was lost, but is found!"

The companion picture to that of the "Prodigal Son" represents Abraham at the entrance of his tent welcoming the three angels. It is a far less interesting subject, and is also a less admirable

painting than the other one. Still this has great merit. Admirable as to drawing and as to composition, it is, as well as its companion picture, in excellent preservation. Both these paintings were looted out of Spain by that arch picture-plunderer, Marshal Soult, who stole them at the same time as the famous "Assumption" by the same master, now in the Salon Carré in the Louvre. For these three works Soult got nearly fifty thousand pounds. It is much to be regretted that, unlike the Assumption painting, neither of these Murillos at Stafford House has ever been engraved. I have often, but unsuccessfully, attempted to obtain photographs of them. Next in importance to the "Prodigal Son" and the "Abraham and the Angels," in this gallery, are three half-length, life-sized portraits placed opposite the Murillos. That of an old man in black, leaning back in his arm-chair, with book in hand, his finger marking the page which he was reading, when apparently his attention is called by the spectator, is considered Moroni's masterpiece. This portrait has been known for centuries in the world of art by the title of "Titian's Schoolmaster," from a tradition that the great Venetian studied this work and considered it worth even his imitation. The two other portraits are by Vandyck. That solemn, Lytton-Bulwer-like signior, with careworn face and high intellectual forehead, is the famous art-collector, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. His right hand—such a hand as Vandyck could only draw—negligently plays with the cameo George of the Garter ribbon, which until Charles II.'s reign was worn round the neck, as that of the Bath is now. Remark how transparently liquid are the eyes, almost as much so as those in the famous portrait known as the Gervatius by the same artist in the National Gallery. The other Vandyck portrait is of an unknown personage, apparently painted when the artist was in Genoa, and more carefully finished than his English portraits, when the crowd of courtier sitters from Whitehall had obliged the artist to employ pupils to add the draperies and accessories to his portraits.

It would make this notice of Stafford House far too long were I to attempt to even give a list of the other paintings that this

gallery and the adjacent rooms contain. For here are pastoral scenes by Watteau, Lancret, and Pater; landscapes by De Koning. Artois, Adrian Van der Velde, Van Goyen, Poussin, and Claude; saints, martyrs, monks, by Zurbaran, Murillo, Velasquez, Guercino, Ribera, Alonzo Cano, Guido, Schiavone, Sassaferrato, Penni, Parmigiano, and Pordenone; mythological scenes by Titian, Paul Veronese, Albano, and Correggio; historical subjects by Paul de la Roche (his great picture of Lord Stafford on his way to execution is in the gallery), by Benjamin West and poor Haydon; sea scenes by William Van der Velde and Gudin; architectural subjects by Pannini and Weenix; domestic scenes by Le Nain, Teniers, Breckelencamp, Nicolas Maas, Peter de Hooch, and Ostade; besides a host of portraits by the painters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, French, and English schools—the latter inclusive of works from Hogarth, our first great national portrait-painter, down to Sir Francis Grant.

In the latter category I will single out two groups of portraits, one by Lawrence, the other by Landseer, both being of local interest. The first of these is a life-size, full-length portrait of my mother and her eldest child, Elizabeth, painted more than half a century ago. It hangs in a room on the ground floor of Stafford House—a room with windows that open to the ground on the garden—a garden surrounded by other gardens, if the ugly bald parterre of that plot of ground in front of the ugliest palace in Europe, St. James's, deserves to be called by that name. In this portrait, one of Lawrence's happiest, he has depicted my mother seated, her little girl on her knee. My mother's dress is black velvet, cut to the fashion of the days when George IV. was king, with high waist, "gigot" sleeves, and hair in short ringlets. Both child and mother are beautiful —of that pure beauty that few but Lawrence could immortalise on the canvas. Vandyck and Reynolds never, I think, painted a more refined portrait of mother and child than this. It was reckoned marvellously like them at the time—1823. But not even Lawrence could do real justice to that imperial face, or give the sweetness and beauty of that sunny smile.

The other portrait group is by Landseer, also life-size. It is a group of two children, with a couple of dogs and a tame deer. This is among the best-known of Landseer's, and has been made popular through an admirable engraving by Cousins. The dark-eyed girl is my sister Evelyn, who died comparatively young —her life shortened by a devotion in nursing which might make a saint or a sister of charity jealous. The boy at her feet, in kilt and sporran, is the present owner of Stafford House. In the background the old keep of Dunrobin is introduced. In such a picture as this Landseer was not at his best. Like many great artists, when trammelled with a commission he seemed to lose power. He painted better and appears to greater advantage when depicting the face and expression of a dog or a deer than when portraying a "Lady Godiva" or a Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Commission is often the grave of talent.

CHAPTER II

CLIVEDEN[1]

MY earliest recollections are associated with Cliveden, and with a wedding and a death that took place there. Alexandrina—or Aline, as she was called by us—was the youngest of our family. Born in February 1848, she was little more than two years junior to me.

On the day of my eldest brother's marriage with Miss Hay Mackenzie in June 1849, Aline had, by her infantine loveliness and bright intelligence, charmed all present. In the diary of my uncle, Lord Carlisle, there appear, under the date of June 20, 1849, the following memoranda:—"A large family party went to Cliveden for Stafford's marriage. I was struck with the extraordinary grandeur and beauty of the view, which I had not seen since I was at Eton; a very good, enjoyable house, built by Sir George Warrender on the ruins of the 'Proud Alcove;' and to-day it was looking its best, with a glorious midsummer sun, full of smart people and of vases brimming over with white flowers. Almost the greatest object of attraction among bride and bridesmaids was Harriet's youngest child, Aline, about seventeen months old. I never saw a baby look more beautiful, and she had a look of deep composure, and even reflection, that was something quite remarkable." The next day he adds:—"We had heard that Harriet's little girl had been unwell in the morning, and Argyle came in after dinner to tell us she was dead. How sad and striking!" Sad, too, and striking, was another death at Cliveden that happened shortly after my brother's marriage. That ceremony had taken place in the drawing-room

[1] Cliveden was sold by the Duke of Westminster to Mr. Astor.

of the house, owing to the weak state of health of the bride's father, Mr. Hay Mackenzie; but a few days after the wedding and he too died. I was at this time not yet four years old, but well I remember being carried to my little sister's deathbed, and the bitter grief of my mother. She treasured for the rest of her life the faded flowers that her little girl's hands had plucked the day before her death in the summer woods and fields of Cliveden, and these, together with the portrait by Winterhalter of her little dead girl, remained by her as long as she lived. That wedding and these deaths took place in a building that no longer exists.

As regards fire, Cliveden has been exceptionally unlucky. Twice it has been burnt to the ground—the first time, when it belonged to Lord Orkney, in 1795; the second time, after it had been purchased by my father from Sir George Warrender, in 1849. The second fire took place on a Sunday morning, when, the family being away, and the household at church, or at some less laudable occupation, the house appears to have fallen an easy prey to the flames. At any rate, long before any attempt had been made to check the fire, a library—in which room the fire is supposed to have begun—rich in fine old editions of the French classics, was completely destroyed, not a book being saved. The smoke of the burning house was distinctly seen from Windsor, and, if I am not misinformed, the Queen was one of the first to notice it.[1] I do not remember the old building thus destroyed; all that I recollect of it is seeing the blackened walls pulled down preparatory to the rebuilding of the present house under the direction of Sir Charles Barry in 1850–51. Barry, who had already been employed by my father at Trentham, borrowed, as was his wont, largely from existing models. Any one who has seen the Villa Albano near Rome, and compares it with Cliveden, will see the likeness between them, although, unfortunately, in the case of the latter, stone was not used, as in the Roman villa-palace, but brick and stucco. The first records of Cliveden date from the reign of Charles II. To judge by last century prints of

[1] A Mrs. Blaine, near Maidenhead, happened to see both fires, that of 1795 and that of 1849, from, I believe, the same window of the same house.

the place, the old building was plain unto ugliness. Then as now the main building was flanked by wings, and then as now possessed a conspicuous feature in the noble terrace fronting the valley of the Thames. I need not quote Pope's hackneyed lines referring to the "Proud Alcove"—whatever that is—or to the "wanton Shrewsbury." One of the greatest scamps in English history—Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham—lived but did not die at Cliveden. After the death of the Duke "in the worst inn's worst room," Cliveden became the property of a Lord Orkney, one of Marlborough's generals. His tenancy of the place is recalled by a graceful stone temple in the grounds, which is still in good condition, raised by Lord Orkney in honour of his commander's crowning victory at Blenheim. Later, Cliveden was let to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., who, whatever his nullity may have been, extensively cultivated music in England. Here, under the leadership of Dr. Arne, either in the old concert-room below the terrace, which, with a sounding passage connecting the house and vault, still exists, or in a rustic theatre, of which the seats were the mossy turf, and the decorations the surrounding trees—the verdant stalls and grassy seats of the old parterre are still visible[1] — was performed Arne's opera, the "Masque of Liberty," in which Britannia was for the first time declared to rule the waves. Thomson's and Mallet's "Mask of Alfred," with music by the same composer, was also first produced at Cliveden in 1740.

In an old guide to Windsor and its neighbourhood I find the following quaint notice of old Cliveden :—"Cliefdon—[this is one of the many obsolete forms] of the way the name is spelt. Pope spells it "Clief den"]—Cliefdon House is worth notice, as well on account of its fine situation as of its having been the usual residence during the summer season of that amiable and engaging prince, His Majesty's (George III.) father. It was erected by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II., and came by marriage to the late Earl of Orkney, who made

[1] Or in a round of yew-trees now existing at the west end of the terrace walk on the slope of the bank.

considerable improvements in the house and gardens, which was also enlarged and improved by the late Prince of Wales; so that wherever the eye is turned, the sight is struck with agreeable avenues, parterres, and beautiful lawns, with an extensive view of the Thames, and the fine well-cultivated country on its banks. The house is a stately edifice, the rooms lofty and noble. In the front of the house is raised a noble terrace, said to be higher even than that of Windsor Castle. However, it is certain that the prospect from there is no more beautiful and extensive. The grand chamber is adorned with tapestry hangings representing the battles of the great Duke of Marlborough, finely expressed by order of the late Earl of Orkney, who was himself a commanding officer in those glorious campaigns."

The tapestries of Marlborough's victories doubtless perished in the first fire; they were, I imagine, similar to those at Blenheim Palace.

An account of that first conflagration is recorded in a letter from Lord Inchiquin (Lord Orkney's son) written to his cousin, the Duke of Leinster. This letter is dated from Taplow Court (an adjoining estate to Cliveden, which also belonged to Lord Orkney):—

"*May* 22, 1795.

"I am sorry," Lord Inchiquin writes, "to tell you of the melancholy fate of the once princely Clifden. Most completely furnished, it was entirely burnt down, with everything in it, last night between ten and eleven o'clock, while the family were at supper. The fire began in an upper bedchamber, and was so sudden, rapid, and violent that nothing was saved. I hope the wings will be, but the fire is not yet out. There were no engines nor other assistance that could be of any use. I was undressed, going to bed, when I first heard of it. The loss is great to me, heavily so to poor Lady Orkney. She did not save a ring, a trinket, nor a shift."

Fifty years passed, and the building erected on the same site again went up in flame, as I have already said. In the early part of the century Sir George Warrender lived here. He was a well-

known *bon vivant*. Sydney Smith dubbed him "Sir Georgious Provender."[1] Of this epicurean baronet the story goes that one day, when he was doing the honours of Cliveden to a distinguished foreigner, his guest asked him whether the view from the terrace took in all Sir George's estate. "All that you can see is mine," replied Sir Georgious, waving his hand over a view that embraced half-a-dozen counties! As a matter of fact, Cliveden can hardly be called an estate. At most it but covers three hundred acres; but such a view as that from Buckingham's grand old terrace is worth, artistically speaking, a county in itself. How strange that Turner should never have sketched this prospect, and that the artist who overran Europe in search of the beautiful, neglected a scene which has no rival in its kind on the banks of the Loire or of the Rhine! I think that even Turner's pencil would hardly have succeeded in rendering the indescribable softness and beauty of this scene, or could have done justice to the grace of the gentle sloping banks of timber and the silvery stream that, here widely swelling and again almost disappearing, gleams below these wooded hills as it wends its way by eyots and reedy shores till we lose sight of it under Maidenhead Bridge, again to reappear miles away, like some jewelled necklet, among the pleasant fields. The view from the terrace at Richmond can alone, I think, vie with this scene of perfect English beauty. The beauties of Cliveden are not merely confined to this view from the terrace. Lovely as that prospect is, there are walks and views without end, any one of which might well cause the despair of an artist, any one of which would make the fame of a place. Come, for instance, to a seat at the foot of an old oak that stands a few hundred feet to the west of the house. It is known as "Canning's Oak," having been a favourite spot with that statesman. Here an opening has been pierced down through the glades, forming a vista which terminates in the Thames, some hundred feet below. It is a view that, once seen, is not soon forgotten. When Garibaldi saw it, the scene recalled to him some of the mighty

[1] Mr. Francis Drummond informs me that it was Theodore Hook who nicknamed Sir G. Warrender "Sir Gorge Provender."

river prospects in South America, although, compared to the great rivers of the New World, our Thames is a mere streamlet. Since I have seen the Hudson River, I understand the comparison. As I have said, the walks and paths are almost endless at Cliveden. Leaving the upper terraces and gardens, you soon find yourself in a perfect maze of paths that wind in and out among the chalk cliffs among old yews under which "wanton Shrewsbury" and her lover may have passed, their weird and gnarled roots twisting from out the grey cliff in fantastic shapes, that seem as if the plants were in Laocöon-like throes, twisting and writhing under the coils of mighty snakes above. What studies for an artist are here! what variety of colour among these purple-dyed roots and branches, so vividly contrasting their blood-like hues against the walls of chalk, the trees and banks half-hidden by the wild undergrowth of clematis, or disguised by the softest of emerald-hued mosses! Following the trail of such a path, you find yourself of a sudden in a spacious green lane, a lovely sylvan corridor on the right, bordered by a row of grand stone pines—below, the Thames winds and sparkles, and beyond, on the other side of the river, solemn old elms seem to guard the low-lying fields of Cookham. What a playground these Cliveden woods were to us children in the old sunny days! What joy, when after a laborious crawl on hands and knees, to find in one of the chalk caves the skull of a bird or the tibia of a weasel! What zest we showed in the search for and collection of fossils, eggs, butterflies, and other natural history "curios" in those happy, careless times! And when too tired to look for more rarities, what delight it was to run down to the river's bank, and rest by the side of that clear spring of which old Sam Ireland, Hogarth's friend and biographer, has sung.

"Secure from summer's sultry ray"

he begins his lines:

"Haste hither, swains, and with you bring
Your ladies, debonnaire and gay,
To taste of Cliefden's cooling spring."

Yes; many happy days have we passed among these woods and on that river. The very name of Cliveden recalls the hawthorn and the may, the fields in June, the carpets of primroses and violets, the scent of the cowslips and the thyme, the hum of bees and the music of the feathered choristers of the woods. Pleasant evenings were those when, lingering on the river until the moon rose and warned us that it was time to leave boat and barge and climb the yew-tree path, through which the moonlight cast weird lights and shades, and when arrived above, to pause a little on the old terrace, and watch star after star brighten in the deep purple vault of the summer night, listening to the far-away sounds from the river, to the cry of the men at the lock as the belated boats returned to Maidenhead or Cookham, the laugh and the song fading slowly away over the water far below; and when all seemed at length hushed and still, to hear the rich rare note of the nightingale bursting into music from out the great elms on the lawn beneath the terrace, and all the time the air perfumed from the great white globes of the magnolias and grape-like clusters of purple westeria that climb the balustrades around.

Although in later years I have passed winter days here, sad within and without, the brightness of those early years, and the colour of the summer skies and the perfume of flowers, are to me ever associated with these woods and gardens.

As at Dunrobin and at Trentham so at Cliveden, the traces of my mother's taste are apparent both within and without doors. When my parents first came to Cliveden, the great garden that covers eight acres, and which is one of the show-places of the county, was but a prairie. Its only ornament was a kind of circus of turf at the end of the lawn, where in old Lord Orkney's time horses were exercised—an open-air *manège*, in fact. Can we not fancy seeing the General and his comrades of Ramilies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde, riding round and round this circle in their three-cornered hats, powdered heads, and huge riding-boots, making their crop-tailed steeds perform all the curvetings and amblings of the *haute école d'équitation*, as we see them in Parrocel's or the Cavalier Duke of Newcastle's book on the art of

riding? The ring is now in early summer a blaze of rhododendrons and azaleas, and no horse but that of the mower's comes near that circle now.

I remember our childish grief when the great waste of lawn was changed from a huge field of grass and wild flowers into its present state of trim sward flanked by stately flower-beds which Le Nôtre would not have despised, so dazzling were they in their summer hues. No one recalling its former state and its present can fail to admit that an improvement was made here by my mother.

Within, Cliveden owes much to her refined taste. Since her death, changes which I cannot help deploring have altered the original disposal of the principal rooms facing the garden or river front. But, with the exception of the great drawing-room, the house is in much the same state as when she occupied it and made the place beautiful with her dear presence. Entering the building through the outer hall, in which, facing the front door, stands a life-size bronze copy of the fine statue of Joan of Arc by a princess of the House of Orleans, we pass through a corridor that to the right opens on the principal staircase, to the left on the secluded parts of the house. The floors of this hall and of the corridors are inlaid with fine encaustic tiles, manufactured at Messrs. Minton's Works at Stoke, and given by the head of that establishment, Herbert Minton, to my mother at the time Cliveden was rising, for the second time, from its ashes, as a token of his appreciation of the constant interest she had shown for the welfare of the Staffordshire potteries. The little room on the left of the entrance-hall, forming the angle of the building and facing the river, was my mother's sitting-room —I object to that vulgar and unamiable term "boudoir." One window looks out on a garden that belongs to one of the wings of the house—a pretty, sheltered spot, with rustic seats under the spreading branches of cedar trees that may have seen both old and modern Cliveden. This garden is gay with flower-beds, prettily framed by a clump of ilexes—a tree too little appreciated in our parks and gardens, but which thrives at Cliveden. In

another part of the grounds there are groves of ilexes which rival those in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. Within, this room deserves more than a passing glance. The coved ceiling, finely painted, represents a trellised border of flowers and leaves, through which and out of oval-shaped openings gaze down children's heads. The idea is borrowed from the famous "Putti" of Correggio, in the room of the prioress at Parma. Instead, however, of being merely graceful Cupids, blowing their horns and playing their frolics, the Cliveden children are portraits of my mother's grandchildren. That boy with golden-coloured hair is the eldest of the Campbells; that girl with thoughtful eyes, and long silken tresses falling on her little shoulders, is now the mother of a quiverful of children. Here are youthful Stuarts and Campbells, Gowers, Grosvenors, and Fitzgeralds, now no longer children, but many with children of their own. On the walls are four admirably painted panels, by Wolf, of birds and flowers. The most successful, I think, is one of a large turtle-dove, resting so softly and comfortably on her nest, embowered in a white hawthorn bush in full bloom. Between the windows are two reduced copies of full-length portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The youth in the Order of the Thistle, all green velvet and white satin, is my mother's grandfather, Frederick, sixth Earl of Carlisle. The gladsome-looking lady in white and gold brocade, and with feathers waving on her head, is her famous granddame, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The latter portrait has been of late admirably engraved by Cusins. I shall not attempt to describe other rooms here, nor in my other old homes; for I should run the danger of seeming to wish to write an inventory, and that I have no intention of doing. Briefly, then, to glance at the adjoining apartments. The room next to the little sitting-room, which I have briefly described, contains one of R. Buckner's best portraits, that of my sister Constance Westminster, painted when she was seventeen, the engraving of which is well known. The painted frame of white and red roses is in itself a beautiful idea, admirably carried out; but the portrait is of the "Book of Beauty" type, and that is saying enough.

This room was my father's study, severely simple, as all his rooms were. It shows a few good pictures in oils and water-colours, some simple but well-filled book-cases, a fine engraving after Winterhalter's portrait of my mother above the fireplace, and a general look of being the sanctum of a scholar and a man of refinement. The present owner and occupant of this room has shown his good taste by not moving either a picture from the walls or a book from the shelves. Luckily the tastes of the nephew resemble those of the uncle too closely to make any change necessary here.

For the uninstructed it may be as well here to add in my account of the fortunes of Cliveden, that after my mother's death —whose jointure-house Cliveden had become after the death of my father—the place was sold, and was luckily purchased by the Duke of Westminster, who, by acquiring it, saved Cliveden from the fate of falling into unworthy hands, or being cut up for building villas and hotels, forsooth!

The library is a finely-proportioned room, the walls well stored with English and French works, which rest in cases of carved maple. Above the fireplace is panelled a good copy of Andrea Sacchi's well-known picture in the Vatican, representing St. Romualdo preaching to his fellow-monks in their retreat in the Apennines.

Although Cliveden cannot boast of any original paintings of value, this and the large copy of the central portion of Titian's "Assumption" in the dining-room are worthy of notice. On the staircase is a half-length portrait of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in his Garter robes—a poor concern—and a large "Finding of Moses," of the school of Veronese. Formerly the library opened into a couple of drawing-rooms, the first decorated with a row of mirrors, which reflected that matchless view of the Thames and wooded hills facing them; but the present owner has, I think unfortunately, altered this arrangement: the two rooms are now thrown into one, and the mirrors are gone.

The principal feature in the decoration of the dining-room, which ends this suite of rooms, is an admirably-painted ceiling,

a series of fruit-covered trellises. So true to nature is the painting of this ceiling that the peaches, grapes, figs, and pomegranates seem ready to fall on the floor. Above, the rooms have little to call for special notice. There is one, however, which in later years my mother used for her sitting-room, and in which are some pleasing pictures—notably a large painting in distemper, a view of Dunrobin from the gardens. Telbin is the artist. It shows how admirably scene-painting is adapted for purposes of decoration. So bright, vivid, and open-aired is this work of our greatest theatrical scene-painter, that, as in the case of Stanfield's views of Venice at Trentham, one feels as if one were actually at the place represented—that one has but to step across the frame to find oneself in those fair gardens that lie between the white-towered castle and the Northern main.

During the time the Queen occupied Cliveden, Her Majesty spent many hours on the balcony on the second floor near this room, facing the western horizon, and commanding a grand view of the "silver Thames."

CHAPTER III

TRENTHAM

"IT would be difficult to find a fairer scene," writes Lord Beaconsfield, in "Lothair," of our old Staffordshire home —the name of which he but slightly disguises by substituting a B for a T—"It would be difficult to find a fairer scene than Brentham offered, especially in the lustrous effulgence of a glorious English summer. It was an Italian palace of free-stone; vast, ornate, and in scrupulous condition; its spacious and graceful chambers filled with treasures of art, and rising itself from statued and stately terraces. At their foot spread a garden domain of considerable extent, bright with flowers, dim with coverts of rare shrubs, and musical with fountains. Its limit reached a park with timber such as the midland counties alone can produce. The fallow deer trooped among its ferny solitudes and gigantic oaks; but beyond the waters of the broad and winding lake the scene became more savage, and the eye caught the dark form of the red deer on some jutting mount, shrinking with scorn from communion with his gentler brethren."

This description of Trentham, although it sounds exaggerated, is in the main a perfectly truthful account of its exterior aspect; and if allowance is made for the novelist's licence in describing the building as of freestone, it being only of brick and stucco, the description of the house is also in the main accurate. Never has the "dark form of the red deer," that I know of, cast a shade on the grass and fern in Trentham Park.

In Plott's "History of Staffordshire" a view of the old house at Trentham is given. This represents a very different building from the present one. The earlier was an Elizabethan structure,

built in the seventeenth century by Sir Richard Leveson. This seems, to judge by the print, to have been a delightful place. Quaint and picturesque, with high gables, tall chimneys, bay windows, and a wide terrace in front, encircled by a balustrade formed of an open-work lettered inscription. Some old Jacobean and Elizabethan houses are thus adorned—at Castle Ashby, for instance, where such an ornament surrounds the roof of the building; and at Hardwicke, where Bess of Hardwicke's initials occupy a similar post of elevation. Nothing of this old pile remains.

Early last century some Goth of an ancestor pulled down the old hall, and in its place built a hideous long flat house of red brick with stone facings, in imitation of one of the ugliest houses in the land, old Buckingham House. As the fortune of the family increased, so did the size of this building. But it was only when Sir Charles Barry was employed that it ceased to be supremely hideous. It is now, in spite of the long, ugly central portion, a really handsome mansion. The entrance-porch and adjacent colonnade, as well as the private wing, with its open terrace of two storeys high, are as perfect imitations of pure Italian architecture as Barry ever designed. I know of nothing more graceful and happy in its way than the half-circle of a colonnade that forms at once a passage, a fernery, and a vestibule leading from the body of the house to the park entrance.

But it is not even what Barry has done for Trentham that has made it one of the great lions of English "show-places." The late Duke of Devonshire—and a better judge could not easily have been found—used to say that, in his opinion, the garden front at Trentham was unrivalled, his own glorious Chatsworth not excepted.

There is hardly a structure of its importance in the island that has so uneventful a history as Trentham.

A priory, dating traditionally from the middle of the seventh century, occupied the site of the present church; a structure combining the uses of a parish church with those of a family chapel, and forming a portion of the modern hall. A Saxon

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king's daughter was a titular saint of this fane. Four hundred years after her time a Norman Earl of Chester granted the church to a prior, who, with his canons, entered therein. The fine massive old pillars, restored stone by stone by my father in 1844, which formerly supported the roof of the nave of the priory, are undoubtedly Norman, and probably were placed here in the twelfth century. In Henry VI.'s reign we find that the prior of Trentham had bloomed into an abbot.

In 1531 both priors and abbots disappeared. In 1539 Henry VIII. granted Trentham, with much other church spoil, to his handsome brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The Levesons acquired the place by descent in the female line from this favoured courtier and his Queen consort.[1] Sir John Leveson (temp. James I.) left at his death two daughters, his co-heiresses. One of these, Frances, wedded Sir Thomas Gower, a Yorkshire cavalier, and brought in her jointure Trentham, besides other property in Staffordshire and Shropshire, both, the latter especially, well stored with coal.

It is to this alliance, and to others equally productive of the acquisition of great landed property, that two rather insignificant families are indebted for having—to borrow from an account of "Our Great Governing Families"—"risen within two hundred and fifty years from simple country baronets into the greatest, though not the richest, territorialists in Great Britain." Trentham church has seen and passed through many changes—not the least striking when some of the Parliamentarian horse were

[1] Mr. James Drummond corrects me as follows:—"The Levesons" (he writes) "had no descent through either males or females from Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his wife, Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., and Queen Dowager of France. Next to the descent from Margaret Tudor, the other and elder sister of Henry VIII., and Queen of Scotland, this is the rarest of all royal descents. Lord Ronald Gower has it through four different lines of pedigree, but none of them through the Levesons. The Levesons purchased Trentham, and, further, the Frances Leveson who married Sir Thomas Gower was the daughter of Sir John Leveson of Haling, not of Sir Richard Leveson of Trentham, who was her uncle, and who, by will, devised Trentham to her son, Sir William Leveson Gower, quite independently of her co-heirship and her father."

quartered in it during the Civil War. They have left their mark in the old royal coat-of-arms painted on panel that one finds in many an old country church, which is pierced in two places by bullet-holes. A few family monuments—one of alabaster—and a couple of brasses, besides the headless figure of a knight carved in freestone, are the only ancient fragments of artistic interest in the church. Matthew Noble's happiest effort in memorial sculpture is, however, worthily placed here, protected by a handsome screen of carved oak that dates from the seventeenth century. It is the recumbent statue of my mother. When Barry was changing the exterior of plain old Georgian Trentham into the semblance of an Italian palace, he had the incredibly bad taste to suggest that the church, with its fine old Norman pillars, should be converted into a building more suitable to the Italian fashion of the hall. Luckily my parents had better tastes than their architect. Trentham is full of contrasts; the old Norman church attached to the modern Italian-like-looking building is one of them. Nothing can be less suggestive of beauty than that district of North Staffordshire known as the Potteries. There it seems always muddy and miserable, squalid and unclean. Yet within a couple of miles from Stoke lies this wonderful garden of Trentham, gay with hanging woods mirrored in the still lake; with its terraces and statues, its shrubberies and miles of forcing-houses, its great park and forest trees. A boon, indeed, to the densely-packed population that live in the Potteries such a park as that of Trentham must be, for the park is open to the public. One can easily understand that among the old ancestral trees and green drives a little of the dull cares and struggles of an English artisan's hard-won life may occasionally be forgotten. Another of Trentham's contrasts is, or rather was, that of giving bread, cheese, and beer gratis to the wayfarers at the lodge-gates—a custom as old, it is said, as the days of the pilgrims to A'Becket's shrine as they passed by Trentham Priory on their way to Canterbury. The picturesque refuge or lodge at which the travellers were regaled alone remains, the time-honoured custom

having been of late years abandoned. The poor traveller—or tramp, as he would now be called—eating his crust at the outer gate of Barry's Italian palace was another of the contrasts of Trentham. The house is more remarkable for comfort than for any internal magnificence. The principal rooms are rather low and narrow, but admirably installed and cheerful, facing the south, looking out on that matchless view of garden, wood, and lake. Before my mother's time, what is now the loveliest garden of its kind in England was but a waste of meadowland, dotted with cattle and watered by a stream. Perfect taste, and the means to carry out what only a rare artistic feeling could create, were brought together. The result is a scene that has no rival out of Italy.

The walls of the principal apartments are thickly hung with paintings, and some are lined with books. Few of the pictures are of high artistic quality. The best are a cluster of charming family portraits by Romney on the great staircase. In the private wing is a room—my mother's sitting-room—of which the walls are panelled from dado to ceiling with views of Venice by Clarkson Stanfield. So perfect is the painting, and so faithful the likeness to the scene represented on these walls, that, seated in this room, one can almost imagine that one is floating on the Adriatic in a gondola. The Doge's palace, the Piazetta of St. Mark, the Bridge of Sighs, the great white-domed Church of the Salute, in all their splendour, lie before one, with an Italian sky above.

Although more suited for summer than winter, we were but little here in old days in the warm season. It was another of Trentham's contrasts to see the wide terraces and trim Italian gardens, with their statues and marble fountains, their laurels in orange-tree boxes, snow-covered. How cold looked the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvedere in their wintry clothing, cloaked with frost and hung with icicles! Far away by the frozen lake, Benvenuto's glorious Perseus, clad only with a belt across his chest and wings on his feet, seemed to shiver, while with upraised arm he bore his ghastly trophy high-lifted in his

hand. By the way, this reproduction of Cellini's master-work is interesting. I believe it to be the only cast in bronze of the size of the original. Many years ago my mother obtained permission of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to have the cast taken, when he and the Austrians ruled in Florence. Much better, methinks, does the reproduction look on the terraced margin of the lake at Trentham than the original, cramped, coffined, and confined as it is by buildings that so completely dwarf the statue in the Loggia dei Lanzi. But seldom have I seen Trentham in its summer splendour—a sight, once seen, not easily forgotten. That view from the upper terrace on a fine summer's evening surpasses in beauty the dreams, or, at any rate, the productions, of even a Telbin or an O'Connor. Those gardens, which in former summers—for of late their glory has departed—were one blaze of variegated colour, are crowned by soft-swelling woods that seem, Narcissus-like, to wonder at their own loveliness reflected in the limpid lake, and these, again, framed by hills that girdle round the park. One of these to the right of the house is called King's Wood Bank, and owes that regal title, perhaps, as far back as the days of one of the Mercian Monarchs of Britain, or perchance to Edward the Confessor, who owned these lands. This royal hill is suitably crowned by a coronal of old stone pines. Somewhere near this hill, in the park, a remarkable horse-race between two eccentric jockeys took place about the middle of the last century. One of them was the young Duke of Bridgewater, then only remarkable for slimness. On this occasion he appeared clad in a livery of blue and silver, with a jockey-cap to match. Bets were made whether he would not be blown off his horse. Whether this happened or not, or whether he or his opponent, who was no other than "the butcher" Duke of Cumberland, won the race, I know not. That extremely light-weight jockey in blue and silver lived to grow into an uncommonly stout old gentleman, an aristocratic Daniel Lambert, who took to engineering in consequence, it is said, of an unsuccessful love-suit, and who has been called "the father of English inland navigation." His great nephew, Francis Gower, who inherited his estates and his enormous wealth,

has left some account of the ancestor to whom he was so greatly indebted. "His history," he writes, "is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilise and enrich." Those interested in engineering and such matters will have read in Smiles's "Life of Brindley" of the devotion the Duke of Bridgewater showed to all schemes for inland navigation; how he gave up London and society, how he fixed his residence among Lancashire coal-fields, and how he preferred the company of the engineers Brindley and Gilbert to that of all the beauties and wits of St. James's and of White's.

I have lingered, perhaps, too long over this not entirely uninteresting ancestor, whose ducal oddities were, at any rate in his day, of some service to his country and his kin. Although he nearly ruined himself at one time by his canal-making mania, he left behind him one of the greatest fortunes of his time, and, what is still more remarkable, a collection of paintings that had no rival in Europe. The manner in which this collection of pictures, still known as the Bridgewater Gallery, was formed was somewhat peculiar. Dining one day with his nephew, Lord Gower, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the former had picked up a bargain for some £10 at a broker's in the morning. "You must take me," he said, "to that d—d fellow to-morrow." "Whether," adds my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, who writes this history of the formation of the gallery he inherited, "this impetuosity had any immediate result we are not informed; but plenty of 'd—d fellows' were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed." It was certainly an odd commencement to the formation of one of the finest collections of art in the world.

But to return to Trentham. Besides the "hero of Culloden," other royal guests have sojourned there. That amiable prince, George of Wales, honoured Trentham by a visit towards the end of last century. It appears that in those days the principal guest-chamber looked out on the old churchyard of the priory. Apparently the Prince did not resemble the royal Dane in the latter's love for soliloquising among the tombs; on the contrary,

he disliked the view from his windows so much that he ordered the shutters to be shut, the curtains to be drawn, and the candles lighted, although it was a bright summer's day, and by this means he kept out of his sight, at least, the place where his silent neighbours rested. A reminiscence of this royal visit is a very ghostly but majestic "four-poster" bed, gorgeous with crimson velvet curtains. The arms of England and France are emblazoned at the head of the bed in massive silk and bullion, and above wave hearse-like plumes. This rather awe-inspiring article of furniture belongs to a room in the old part of the building. The walls of this room are panelled with ancient Flemish tapestry, representing scenes from the history of Alexander and Diogenes. Above one of the doors, framed in the wainscoting, is a circular life-size portrait of Henry VIII., one of the many old copies after Holbein, but, of course, called in the house catalogue an original. A contemporary portrait of bluff Hal's brother-in-law, Charles, Duke of Suffolk, hangs above the fireplace, and near it a curious little full-length portrait of Sir Francis Drake. The hearse-like state bed, and the grim old King, bloated, and seeming to frown down from above the door, conspire to give this room a most uncanny look; at least this is the impression it produced on us children. Nothing less than this room being a haunted chamber would satisfy us. It was disagreeable to pass by it at night, awful to enter it; but whether it was the ghost of King Harry that haunted it, or that of Suffolk, or that of the Prince Regent, I cannot distinctly remember—perhaps of all the three. Of more recent royal visitors at Trentham, the Shah of Persia is the most notable. That mighty monarch has published the diary of his travels, so I will do no more than refer to it, with the hope that such visitors and visits may be as rare as possible. More interesting and more worthy guests have slept under the roof of Trentham than Shah or Tetrarch.

In Mrs. Meteyard's "Life of Wedgwood" frequent allusion is made to that great and good man's visits to Trentham, to his friendship with its owners, and to the interest they took in the prosperity of his works at neighbouring Etruria. Another

manufacturer of uncommon industry, of the highest character for integrity and generosity, of warm and genial heart, and who walked in the footsteps of his great precursor Wedgwood, was Herbert Minton, also a frequent and ever-welcome guest at Trentham. Minton, whose memory is honoured throughout Staffordshire, and whose services to the country and to the science of pottery were only second to those of Wedgwood, would always warmly acknowledge how much the friendship and advice of her whose perfect taste and zeal in all that concerned the welfare of the Potteries and the advance of Art in the country were to him and to his work. I have already alluded at some length to the services the last Duke of Bridgewater gave to Brindley and his work. Nowadays dukes have taken up engineering and similar pursuits so largely that little attention would be given to a duke being the companion of an engineer. A century ago it was different, and it was then considered an extraordinary fact that the Duke of Bridgewater should take to canal-cutting and to all the technicalities of engineering as to the manner born. At any rate, the Duke of Bridgewater seems to have taken up engineering with no mere selfish aim, and for this he deserves to be remembered among the worthies of Lancashire. Another distinguished visitor in recent years to Trentham was the American historian, Prescott. In Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," the historian's letter to his wife, written after his visit at Trentham, is of interest here. "From Castle Howard," where he had met the Queen—"From Castle Howard," he writes, "we proceeded to Trentham, in Staffordshire, the Duchess of Sutherland's favourite seat, and a splendid place it is. We met her at Derby, she having set out the day before us. We both arrived too late for the train, so she put post-horses to her barouche, and she and Lady Constance, a blooming English girl (1850), posted it for thirty-six miles, reaching Trentham at ten in the evening—an open barouche, and cool enough." After describing the place, the lake, and the gardens, he concludes:—"It is the temple of taste, and its charming mistress created it all. As I was coming away, she asked me to walk with her into the garden, and led me to a spot where several men were at work

having a great hole prepared. A large evergreen tree was held up by the gardener, and I was requested to help set it in the place, and to throw some shovelfuls of earth on it; in fact, I was to leave an evergreen memorial, 'which,' said she, 'my children shall see hereafter, and know by whom it was planted.'" So long as the historian lived, those whom he had honoured in this country by his friendship, especially those whom he called of "the generous race of Howard," cherished the sincerest admiration for him; and among the many earthly great that have passed through the halls and gardens of Trentham, no one is more worthy of being remembered than William Prescott.

Among some old papers I found the following anonymous conundrum, written many years ago, when my mother was Lady Gower, and her eldest son's title was Trentham:—

"My first through England's laughing meads
Pursues its silver, winding way;
On my second oft the ploughman feeds,
Returning from a hard-earned day;
My whole's the pleasure of your eyes,
The pride, the treasure of your heart.
May Time, as rapidly it flies,
To you and him fresh joys impart."

CHAPTER IV

DUNROBIN

PLACED high above the Moray Firth, and overlooking the wild North Sea, stands a pile which might well have been the original of that lordly castle by the sea sung by Longfellow. Indeed, both for its beauty and its site, Dunrobin is like a poet's dream realised.

Though far grander are the historic castles on the Loire, Royal Pau and Imperial Heidelberg, and richer in legend, lore, and story a hundred castles on the Rhine, yet none of these have, like the home of Macbeth, a "more pleasant seat" than the old stronghold of the Thanes and Earls of Sutherland.

So far back as the end of the eleventh century, Dunrobin—then but a kernel of the present pile—was inhabited by ancestors of the race who still pass the close of the summer within its walls. It even claims to be the oldest inhabited building in the British Isles. The older portion of the castle, which has stood many a siege in the wild days of Scottish history, is now almost hidden by the modern building—a combination of French and Scottish architecture introduced into Scotland in the days of Queen Mary. Gracefully do the turrets and tapering roofs of the lighter French style wed with the more massive and feudal Scotch fortress, keep, and donjon. Aided by the professional skill of Leslie of Aberdeen, my parents deserve the credit of having created this stately castle, in which the advantage of perfect internal comfort and beauty is combined with external comeliness and effect. The graceful turrets, the towers with their extinguisher-shaped roofs, the machicolated parapets, the corbelled ramparts, and the quaintly shaped windows do not in any way detract from the internal beauty

of the building. The gardens are worthy of the castle. Two hundred years ago the old chronicler of the house of Sutherland, Sir Robert Gordon, describes the "fair orchards, wher ther be pleasant gardens, planted with all kynds of froots, hearbs, and floors, used in this kingdome, and abundance of good saphron, tobacco, and rosemarie. The froot heir," he adds, "is excellent, chieflie the pears and cherries." An old pear-tree that may well have seen two hundred summers is a last relic of this "pleasant garden," and still yields a handsome crop of fruit.

I imagine that until the new castle rose above the woods of ash and sycamore that surround the old hill of Count Robert (whence the name of the place), this pleasant garden was but one of the old-fashioned sort, half orchard, half flower-garden, that one still finds by many old Scottish homes.

Here, as at Trentham, the place, two-score years ago, underwent transformation. Terraces and broad flights of steps arose, avenues and glades were opened, fountains tossed their watery showers forty feet in the air, and a garden worthy of the noble building was formed, conspicuous by its beauty and the variety of its prospects. A garden such as this, where the flowers bloom and the fountains rise and fall within a few feet of the sea waves, is not often seen. Above, the pure white towers of the castle rise against the blue vault; beneath, the battlemented terraces, the gardens aglow with a hundred shades of colour, in which the story-tellers of Boccaccio might have wiled away many a summer's afternoon, form indeed a fair scene—a truly stately picture. Here the flowers and fountains seem to dance hand in hand under the shadow of the castle towers, and almost to dip their feet in the laughing tide. How soon the memory of those who created this lovely scene is forgotten! To me nothing is sadder than to find the merit of such taste and skill ignored, and the guests of a succeeding generation not knowing to whom all that they see around is due. It is this that has made returning to Dunrobin of recent years but a sad pleasure. How changed all is—all but the place itself! For ever departed the old familiar faces; hushed for ever the loved voices; but the

flowers and the trees seem always unaltered. The views from out the turrets, overlooking the terrace and gardens, the sea and the distant hills, are changeless; and even, I think, blindfolded I should recognise the place by the fragrance of the thyme-flowered terraces and the smell of the sea-wrack beyond. These would recall, as much as sight, the old happy Dunrobin days. Or, again, the chorus of the rooks as they welcome their refuge in the trees by the old castle walls would bring back the past. There is nothing that more restores the old days to one's memory than scents and sounds such as these.

But Dunrobin, like Melrose, to be seen aright should be seen under the spell of moonlight. Beautiful as is the view over the Firth of the distant hills of Banff and Aberdeen, and those of the softer and lower range of Inverness and Moray, the scene is still more witching when the silvery light dances over the waves. I have seen Venice and Heidelberg, the Alhambra and the Roman Colosseum under the moon's rays; but never to me that light of night illumined a fairer scene than the old nest of my Northern race on the far-away Sutherland coast.

A word or two of the place itself.

Passing beneath the great gate of the principal tower, that rises one hundred and thirty-five feet above the terrace, the outer hall is reached. The walls are empanelled and emblazoned with the coats-of-arms of the house of Sutherland and its alliances. These commence in almost legendary times, from the old thanes and earls down to the present holder of the title of Sutherland. Above the fireplace ramps the royal lion of Scotland alongside of the leopards of England and the lilies of France, denoting the royal descents from both the royal houses of Bruce and Tudor in the Sutherlands and Gowers. There are vacant spaces for the cognisances of unborn dukes and duchesses.

On seeing these spaces John Bright inquired, with good-humoured sarcasm, whether the family really imagined it likely that these vacant spaces would be filled. Who, indeed, can tell whether dukes' and duchesses' coats-of-arms and coronets will exist in the land two or three generations hence? Perhaps the

entrance-hall at Dunrobin is a little over-decorated with heraldry. Throughout the corridors and principal rooms are many portraits of local and family interest. Of the latter, the earliest is that of a good-looking, rather melancholy-faced cavalier, with a peaked beard, a turned-down and richly-laced collar, and a face that recalls Charles the First. What befell this knight of the doleful countenance in early life is enough to account for his saddened look. What befell him is as follows—told as briefly as I can, but not so effectively, I fear, as in the quaint old style of Robert Gordon, the family chronicler already mentioned, who was the son of the melancholy-looking signior in peaked beard and laced collar.

In 1567, John, eleventh Earl of Sutherland, and his Countess were on a visit to a neighbouring castle belonging to a Lady Isabel Sinclair. This lady's son would, after the death of Earl John and that of his son Alexander, succeed to the title and estates of Sutherland. Lady Sutherland was at this time *enceinte*. Now list to a tale that is enough to make the ghosts of the Borgias or the Brinvilliers jealous.

The scene is laid at the Castle of Helmsdale, now a blasted ruin, some twelve miles to the north of Dunrobin, and, like it, hard by the sea. Lord Sutherland and his wife are there poisoned with wine prepared by their hostess Lady Isabel. Their son, Alexander Gordon—the family name was at that time not Sutherland [1]—had been delayed joining his parents at Helmsdale Castle by the chase. When he arrived at Helmsdale late at night he found his parents already in the death agony, but able to conjure him to escape from that place of doom. In this he succeeded, and lived to sit for his portrait as Alexander, sixteenth Earl of Sutherland—the one that has been described. But this is not all, for, to make the tragedy complete, the guilty woman's son, for whose sake she had murdered her guests, is

[1] "It should be mentioned," writes Mr. Drummond, "that the name was Gordon, because the Earl in question—John, eleventh Earl—was the grandson of Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, and Adam Gordon, second son of George, second Earl of Huntley."

given by mistake to drink of the poisoned wine, and dies. Lady Isabel, convicted of her crime, also ends her tragic life on the day fixed for her execution, by her own hands, in the Castle of Edinburgh, where she had been imprisoned. Is not this a tale that might have given a plot to the author of "The Jew of Malta," or even for him who wrote "Macbeth"?

My poetical ancestor, Lord Carlisle, Byron's guardian, attempted to write a tragedy founded on this Helmsdale poisoning case. He even had his tragedy printed. Unluckily the author's Muse was not equal to the subject, and the tale of Lady Isabel's wickedness lies hidden in the seldom read family record of the "History of the Earls of Sutherland."

The Earl, who so narrowly escaped a tragic death, married a very remarkable person, a lady whose portrait, taken in old age, is also at Dunrobin. This was Dame Jane Gordon, a daughter of George, fourth Earl of Huntly. Her first husband was Mary of Scots' Bothwell. By her second marriage to Lord Sutherland she became the mother of our historian, Robert Gordon. In his history he pays his mother the following tribute:—"She was," he writes, "a vertuous and comlie lady, judicious, of excellent memorie, and of great understanding above the capacitie of her sex."

Over Lady Jane Gordon's marriage with, or rather over her divorce from Bothwell, there hangs a cloud. A few years ago Dr. Stuart of Edinburgh, while examining the old records and charters at Dunrobin, discovered a paper of great historic interest relating to one of the most remarkable events of Mary Stuart's stormy life. This paper, or rather parchment, was none other than the original dispensation granted by the Vatican to Lady Jane Gordon to enable her to wed her cousin Bothwell; for, as students of Scottish history are aware, the great houses of Hepburn and Gordon were allied. In those days the canon law was very severe against even distant cousins inter-marrying; but with a Papal special licence a man might, perhaps, did his inclinations so lead him, wed his grandam, for all I know to the contrary. This dispensation bears the date of February 17, 1565, and it

was duly signed by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, with and by the authority of the Holy See. In an interesting little book, called "A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered," the discoverer of this dispensation has reproduced it in facsimile. Very different the story of poor Mary Stuart's life might have been had this dispensation been produced; for had it seen the light at the time when Mary was about to commit the crowning act of folly in marrying Bothwell, that marriage could not have taken place, and the whole after-course of her life would have been changed.

To return to Lady Jane Gordon. Having obtained her dispensation from the Pope, she gave her hand, but I doubt if her heart went with it, to Bothwell. The marriage took place with much pomp and ceremony at Edinburgh, "with justing and tournamentes," according to the court chronicler of that day, whose style of announcing the Bothwell wedding would surprise the scribe of such events in our "Court Journals" and "Morning Posts." "Upon the 22d day of Februar the earle of Bothwell was married upon the earle of Huntlies sister." Like a happier Queen whom we all revere, Queen Mary was wont to make wedding gifts of personal attire to those ladies she deigned to honour. Lady Jane received from her Queen the following wedding garments, thus described in the Royal Inventory of Holyrood Palace, drawn up obviously by a French groom or maid:—"Plus XII aulnes de toylle dargent plainne pour fairre une robbe a la fille de Madaume de Hontelles pour le jours quel fut marrie a Monsieur de Bodouel." Besides all this, Mary gave the future "Madame de Bodouel" "une couiffe garnye de rubiz perles et grynatz." Would that one could find in some secret drawer or old chest this "couiffe" so bravely garnished with Queen Mary's pearls and rubies! I fear, though, they are not, however, even in the muniment-room or in any strong box at Dunrobin. Plenty of musty title-deeds and charters are kept there, parchments and papers that would delight the hearts of a whole college of antiquaries, for some go as far back as the tenth century. The earliest bears the date of 940 A.D., when

one Magbrogdus (does it not sound like the name of a giant in a fairy tale?) was Thane of Sutherland, "who," the old chronicler informs us, "was come from Dunrobin, encamped, with his ally Liotus, in the central dales of Caithness." Compared with Magbrogdus and his ally Liotus, we are treating of quite recent events when we talk of Mary and Bothwell.[1] They, for the Dunrobin Charter-room, are quite recent personages. Not a year married to her cousin, we find that "Madame de Bodouel" has been deserted, and that Bothwell has run away with the Queen. Whether Mary was carried away by Bothwell willingly or not is one of those questions over which historians have fought, do fight, and will probably continue to fight until doomsday.

In order to marry his sovereign, Bothwell was obliged to get divorced from Lady Jane, who, in the eyes of the Church and of the world, was his lawfully-wedded wife, in spite of consanguinity, thanks to the Papal dispensation. And now comes the curious part of the story. In order to obtain his divorce and to marry Mary, Bothwell simply declared his marriage to Lady Jane Gordon null and void on the grounds of their relationship. What is still more singular than this was that the same court and prelate that had procured and signed the dispensation ratified Bothwell's demand for his divorce from Lady Jane, for all the world as if the dispensation had never existed! That Lady Bothwell was only too glad to be rid of that aristocratic blackguard, her husband, on such easy terms, is highly probable. Or possibly she had no desire to interfere with the Queen's designs. Whatever the motive, the fact remains that, although she had the power by simply producing her dispensation to nullify her divorce as well as to prevent Bothwell marrying Mary, she did not do so. Nothing more was heard of the dispensation until it turned up a few years ago in the Charter-room at Dunrobin, where it had lain over three hundred years; for Lady Jane probably brought it to Dunrobin in 1573, the year in which she wedded Alexander, Earl of Sutherland—the Earl who so nearly

[1] Mr. Joass informs me that the earliest dated document at Dunrobin is of the year 1275.

escaped poisoning, as we have seen, at Helmsdale Castle. Him she survived, marrying, for the third time, Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne. Her son by Lord Sutherland, Robert Gordon, writes in his history of the family that her third marriage was undertaken "for the utilitie and profite of her children." Also he records of his mother that "she was the first that caused work and labour the colehugh (coalpit) besyd the river of Broray, and wes the instrument of making salt ther. The cole was found befor by Earle John, the father of Earle Alexander; but he being taken away by ane untymlie and hasty death"—(I have alluded to this "untymlie" death of poor Earl John)—"had no time to interpryse this work." Three centuries and more since Earl John's sudden demise, much "work and labour" has been expended in the "colehugh besyd the river Broray," with profit, I hope, to many.

Lady Jane was the last Roman Catholic Countess of Sutherland. In her portrait at Dunrobin she rather parades a large rosary which is round her throat, and dallies with a little crucifix attached to the holy beads. All honour to the old dame, for she suffered for her faith—indeed, had not James I. shielded his old countrywoman and connection from the Puritans, she might have been a martyr for it. It is recorded that a priest, one McKie, was tried for his life at Edinburgh on the charge of having "celebrated Mass in the Lady Sutherland's house in Suderland-Dunrobyn." He was sentenced to be pilloried, and to have his Mass clothes burnt by the hangman.

Besides the portraits of this Lord and Lady Sutherland, there are but few of much interest even as regards the place and family. The bluff-faced, middle-aged man, with a skull-cap over his iron-grey locks falling on his mailed shoulders, was another Lord Sutherland, and a man of some mark in his day. For this is John, fourteenth Earl, called, from the grey blue of his eyes, John Glas, the Blue or Grey-Eyed. He was nephew of our historian, Robert Gordon, and consequently grandson of Lord Alexander and Lady Jane Gordon. This John of the Blue Eyes was a doughty Covenanter, one of the first, if not the very foremost,

to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—that great religious Bill of Rights inscribed by the foremost names in Scotland in the old Churchyard of Greyfriars. Since the days of this Covenanting eighteenth Lord of Sutherland until recently, the Sutherlands have always been on the popular and Liberal side of politics, and during the stormy years between the middle of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, took part in the internecine wars of the two countries with the Protestant and anti-Stuart party. Another Earl John—grandson of the Covenanting Lord—commanded a regiment in Flanders, and doubtless, although a Scotchman, "swore terribly" while over there under the colours of Dutch William. His son William took up arms against the Jacobites in the rising of the year 1715. He, too, commanded a regiment serving under the pennon of the white horse of Hanover. His son again, another William, fought on the same side in the "Forty-five." Of the latter William there hangs a family portrait at Dunrobin.

Let me introduce you to my Lord and my Lady the Countess, with a son and a daughter between them. Lord Sutherland is in the latest fashion, with a long powdered wig, a longer waistcoat, an embroidered and flowered dress-coat, and lace ruffles. Madame la Comtesse wears her hair unpowdered, but she is very brave, as Pepys would say, in white satin and diamonds. How is it that they are seated under the portico of a Grecian temple, with old Dunrobin Castle in the background and a storm brewing beyond? They heed it not; but a storm did break for all that when the Jacobite Earl of Cromarty seized and fired the Castle. He, however, was taken prisoner there, it is said, under Lady Sutherland's chair or bed in an old dark chamber of the Castle, still named the Cromarty Room in honour of this event.

These Sutherlands, to judge by a letter that has escaped the fiery fate of most old letters, were a very affectionate, loving pair. Lady Sutherland, soon after the battle of Culloden, writes as follows from Dunrobin to her husband, whose military duties had called him to Edinburgh:—"I have very little to entertain you or myself here at present, so will conclude after telling you your

bairns are in perfect health. I doubt if His Majesty has an officer in his new Levys performs the Exercise like your son; your daughter is a sort of beauty; both of them pray for Papa morning and evening, as does, with the most sincere petitions, she that is your BESS." And then her little son, Lord Strathnaver, aged about ten, adds the following postscript to his mother's letter: — "My dear Papa, — I wrote you before, and hoped for the honour of an answer. Mamma may tell you I can exercise very well, so now I want a commission. I can read the newspapers. I am glad of Admiral Vernon's meeting with the Spaniards (O papa, our Spanish horse is sick). Papa, if I were big enough you may tell the King I will fight very well. Mamma made a boy break my head at cudgell-playing, but though it was sore I did not cry. She has given me a new Highland coat, and Jenny Dotts sewing very fine sarks to me. God bless you, Papa. My services to James Andirson. Bettekins gives hers to you.—I am your affection son and obedient slave, STRATHNAVER."

Does this letter not read like a page in Thackeray's "Esmond"? "Bettekins" is a fat little girl (in this family group), apparently about four years old, with hardly any clothes on her little body, but with a tame bird in her dimpled little hand. The boy who said he would fight so well for his King when he grew up had an opportunity of doing so. In 1755 he served as captain in the 35th Regiment of Foot. Later he became aide-de-camp to George II., and eventually obtained, in 1763, a colonelcy. His portrait, a full-length, is on the great staircase at Dunrobin, and is worth notice both as to its costume and from its painter, Allan Ramsay, the son of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd." Of the poet-father and painter-son Churchill writes, rather equivocally, that both came from Edinburgh :—

> "Thence came the Ramseys,
> Name of worthy note,
> Of whom one paints as well
> As t'other wrote."

I have never read the elder Ramsay's poem, neither do I recollect

any one who has. However, Allan Ramsay's is one of the Scottish household names, so that one affects to know all about him and his poem—at any rate when one is north of the Tweed. The painter-son's works have a peculiar charm and a refinement scarce even among the portrait-painters of his day. No one could paint the sheen of a silk dress or render the beauty of old lace better than this portrait-painter of "Auld Reekie." Ramsay had, too, the faculty of lending an easy and unconscious grace to his sitters' likenesses, which few even of the old masters have surpassed. This full-length portrait of Earl William is of interest, as I have said, owing to the costume in which he is represented. He is in full Highland dress—kilt, philabeg, sporran, claymore, pistols, and dirks, all complete, even to the chieftain's feathers stuck in his Glengarry cap. A most picturesque mixture of barbarism and civilisation does this Lord Sutherland appear as he places his ornamental shoes on his native heath! This portrait proves that although the Highland kilt is not so ancient a costume, or, rather, a want of costume, as some suppose it to be, it was certainly fully developed in the early part of the reign of George III. This dress, as worn by Earl William in Ramsay's portrait, has been in recent years adopted as the uniform of the Sutherland Rifle Volunteers. It is a happy combination of colours. The scarlet jacket contrasts well with the dark blue, green, and black of the tartan kilt, the colours of the Clan Sutherland. This Lord Sutherland had married, early in life, Mary Maxwell. Horace Walpole saw and admired her at George III.'s coronation, and thought her and two other ladies "very pretty figures." She bore her lord but one child, a daughter. This child was but a year old when both her parents died, almost on the same day, from fever, at Bath. Lady Sutherland caught the fever which proved so fatal from her husband, whom she nursed with unceasing devotion during twenty-one days and nights, and died completely worn-out from fever and fatigue. The bodies were brought to Sutherland by slow stages, and interred in the old Cathedral of Dornoch among their ancestors. A mural tablet there records that "they were

lovely and pleasant in their lives, and that in death they were not divided."

Their child Elizabeth's right to the title of Countess of Sutherland was disputed by two claimants, but after a long lawsuit the House of Lords decided in 1771 that the honours and titles of the earldom of Sutherland descended to the daughter of Lord and Lady Sutherland as lineal descendant of William, Earl of Sutherland, A.D. 1275. "The Countess's right," says the peerage-maker Douglas, "was thus established to the most ancient title existing in Britain, a decision productive of the highest national satisfaction, the illustrious orphan having excited feelings of very lively interest; and public rejoicings took place in different parts of Scotland in consequence."

This young heiress, as I have told in a former chapter, gave her hand to the heir of Trentham, and her possessions served to swell the vast estates of the Gowers. I know of no portrait of her in childhood. The earliest, I believe, is that lovely head of hers painted by Romney, now at Trentham (there is a tolerable copy in the dining-room at Dunrobin), for which I imagine she sat about the time of her marriage. Much later in her life Lawrence painted her portrait. One would rather not see that fair young face grown large and plump, and covered by a turban, the monstrous head-gear which was the fashion for ladies to wear when in middle life when George IV. was king. She snuffed! and it was considered a great favour to have a pinch of rappee out of her Grace the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland's box.

Sir Walter Scott liked and admired my grandmother. He would address her by her Gaelic title—a terrible and an awe-inspiring one—the "Ban a' Mhorfhear-Chatt!" It sounds as fearful as the writing on the wall of the Babylonian palace. Anglicised, it means "the Great Lady of the Clan Sutherland." But imagine the effect that such a title and a name must have made when it became the slogan of a horde of excited Highlanders when out on their war trail "for to murder and to rafish!" It was this Ban a' Mohr, &c., who, during the great war with

France at the close of last century, raised at her own expense a regiment of her clansmen—the famous 93rd Regiment or Sutherland Highlanders. Few, I believe, of that well-known regiment are now of the Clan Chatt.

Appropriately near the portrait of this great lady's father, Earl William, hang the old colours of the Sutherland Fencibles of 1804, and by their side the Russian-bullet-and-shell-torn fragments of the colours of the 93rd, which waved through many a hard-contested fight.

There is one portrait at Dunrobin which, though not a family one, must not be passed by. If genuine, the portrait which hangs in the library at Dunrobin would be of immense value and historical interest, for it is a lovely semblance of Mary Queen of Scots. Genuine, however, I fear, this portrait of Scotland's Queen cannot be. It is placed over a cast of the face of her monument in the Abbey of Westminster, above the first of the two fireplaces as you enter the library—a noble room, filled from floor to ceiling with a rare collection of works relating to the history and antiquities of Scotland. Many pleasant, tranquil hours have I passed here unmolested, for few in these days care to enter the library of a country house. There the utmost reading that takes place consists in glancing over the newest novel or the latest newspaper.

A very lovely face is that before us. Perhaps it comes nearest to one's ideal of Scotland's hapless Queen. Traditionally it is said that this portrait belonged to the Queen's half-brother the Earl of Orkney, one of her father's many illegitimate children; but to judge by the style and fashion of the painting, it can hardly be anterior to the reign of Charles II. In fact, this portrait has more the appearance of having been painted by a Lely or a Kneller than by a Zucchero or a Janet. To the few genuine portraits that exist of Mary—such, for instance, as that belonging to Lord Morton at Dalmahoy, the Queen's miniature by Janet at Windsor Castle, or Sir R. Wallace's (in Mary's white French Queen widow's weeds) at Hertford House—the one at Dunrobin bears no resemblance whatever. Perhaps one is too critical and

sceptical, after serving as a trustee of our National Portrait Gallery, in regard to historical portraits.[1]

In the same room where hangs the Orkney portrait of Mary there is an undoubtedly genuine and historically curious likeness of that terrible old Scotch pedagogue, George Buchanan. What a head for a schoolmaster is his! One can tell that this dominie loved to wield the birch. The brow is scarred with thought and wrinkled with knowledge. Have you read Buchanan's "Rerum Scoticarum Historia"? No? No more have I. Near by observe a mild-faced man wearing a ruff round his neck. That is Sir Robert Gordon, who has often been referred to as the historian of the family. That sickly youth in armour, with a truncheon in his long-fingered hand, is William III. That gentleman with a comely face hidden in a large periwig is Daniel Defoe. We have all read something that he has written. The Rev. I. Joass, of Golspie, to whom I am indebted for various facts in this chapter, informs me, *à propos* of this portrait of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," that he believed Defoe was once the guest of an Earl of Sutherland at the time he was writing his account of a tour through Britain.

But enough of portraits, historical and otherwise. Although it is a "far cry" from the library at Dunrobin to the old portion of the Castle, we must wend our way there before our tour in Dunrobin comes to an end. On the way to the "Cromarty Room" in the Old Castle, we pass through many stately rooms and along corridors full of objects of interest, too many by far to enumerate. At length we have reached the old part of the building, as the thickness of the walls now indicates. Along more corridors and up more steps, we finally reach our goal—the drawing-room of the Old Castle. He who is not charmed with this old drawing-room, with its cosy window-seats and turret, its views of the sea and the gardens, the woods and purple hills away to the west, must be hard to please. It was here, or near this room, that the Jacobite

[1] Mr. Joass advises me that Sir John Watson Gordon, Laing the historian, and Woodburn of the Art Gallery, all believed in the genuineness of the "Orkney portrait" of Queen Mary.

Lord Cromarty was taken prisoner. Now, strangely enough, his descendant, with the old title revived in her own right,[1] has chosen these and the adjoining rooms for her use. "How many bedrooms are there at Trentham?" was a curious question frequently asked of one of my relations by a peculiarly eccentric but harmless peer. I have never taken the trouble to ascertain the number of bedrooms at Trentham, but it is said that there are over one hundred and thirty at Dunrobin. I do not propose to visit even one of these, for our tour in the Castle is finished, and I will spare you even entering the suite of rooms destined for the use of the Queen—rooms once occupied by Her Majesty, but, alas! many years after the death of her by whose care and taste they had been made worthy of so illustrious a guest.

I had nearly forgotten to point out a view, from the windows of the Cromarty Room, of a memorable spot. Beneath the shade of those trees, over which the rooks are circling as the daylight fades in the western horizon, bringing out in dark shadow the noble crest of the Monument Hill, Ben-a-Vraghe, and within a stone's throw of the Castle walls, rises a mound of sinister memory. Here in times past stood the gibbet, and underneath, the quartering-block. On that ugly instrument swung many an unfortunate wretch in the old days when the lords of Dunrobin exercised their feudal right of "pit and gallows." Not long ago skulls and human bones were dug up there, under a seat which marks the site of the fatal tree. In those days, no doubt, it was a pleasant sight to the occupants of Dunrobin to see that tree well hung with its grisly fruit. Perhaps the guests at the Castle were then taken for their afternoon walk on a Sunday there as they now are to the kennels and deer-larder. In the old family records that I have referred to, and in the old history of the county, the picture drawn of the state of the north of Scotland, from the earliest times down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, is positively frightful. It is one long story of an endless series of public and private murders

[1] My sister-in-law, Anne, Duchess of Sutherland and Countess of Cromartie. She died in 1888.

and massacres. Clan exterminated clan, and when one of these clans had been successful, its members commenced butchering and murdering each other. A chief who had no gallows-hill then in his pleasaunce whereon to string up and quarter his enemies, relations, and friends, when the fancy took him, *pour encourager les autres*, would have been considered but a very small personage, almost beneath notice.

Now let us walk on the Castle terrace ere the light has quite departed. The moon throws a track of gold and silver over the wide waters beyond the gardens. Above, within some high tower or turret, flickers a light. How still and peaceful all is! But hark! The drone of the bagpipes, although yet mercifully distant, approaches. "Look, my lord, it comes! Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

CHAPTER V

MY FATHER'S FAMILY

THE GOWERS

SOME peerage-makers state that my paternal ancestry were of Norman origin, established at Stittenham or Sittenham, near York, since the Conquest. Their name may then have been spelt Guhyer. Whether this be so, or whether other peerage-writers are right who affirm that the Gowers or Guhyers were of Saxon stock, cannot matter much or be of any kind of interest, except for throwing some light on the origin of John Gower the poet—"moral Gower," as Shakespeare calls him. According to his contemporary, Caxton, the poet was a Welshman. His effigy at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, bears other armorial quarterings and crest than those of the Yorkshire Gowers. If faith, therefore, can be placed in heraldry, this would prove that the poet was not a Gower of Stittenham.

Not being able to claim John Gower as an ancestor, I can, however, claim as such an artist, who, although now forgotten, held the distinguished post of "Sergeant Painter" to Queen Elizabeth. At Milton House, in Northamptonshire, this worthy's portrait exists, painted by himself. It represents a heavy-featured man with a beard, in a huge ruff, with palette and brush in hand, the emblems of his profession. An inscription informs us that we behold Thomas Gower, not George Gower, as Redgrave in his "Dictionary of Artists" miscalls him. The legend runs thus: "Though youthfull wayes did me intyse from armes and vertue," &c., he had recourse "to pensils trade"—a trade which he appears to have esteemed as more worthy than pride of ancestry, and he points his moral by introducing at the top of his likeness

his coat-of-arms placed in a balance, which is far outweighed by a compass. Agreeing entirely with my artistic ancestor that art and science are far nobler objects of pursuit than pride of pedigree, I have copied his device for a book-plate.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the Gowers migrated from Yorkshire into Staffordshire; a Sir William Gower having married a daughter of Grenville, Earl of Bath, a descendant of the heroic Sir Richard Grenville, immortalised by Tennyson. This Sir William became through his relative, Sir Richard Leveson of Trentham, heir to large estates in Staffordshire and Shropshire, the latter rich in coal. These properties were most illegally acquired during the Reformation, having, like those of most of the great territorial families in England, been filched from the Church. Such estates are said not to bring luck to their owners; but that depends upon the rendering of the term "luck."

The Staffordshire family of Leveson, pronounced Looson, into which the Yorkshire Gowers had married, and which was the first of a succession of highly profitable alliances for the latter family, were probably of French origin; but, as in the case of the origin of the Gowers, nothing can be affirmed of their early history with certainty. They appear to have been a respectable family of traders—wool-staplers, it is said—and to have filled civic functions in Wolverhampton during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The only Leveson that rose to any distinction was a Sir Richard, who did good service to Queen and country under Drake, serving in Her Majesty's fleet against the Spaniards.

Sir Richard married a daughter of the Lord High Admiral Howard of Effingham, and became himself an Admiral. There is a tradition that he was the hero of that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Ladye's Love," but he shares the poetic honour with others. Sir Richard, to judge by his full-length portrait at Trentham, must have had a very presentable face and figure, such as would have

> "Moved the heart of England's Queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

In this portrait he appears a broad-browed, handsome, bearded

fellow, dressed in a black doublet and trunk hose. In the distance a naval engagement is in full swing—perhaps the defeat of the Invincible Armada, in which Sir Richard took part, I believe, and when the elements fought almost as much for England as they did on a great occasion for Israel.

About this time, I suppose, the additional patronymic of Leveson was added to that of Gower. I have always disliked the practice of bearing double-barrelled names, thinking that one is enough for an individual. When, as in my case, the Christian name is added to the surname, it seems to me an additional reason for keeping to one family name and discarding the others. Surely to be addressed by five names, besides a title, is an absurdity only fit for a Spanish or Portuguese princeling; and, be it said without offence, I have often found the people that love a long leash of names are generally easily described by a word of a single syllable. One family and one Christian name is enough for me, at all events.

The rise of the house of Gower was very rapid. In three generations they grew from barons to earls, from earls to marquises, and from marquises to dukes.

I wish I could think that their promotion was owing to deeds performed by land or sea; but, if the truth must be told, the family have been more distinguished by their luck and by their alliances than in the senate or in the field. For generations they appear to have wedded heiresses or co-heirs of peers; and in the marriage of my grandfather, the first Duke of Sutherland, to the greatest landed heiress in the three kingdoms, their achievements in that respect may be said to have culminated.

The first Duke was, through his maternal uncle, the last Duke of Bridgewater, the inheritor of vast estates and immense wealth in Lancashire, besides his already great possessions in Stafford shire and Shropshire—all obtained through heiresses.

Although Lady Sutherland brought her husband more than two-thirds of the county of Sutherland in her *corbeille de mariage*, Lord Stafford found his northern possessions a very expensive addition.

I must not, however, hurry so rapidly over my heiress-loving forefathers. We left them simple knights-bannerets, and it is only fair to mention a few who trod across the intervening stepping-stones of the peerage, until their feet landed on the ducal strawberry-leaved land beyond. The Yorkshire baronet, who had married the heiress of the Earl of Bath, left a son whom Queen Anne made a baron in 1702—"in order," says Burnett, "to create a majority in the Upper House"—at the same time as Finch and Granville. This Lord Gower had a hand in the union of Scotland with England. He married a Manners, by whom he had a son, who very nearly gained unenviable celebrity owing to Dr. Johnson, who, disliking a turncoat, was very nearly placing the name of Gower, as expressing the term "renegade," in his dictionary. The printer, however, refrained from complying with Johnson's wish. "The man," said the Doctor long afterwards, "had more wit than I." The reason for Johnson's coupling the name of Gower with that of renegade was because it was reported that when Prince Charles Edward had reached Derby, in 1745, in his descent into the South, Lord Gower had the "boot and saddle" sounded at Trentham, and was about to join the Prince, when the news of the retreat of the Scottish army arrived, upon which he got off his horse, and swore devotion to the reigning house, and confusion to the Pretender.

In justice to my ancestor, I should state that he did his best to help Johnson when the latter was young and in poverty, seeking any employment that he could find. In a letter dated Trentham, August 1, 1739, Lord Gower writes as follows to a friend of Dean Swift's, urging strongly Johnson's claims. "Mr. Samuel Johnson," he says, "author of 'London: a Satire,' and some other poetical pieces, is a native of this county, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood;" and he inquires whether a diploma may not be sent from the University of Dublin to Johnson in order to constitute "this poor man Master of Arts in their (the Dublin) University." Luckily, as it turned out for Johnson, Lord Gower's application failed.

In 1745 Lord Gower was raised to an earldom. His eldest

son, Lord Trentham, had contested Westminster in the Whig interest, and appears to have done well on the hustings, although his rapid promotion after he succeeded to the earldom was more owing to relationship with the great Whig houses than to any marked ability of his own; for his sister Gertrude had married the then all-powerful head of the house of Russell. It is from this Duchess of Bedford that the unlovely Gower Street is named. Soon after his father's (the first Earl's) death, he became Lord Privy Seal, and later, President of the Council. To his credit be it said that he declined to back up the most mischievous policy ever thrust by the Crown on a Parliament. I allude to the War of American Independence. Sooner than countenance such folly and injustice, Lord Gower threw up his office in 1779, declaring in a letter to the Prime Minister that, grateful as he felt for the royal favour accorded him, he could not think it his duty "to preserve a system which must end in ruin to His Majesty and the country."

In 1786 Earl Gower was created by Pitt Marquis of Stafford. He had worn the Order of the Garter since 1771; since which time it has always been in the family. Lord Stafford deserves praise not only for his right-minded and unselfish conduct during the American War of Independence, but also for having been the patron and friend of Wedgwood and Fulton. To the latter he was probably drawn by the great interest which his brother-in-law, Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, took in all men and matters relating to canals and engineering—an interest which, in the Duke's case, amounted almost to monomania, but which eventually proved of great profit to Lord Stafford's son, the whole of the Bridgewater property, including of course the famous canal, coming into his possession after the Duke's (his uncle's) death, as has already been said.

Lord Stafford died in 1803, leaving by a couple of marriages a number of daughters, but only two sons—the elder, George Granville, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland; the younger, by his second wife, Granville Gower, afterwards Earl Granville, father of the present Lord Granville. The elder of these was born in

1758, the younger in 1773. The latter entered the diplomatic service, in which his rise was as rapid as that of his family had been. He married a daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire, and became eventually English Ambassador in Paris. He died Earl Granville and Viscount Leveson.

My grandfather, the elder brother of Lord Granville, had also been a diplomatist, and had been Ambassador at the French Court. In 1785 he married Elizabeth, in her own right Countess of Sutherland. Her title had been hotly contested before the House of Lords a few years previously, but successfully, and the eighteenth Countess of the Earldom of Sutherland brought one of the most ancient of peerages to the house of Gower, and with it a county, larger than many a principality, into the hands of a private individual, along with the responsibilities that such a vast possession necessarily entails.

The only interesting incident that I can discover regarding my grandfather's youth, for nothing can be imagined less interesting than his career, to whom Fortune had been so lavish, is that, after leaving Westminster School, he was sent to study French at Auxerre by the advice of Edmund Burke. He is said to have spoken French with fluency, an accomplishment which he must have found useful when Ambassador at the Court of Louis XVI. When only thirty-three he was pitchforked into the most important diplomatic post in Europe. I cannot find that he had held any diplomatic office before, or even what his qualifications were, besides having learned French at Auxerre, for filling such an exalted position as Ambassador. Those were, however, the good old days, when jobs were not the exception, but the rule and order of the day. But what a position was it for a dull young man of thirty-three to find himself suddenly placed in the highest rank of the diplomatic service, and at a time when France was beginning to be menaced by the shadow of the dark cloud of revolution and anarchy that was then gathering over her! For that he was dull I think there can be little doubt. Dull he looks as a youth, when he sat for his portrait to Romney; and dull he looks in his old age, when Phillips painted and Chantrey sculptured him. I have

searched in vain his despatches to find what manner of man my grandfather was, for none of his private letters, if he wrote any, have been preserved; but the Record Office throws no light on his character. Neither have I heard that he ever said anything worth remembering; if he did, it has been forgotten long ago. Perhaps it is hardly fair to expect diplomatic despatches to be amusing, or to throw much light on the character and mind of the writer. One cannot, indeed, expect them to be so gossiping as Pepys' Diary, or so amusing as Grammont's Memoirs; but at such a crisis as the outbreak of the great French Revolution we might expect that even an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary might, even in his despatches, have occasionally written something more interesting than at other and more ordinary times. But no; his despatches are mere records of official dulness, hopelessly and lamentably dull; almost as much so as poor Louis XVI.'s entries in his diary, when, for instance, on the day when the Bastille was pulled about its Governor's ears, he wrote, "*Aujourd'hui—Rien!*"

Lady Sutherland, however, made up a little for her lord's dulness. She was, in every sense of the word, a great lady, a woman of spirit and talent. Although few of her letters have been preserved, they bear the mark of having been written by no ordinary character. Her sympathy for, and the little assistance that she was able to render to, the unfortunate Queen of France, are historical. and are still remembered with gratitude in the Faubourg St. Germain. Unluckily the letters she wrote during the period of her husband's embassy are few and short. No diary of that tremendous period by her has been found, although she is reported to have kept one; perhaps, when escaping from Paris, it was considered prudent to destroy it. I have always regretted not having been able to see her; but, having been born a dozen years after her death, I can only picture her from the description of those who had the good fortune of knowing her. A stately yet gracious lady was she. In her own country she was regarded as a kind of chieftain, and as Maria Theresa was styled the Empress-Queen, so Elizabeth Sutherland was known as the Duchess-Countess

when in later years her husband was raised from the Marquisate of Stafford to the Dukedom of Sutherland. The royal blood of Scotland flowed in her veins, for one of the Earls of Sutherland had wedded a daughter of the Bruce, and consequently it was her right to bear before the King, when crowned Monarch of Scotland, the great sword of state. Byron, a good judge of woman's looks, was introduced to her at Holland House in 1813—in her turban days. "She is handsome," he writes of her in his journal, "and must have been beautiful; and her manners," he adds, "are princessly." In 1793 she is described as follows in her passport, when, with husband and children, she had to escape from Paris:—"*Madame Elizabeth, Comtesse de Sutherland,*" runs the passport, "*épouse de M. l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre, âgée de 27 ans, taille de cinq pieds, cheveux et sourcils châtain clair, yeux bruns châtains, nez bien fait, bouche petite, menton rond, front bas, visage un peu long.*" So serious had things become in that capital that it was considered necessary to chalk upon the doors of the Embassy the words, *Ambassade d'Angleterre*, to protect the place from the mob. It was during their hurried journey to the coast that I believe Lady Sutherland destroyed the journal of her sojourn in Paris. They were arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Abbeville; but allowed, after some trouble, to proceed on their way to England. Lady Sutherland was something better than a mere lady of old lineage and of vast possessions, with titles in her own right and royal blood in her veins; for she possessed remarkable talent, and had she not been born a peeress, and had she not become the wife of the richest patrician in England, she might perhaps have left a distinguished name among the women whose talents are known to all in their country and century. Those who have seen her beautiful landscapes will not think this praise extravagant. They are worthy of the hand of a professional painter, and are the more remarkable when it is remembered that the particular branch of art in which she excelled—scenery in water-colours, which has since her day attained such excellence in this country—was seventy years ago practised by but a few

artists, and by still fewer amateurs. Of these drawings, or rather paintings, the Duchess-Countess left hundreds of specimens, mostly views of scenes in her native Sutherland, drawn on the spot, and coloured with but two or three tints, blue and grey and sepia. Delightfully tender and delicate are these landscapes, the effects of cloud and mist being admirably given. In those days an amateur artist had not the facilities of coming before the public that now exist; and these admirable drawings, real works of art, are known but to very few. Lady Sutherland, however, did publish, or rather had printed, a book of her drawings. This consists of a series of etchings, illustrating scenes in the Orkneys and on the north-eastern coast of Sutherland; they include some interiors of ancient churches, in which Wenceslaus Hollar would have delighted. This work was privately issued, I think; but it is occasionally to be met with. Lady Sutherland had a very ardent admiration for Madame de Sévigné, and she made pilgrimages to and sketched and etched places connected with that most charming of letter-writers, such as the Hôtel de Carnavalet in Paris, and her Castle of "Les Rochers," besides other houses and haunts of Marie de Rabutin. That a woman of such talent, and filling so worthily a high place in the society of her day, should know and be known by the most eminent men of her country, was a matter of course. Besides Walter Scott, she knew and corresponded with witty and learned Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Lord Murray, and other of the most eminent of her countrymen. Owing to the false delicacy that destroys letters after the death of the writer, few of hers remain.

I cannot sufficiently regret this idiotic practice of doing away with what alone after death, as a general rule, is left of a person's mind and character, on the foolish plea that letters are private and sacred, not intended for others but those to whom they were originally addressed. In these days, when correspondence has, owing to penny postage and the telegraph, become all but a lost art, few letters worth keeping are written; but fifty years ago people wrote as they spoke—those, at least, who had the gift of expressing their thoughts; and the loss of such people's letters is

irreparable. Luckily all relations and executors have not acted on such false sentiment as those who destroy letters of the dead, although even Madame de Sévigné's letters were with difficulty saved from that fate, on the silly plea, already mentioned, of letters being private and therefore sacred. So said, perhaps, the relatives of Shakespeare after the poet's death, and perhaps destroyed his. Who does not now regret Moore having destroyed Byron's journal from similar scruples? We cannot indeed hope to meet with letters by a Shakespeare or diaries by a Byron; but even commonplace correspondence by the most uninteresting of mortals, if he or she lived in the social world, may throw valuable light on the customs and usages of the time. An artist herself, the Duchess-Countess must have had frequent opportunities of seeing and knowing the best of her day, from Romney and Reynolds down to Opie and Lawrence, all of whom painted her portrait. Among Scotch artists, she may have remembered Ramsay as a child; she certainly knew Wilkie in her old age.

To poor Haydon she was a kind friend, as an entry in that gifted but unfortunate artist's diary proves. It was probably owing to his wife's influence and her love of art that Lord Stafford distinguished himself as an enlightened and liberal patron of art. When he succeeded to the property of the Duke of Bridgewater, he found himself the owner of the finest private collection of paintings in the world. The nucleus of this gallery—known throughout the art-world of Europe as the Bridgewater, or, later on as it was named, the Stafford Gallery—had been formed by the purchase of the finest pictures in the celebrated Orleans collection, sold to Lord Carlisle, to the Duke of Bridgewater, and to my grandfather shortly after the Revolution. Lord Stafford deserves credit for having been one of the first owners of works of art in London to throw open his gallery to the public.

In the early part of this century, long before the National Gallery had been formed, the gallery of Lord Stafford's pictures at Cleveland House—the old building on the site of which stands the present Bridgewater House—was to the English art student, in a limited degree indeed, what that of the Louvre is to the

French. When Lord Stafford died, this gallery of paintings was divided; the portion purchased by the Duke of Bridgewater, infinitely the finest and largest part, going to Lord Stafford's second son, with the rest of the Bridgewater property and estates; and the elder—my father—only receiving the smaller portion of his father's gallery—an unusual thing in this country, where, as a rule, the eldest son gets not only the lion's share but everything. Lord Stafford, or—to call him by his last title, which he only lived to bear a few months—the Duke of Sutherland, encouraged by liberal purchases modern British art. Jackson, Stothard, Haydon, Bird, Westall, Danby, Opie, Howard, Prout, Phillips, Lawrence, and many more English artists are represented with more or less success on the walls of Stafford House, Trentham, Lilleshall, and Dunrobin. Wilkie, the greatest of Scotch artists, bore testimony, at a public meeting of the Highland Society, shortly after my grandfather's death, to the encouragement given to the arts in Scotland by Lord Stafford. He was the first President of the British Institution, the first purely art institution in this country, one that has been so much copied of late years. The finest Rubens in the National Gallery, which Lord Stafford had purchased from the Doria Palace at Genoa for £3000, was given by him to the nation. So that, I think, as far as regards patronage of art, and an enlightened view of giving the public some of the benefits that accrue from the sight of such works, my grandfather deserves credit. Lord Stafford found that to be landlord of such a vast estate as his wife had brought him was no sinecure. He devoted the later years of his life to improving the condition of the Sutherland people and of the land they lived upon. At the period of his marriage with the heiress of the Sutherlands, the North of Scotland was all but inaccessible to travellers. It was bad enough to have to travel as far north as Inverness, as we read in Johnson's and Boswell's expedition; had they attempted to penetrate the wilds of Sutherland, their friends at the "Mitre" would have thought that the travellers had left their wits behind the Border. A mail coach certainly ran between Edinburgh and Aberdeen towards the close of the last century,

but it did not thrive, and it soon ceased running. In 1811 a *diligence* and pair actually ran for a short time between Aberdeen and Inverness, but this adventurous vehicle had but a short existence. The roads between Aberdeen, Elgin, Nairn, and Inverness were in a miserable state, and as for roads beyond Inverness there simply were none. When, in 1833, Lord Stafford, Duke of Sutherland, died, there were 450 miles of capital road in Sutherland, where previously to 1812 none existed at all; and 134 bridges spanned the rivers of the same county, where previously to 1812 there had been but one. Among those which the Duke erected was one that had been cast in Shrewsbury, and which had a span of 150 feet. By purchasing the western portion of Sutherland, he acquired nearly the entire county, and the people of Sutherland might have exclaimed with Cowper that the "bright occasion of dispensing good" had arrived! The occasion was not allowed to escape. But no good is done, or attempted, seemingly, without giving the malicious and evil-disposed a handle for calumny and lying. And so it happened with regard to my grandfather's efforts to improve his northern possessions. I allude to the stories and reports stating that cruel and arbitrary evictions had been practised on the people of Sutherland. These stories and reports, although they have been repeatedly proved false, are even now brought up again by a Press that should be ashamed of repeating such stale inventions. There are those, however, who, like the scriptural dog, love to return to their vomit.

I do not intend to enter into the question of these Sutherland evictions. Far abler pens than mine have done this long ago. But let us see the results of these "evictions," and judge by the result whether good or harm was done by them. What has been, in fact, the result of the policy pursued by my grandfather in Sutherland? An increase of population as well as of rental and wealth. Lord Stafford has been accused of causing these evictions to take place in order to gain by them; but, as a matter of fact, between the years 1811 and 1833 not a sixpence of rent was drawn from the county, but over £60,000 was employed in improving it. If any harshness was used during the evictions,

Lord Stafford cannot fairly be blamed, but the agent employed. However, it was never proved that such had been the case. The lies and calumnies did their dirty work, and for years a kind of stigma attached itself to those, and even to the descendants of those, who had carried out these vast improvements in the condition of their people and estates.

It appears almost incredible that even so recently as on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's visit to England in 1853, the authoress thought it only due to her hosts, my parents, to insert a long chapter in the account of her travels in contradiction of these stories of the cruel usage which they were supposed to have inflicted on their Scottish tenantry.

My grandfather died at Dunrobin in 1833, a few months after receiving the dukedom. His coffin was followed to the grave of the Earls of Sutherland, in the old Cathedral of Dornoch, by almost the whole of the male population of the county. On opening his will the following instructions for his funeral were found: "With respect to my funeral, I coincide with Tacitus, in his opinion so beautifully expressed in the account of the death of Germanicus—I wish it to be without parade or absurd expense." This is the only opinion or sentiment on any subject that I have been able to meet with recorded by my grandfather. In person he was tall and slight, the most marked feature about him being a nose of such height and proportion that by the side of it the great Duke of Wellington's appears almost a snubby one. Romney painted him as a handsome youth in powder and cavalier's dress; Phillips and Opie, as a beaky-nosed old gentleman in a snuff-coloured coat, with an auburn wig and a star and a ribbon. I imagine that the two little likenesses that I have before me are very faithful. One is a little profile in wax, by Metrellini, in which he is represented with his hair rolled and powdered, and tied in a knot, in the fashion of 1790; the other a caricature of him by Gilray, drawn in 1808, and entitled "The Modern Mecænas." The aristocratic youth in the Vandyck-like habited portrait by Romney has changed into a gouty old gentleman, in a broad-brimmed tall hat, and with gaiters round his ankles, hobbling

into Christie's auction-rooms in King Street, as we see by the label that hangs to the pillar of a house in the background of the print. He is in search, doubtless, of some "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff"—a habit which has been inherited by one of his grandchildren at least. That fine hooked nose of his, the most hereditary of features, has been handed down by one of his sisters, who married a Duke of Beaufort, into the house of Somerset.

Lord and Lady Stafford's family consisted of four children—two sons and two daughters. My father, the eldest of these, was born in 1786; Charlotte Gower, in 1788; followed by another daughter, Elizabeth, in 1797; and the youngest, Francis Gower, in 1800. The latter, although the younger son, became, in consequence of a family arrangement, to all intents and purposes, an eldest son, receiving, on the death of his great-uncle, the Duke of Bridgewater, the whole of that peer's immense fortune —"a small competency of about £90,000 per annum, with Bridgewater House for a *pied à terre* in town, Oatlands for a box, and we know not how many cool old châteaux for autumnal recreation in the provinces besides." The above is a quotation from one of the sarcastic notices in Maginn's "Illustrious Literary Characters," which appeared some half-century ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, with admirable outline portraits by Maclise. Maginn adds to his notice of my uncle, that Lord Francis Egerton (as he was styled after succeeding to the Bridgewater property, and which name he again changed for that of Ellesmere on being created an Earl in 1846) "is a rather voluminous writer; in fact," he continues, "laying Byron and Mahon aside, we look upon him as the most decent lord author of the generation. His 'Faust,' notwithstanding all that has been done in prose by Hayward, and in verse by Austen, holds its place." And then follows further commendation of his translation of "Faust." This notice of Maginn's was written in 1835, since which time much more has become known of German poetry in general, and of Goethe's "Faust" in particular, than was then the case; and far better translations than that of Lord Francis Gower have

appeared. "Faust," indeed, was far beyond my uncle's literary power; but he succeeded better with Victor Hugo, whose "Hernani" he also translated, and had it performed with great social success at Bridgewater House. He visited Goethe at Weimar, and doubtless the letters written by him at this time would be of great interest and of literary value; for he wrote with charming ease and in a style that is rare in these days. He had talent. Probably his letters have shared the fate that pursues old letters and relegates them to the fire or waste-paper basket. Lord Ellesmere published a volume of original and not bad poems. He wrote a poem called "The Pilgrimage," and also an "Ode on the Death of Wellington"—an ode which, had not Tennyson also written on the same subject, might have ranked among the best of the many that the occasion called forth. He had been honoured for many years by the great Duke's friendship, and had lived for long on terms of as great intimacy as any one could with grim Duke Arthur. Dying as he did in 1857, it is one of my life-long regrets not to have seen more of my uncle Francis; but I remember well the peculiar charm and beauty of his expression and the refinement of his face—a face of intense sadness, as if the vast wealth that he had inherited overshadowed a life that might have been but for that an artistic and careless one—careless as regards the responsibilities and the burdens of wealth and great possessions. In the memoirs of two gifted women—Mrs. Craven and Fanny Kemble—both notice this striking look of melancholy in Lord Ellesmere; although no one could be at times more gay and even playful when with those he liked, and although few had more sense of true humour, or knew better how to call it out in others than he did, his face remained generally as sad as Dante's, grey and worn and wrinkled before its time. He had married when young, and most happily. His wife was worthy of him in every respect. While her husband lived, her life was one long devotion to him; and after his death, a mere patient waiting until she could rejoin him in another world.

Lady Ellesmere was a Greville, a sister of Charles and Henry

Greville, without any of the acerbity of the elder, and without any of the frivolity of her younger brother. One of Cousin's most popular prints, after one of Landseer's paintings, represents a hawking party. The husband, a comely man with raven black hair, has just mounted his wife on her palfrey. She holds a child in her arms, a little girl with long ringlets. The mother's profile is perfect, but is spoilt to modern eyes by the ugly dressing of the hair, the fashion of 1830, and by which all Etty's women are spoilt. It is a charming group; the only blemish is that Landseer should have travestied his sitters by dressing them in fancy dress. He would have done far better to have painted my uncle and his wife in the fashion of the day in which they sat to him, as was Leslie's practice, which has added so much interest to his groups and portraits. Lord Ellesmere was almost worshipped by my eldest sister, Elizabeth Argyll. In a letter of hers I find the following passage about him, written a score of years after his death:—"How I did and do love him," she writes; "always a thrill of pleasure when anything recalls him; for instance, when I see Frank Egerton spoiling his little girl as his father did, I think there never was anything more delightful than he was. It came upon me on his return from the East at Dunrobin, how wonderfully delightful he was! A long time ago—in 1840, I think—and from that till he died, it was one of the intensest pleasures in life to be with him."

My father's eldest sister, Charlotte, might have become the wife of Byron. On March 22, 1814, the poet entered in his journal the following passage, after having met my aunt at some party:—"The only person who much struck me was Lady S——d's eldest daughter, Lady C——. They say she is not pretty. I don't know—everything is pretty that pleases; but there is an air of soul about her—and her colour changes—and there is that shyness of the antelope (which I delight in) in her manner so much, that I observed her more than I did any other woman in the room, and only looked at anything else when I thought she might perceive and feel embarrassed by my scrutiny. Her mother, the Marchioness, talked to me a little; and I was twenty times on the

point of asking her to introduce me to *sa fille*, but I stopped short. This comes of that affray with the Carlisles." Thus, had it not been for "that affray with the Carlisles," who can tell but that the whole course of Byron's subsequent career might have changed, and that there might have been no voluntary exile for the poet, no Guiccioli at Ravenna, and that Missolonghi might not have been the last earthly scene that the dying poet's eyes were doomed to rest on? She who, for a night at least, had won Byron's heart, wedded a very different mould of clay in Lord Surrey, who became Duke of Norfolk—distinguished in so far as that he was a Duke of Norfolk (the thirteenth, I believe), but not in any other way. I cannot imagine a greater contrast than between this thirteenth Duke of Norfolk and George Noel, Lord Byron.

A most charming, kind, dignified old lady was my aunt Norfolk when I knew her. I loved to hear her talk of old days, and of those whom she had known when the century was yet young. She could remember as far back as the days of the Revolution, when a child in Paris with her parents. On one hot summer's day, while out with her governess, they were stopped by a crowd surging round a large carriage full of people without and within. This was no other than the famous "Berline," with its royal captives, on its way back from that ill-starred flight to Varennes. Even in her old age my aunt retained much of "the shy antelope manners" that had so much captivated Byron in 1814. When she died, in 1870, I lost one of the kindest and best of friends and relations.

Her sister Elizabeth married the second Marquis of Westminster. Lawrence painted a lovely profile portrait of her, and Leslie introduced her in a group of her husband's family in his unrivalled manner. She still survives—the last of her generation. In a book of her and her husband's travels in Northern Europe, recently published, there is a passage where she describes a visit they paid to Goethe at Weimar, in 1824.

My father could recollect, as well as his eldest sister, the days of the French Revolution. He could recall having seen Marie Antoinette, the King, and Madame de Lamballe, and he was the

playmate of the unfortunate Dauphin. I believe that the Duchess-Countess, when the conversation turned on those times in France, and on these unfortunate victims of the Revolution, would change the subject. For her it was too painful a topic ever to speak of. She had seen and known the Queen at the close of her reign and the end of her splendour; she had watched her courageously withstanding the sea of troubles that overwhelmed her and the old French Monarchy; and she could not bear to talk over those cruel sufferings and the unmatched indignities that were heaped upon her grey and discrowned head. She felt for the poor Queen as for one near and dear to her. This feeling of sympathy and compassion for the last Queen of France was inherited by my eldest sister, Elizabeth.

I remember, on telling my sister that I had been to see Ristori as Marie Antoinette, the wonder she expressed at my having been able to endure the presentment of such a tragedy. "To me," she said, "it would be like looking on at the representation of the sorrows of some one I loved."

But to return to my father. After the removal of the royal family from Versailles to Paris, my father, only a year younger than the Dauphin, became his companion at the Tuileries. The two children—one the son of the French monarch, destined to fill the saddest page in history, and to prove to what abominable and inhuman cruelties party passion can seduce humanity; the other the son of the English Minister—were often together, and probably some of the poor little Prince's last happy days of his short and tragic life were those passed in company with my father, playing together under the old chestnut-trees in the gardens of the Tuileries.

When flying for protection from their mob-besieged palace, the royal family sought a shelter at the Feuillants preparatory to their final incarceration in the prison of the Temple, Lady Sutherland, hearing of the utter destitution to which the French Queen had been reduced, even to the want of a change of linen, sent her some of her own clothes; and at the same time my father's wardrobe supplied some to the Dauphin. A few months

later, when anarchy had become triumphant, and the Reign of Terror commenced, the English Ambassador left Paris. I have already told how he and his family were stopped at Abbeville, and have copied Lady Sutherland's description in her passport.

When they arrived in London my father expressed considerable astonishment at the absence of pikes and cannon in the streets; he had become so used to seeing them in Paris.

My recollection of my father is as he appears in Partridge's admirable portrait at Dunrobin. The artist has rendered very happily the high-bred character of his sitter. The high forehead, clear blue eyes, sharp aquiline nose, and long oval of the face bear the stamp of that type that is best summed up in the single word--gentleman. In early life my father had taken part in a political mission from the English Court to Prussia during the great war between that country and Napoleon. Of the Queen of Prussia—that famous Louisa of Strelitz, who, as Thackeray says, "shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune"—he saw much, and his admiration and sympathy for her beauty, goodness of heart, heroic but ineffectual efforts to save her husband's kingdom from the clutches of Napoleon, lasted as long as life and memory. For a long time it seemed that this romantic attachment to the unhappy Prussian Queen, even when years had elapsed since her death, would debar him from marrying. So strong had been his affection for her that on hearing of her death he had a long and dangerous illness. He was, however, destined to find in later years in his cousin, Harriet Howard, a wife and companion in every way suited to him. Rarely, indeed, and in spite of a great difference of age, has that lottery of life turned out more happily than was the case in my parents' union.

Debarred by the infirmity of almost total deafness from taking part in public affairs, and by this misfortune shut out from much that gives happiness and interest to life, my father passed the greater portion of his life in comparative retirement from the world and from society. He loved literature, especially German and Italian literature, and appreciated the arts of painting and

sculpture with a hereditary feeling for them, derived from his mother. His later years and increasing infirmities were soothed and sustained by a boundless affection from my mother to him, who, as she wrote on one of the anniversaries of his birth, "had made us so happy for so many years of blessed life."

CHAPTER VI

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

THE CARLISLE HOWARDS

ALTHOUGH the Howards have produced some good soldiers, and in their day some great courtiers, the fame of their name is more owing to its having figured in more than one of Shakespeare's dramas, and to one immortal line of Pope's, than to their deeds in the senate or on the field. Among the distinguished warriors of the name of Howard, however, occurs that of one who fell on Bosworth Field, and another commanded at Flodden; a third perished in a sea-fight; a fourth commanded the fleet that, thanks to Drake and the elements, destroyed the Armada of Spain. But by far the most illustrious of that house was the poet-soldier, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the friend of Philip Sydney, whose life was no less romantic, and whose death was less glorious indeed, but more tragic than his.[1]

The immediate ancestor of my mother's branch of the Howards was great-grandson to Surrey, Lord William Howard, the "Belted Will" of Sir Walter Scott's Border poetry. "Belted Will," or, as he was also called during his lifetime, "Bauld Wylie," was the terror of the freebooters and marauders of the Border. These he loved to harass from out his stronghold, Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, a fine old fortress, which he had obtained by marrying Elizabeth Dacre.[2] She also brought in her jointure the Yorkshire

[1] Here Mr. Drummond convicts me of a glaring mistake, as he points out that, "As matter of fact the Earl of Surrey was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 21, 1547, and Sir Philip Sydney was born at Penshurst on November 29, 1554."

[2] Heiress of the Dacres of the North.

estate of Hinderskelle, whereon Castle Howard now rears its splendid height, to Lord William. Of their descendants, the most worthy of note are—first, their great-grandson, created in 1661 Earl of Carlisle; secondly, Frederick Howard, the fifth Earl; and thirdly, my mother's elder brother, George William Frederick, seventh Earl of Carlisle, more popularly known by his second title of Morpeth.

The first of these Earls of Carlisle began his public life as a Parliamentarian. Cromwell created him Viscount Howard. After the Protector's death he helped Monk to restore Charles II. to the throne, who in consequence made him an Earl. There exists an interesting account of this Lord Carlisle's embassy to Russia—an account which has been erroneously attributed to Andrew Marvell. It gives a detailed history of journeys which would much astonish modern diplomatists. The enormous number of attendants that were then considered necessary to accompany an English envoy to the courts of Sweden, Denmark, and Russia is scarcely credible. The expense that must have been incurred would have almost been sufficient to maintain an army. Lord Carlisle was also for some time Governor of Jamaica.[1] He is buried under a superb monument in York Minster, whereon a fulsome inscription asserts that his many

[1] This first Lord Carlisle is alluded to in the autobiography of Lady Halkett in the days of Charles I. This lady was travelling from London to the North with Lady Howard, the wife of Sir Charles Howard, afterwards first Earl of Carlisle, whose brother-in-law was Sir Thomas Gower, of Sittenham, co. York. Lady Halkett (whose autobiography has been published by the Camden Society) alludes to him in the account of her journey North :—"It was on September 10, 1649, that the party commenced their journey, in which nothing disagreeable occurred until their arrival at Hinderskelle, beyond York, a house belonging to Sir Charles Howard, and which was then occupied by his sisters. Whilst there, both Sir Charles and his lady had a severe fit of sickness; and afterwards their son, then about three years old, was attacked by the small-pox. His cure was attributed to the treatment of 'Sir Thomas Gore, who studied physic more for divertisement than gain.'" "And there can be but little doubt," adds the editor of Lady Halkett's Memoirs, "that this was Sir Thomas Gower, of Sittenham, a brother-in-law of Sir Charles Howard, and lineal ancestor of the Duke of Sutherland," &c.

Thus the Gowers and the Howards have been thrice allied by marriage—

qualities and shining virtues "made him a great blessing to the age and nation wherein he lived." Could more be said for a whole tribe of statesmen or philanthropists?

His grandson Charles, the third Earl, built that prodigious palace, most incorrectly named a castle, which Macaulay has called "the finest specimen of a vicious style." Horace Walpole, however, considered Vanbrugh's great Yorkshire edifice "sublime." Castle Howard, whatever may be thought of its architectural merits or defects, is a building more suited to house the court of a monarch than to be the country home of a subject. It has been a terrible white elephant to its successive owners. The third Earl's son married twice. His second wife was Isabel Byron, great-aunt of the poet. By her he had an only son, Frederick, who succeeded his father in 1758, when only ten years old.

It was thus through his mother that the fifth Earl of Carlisle was kin to Byron, a relationship which he chose to ignore. For this neglect he had to pay a terrible penalty—that of being immortalised by the scathing lines in which Byron revenged his cousin's negligence and estrangement—lines which will last longer than the domes and halls of Castle Howard. Any one who remembers the manner in which Lord Carlisle ignored almost the existence of his lonely ward and cousin must feel that, great as was the punishment, it was deserved. Moore, who, I think, takes a very lenient view of Lord Carlisle's conduct, perhaps from being a friend of his family, and who certainly did not think less of a man because he was a lord, reminds his readers that Lord Carlisle could not have wished to meet that terrible termagant, the poet's mother. Moore's excuse, however, does not exonerate Lord Carlisle for his refusal to introduce Byron when he took his seat in the House of Lords; this was the crowning act of neglect on the part of the guardian, and roused the young poet's soul to madness, and he changed what he had written as a graceful com-

first, in this old Sir Thomas Gower marrying the sister of the first Earl of Carlisle; secondly, by the fifth Earl marrying Lady Caroline Gower; and thirdly, by my father marrying his aunt's grandchild.

pliment to his relative into a satire that out-Churchilled Churchill. Many years later Byron sought to make reparation for his satire by writing a touching tribute to the memory of Lord Carlisle's soldier-son—"young gallant Howard"—who fell at Waterloo. But it came too late. I have been told that so distasteful to Lord Carlisle was the very name of Byron that no one had the courage to show him those immortal lines in "Childe Harold." Had he seen them, perhaps they would have made him forgive, if not forget, the bitterness of his kinsman's early attack. But in 1815 Lord Carlisle was old, a martyr to neuralgia and other hereditary ills that aristocratic flesh is especially heir to; and for fear of disturbing the old Earl's equanimity the name of Byron and all his works were carefully tabooed at Castle Howard.

While writing of that son of Lord Carlisle's who fell at Waterloo, it will not be out of place to copy the following most kind and sympathetic letter of condolence written by that much-abused monarch, George IV., on hearing of young Howard's gallant death. It will show that, however full of faults and vices that Prince was, he had a most kind heart and a ready pen. One is tired of the abuse that from Thackeray down to Charles Greville has been meted to him, and it is but justice to give publicity to the following letter. This letter is addressed to Lord Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, who was brother to Howard's mother, Lady Carlisle, and consequently uncle to Frederick Howard. It is dated from Carlton House, "at two o'clock of the morning, June 22, 1815." The Regent had just returned from a ball in Grosvenor Square, where the news of the great victory of the eighteenth had reached him. He writes as follows: "My dear Friend,—The glorious news, which has this moment reached me, has, at the same time, been accompanied with the distressing intelligence of the fate of my most excellent and much-lov'd Frederick Howard, who fell most gallantly leading a division of my regiment. I have neither words nor courage to convey the sad tidings to our worthy and highly respected friend his poor father; for him, as well as for the rest of his family, I feel from the very bottom of my heart. I therefore throw myself upon

you, to consider of the best mode of performing this melancholy office. I could not retire to my pillow until I reported to you, my dear Lord, as the only channel that occurred to me through which this sad event might be broken to poor Lady Carlisle, without an aggravation, at least, of the sorrow and distress which must attend it. This is not the moment for me to say anything of my own feelings, nor of those which I would wish to express to Lord Carlisle upon the present most melancholy occasion. I therefore throw myself entirely upon your indulgence, and remain, my dear Lord, always sincerely yours, GEORGE P. R."

Unlike most family mottoes, that of the Carlisle Howards was one singularly appropriate to this bearer of it: "Volo non Valeo!" it runs. Lord Carlisle wished, with all his heart, to be a distinguished poet. He wrote and published, printed and had bound, a number of odes, poems, plays, and even tragedies. Alas! the will was present, but the power was absent. His plays and his poems are now forgotten as if they had never been written, although that fulsome peerage-monger, Collins, alludes to "his lordship being distinguished for his genius and acquirements;" and although Dr. Johnson said, respecting him and his poetical effusions, "that when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed." They are as little read as last week's newspaper.

But what will make this Lord Carlisle's name remembered, besides those terrible lines on him in Byron's satiric poem, is the passage concerning him written by Thackeray in his lectures on the "Four Georges." Very kindly has the great satirist dealt with his memory, passing gently over his faults and youthful follies, such as his immense losses at play when, in his "salad days," with such companions as Charles Fox, Sheridan, and others of the wild Prince's set, he passed nights over the green cloth in White's and Brooks's Clubs. He lost at cards the money that ought to have been spent in keeping up the great house in Yorkshire. Thackeray liked him, partly, I think, because, from the letters of Lord Carlisle that the lecturer quoted, he seems to have been a frank, warm-hearted, gentlemanlike youth; and partly, too,

I fancy, because Thackeray knew and loved his grandson, the seventh Lord Carlisle, of whom he has written that he was "beloved as widely as he is known; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure!" The great novelist cared only to lash fools and humbugs, hypocrites and snobs—the majority of mankind, indeed. None of these, however, was Frederick Howard. He was only a good-hearted but a very weak, very misguided young man, spoilt by his position, and who had fallen into what the world would call very good, but which was for him very bad, company. "As for my Lord Commissioner," writes Thackeray about my poetical grandfather (who had a political mission to America at the outbreak of the War of Independence, in order to settle matters between the old and new countries, in which mission he was as unsuccessful as with his cards and his poems), "as for my Lord Commissioner, we can afford to speak about him; because, though he was a wild and weak commissioner at one time, though he hurt his estate, though he gambled and lost ten thousand pounds at a sitting—'five times more,' says the unlucky gentleman, 'than I ever lost before'—though he swore he never would touch a card again, and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more; yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart."

One forgives all the youthful follies, not having to defray the large debt he left, in reading such a letter as the one he wrote to his old friend, George Selwyn—a letter that seems to me an apology and an excuse for all the wild oats he had so liberally sown in his thoughtless youth. This letter is dated Castle Howard, August 2, 1776, when he was in his eight-and-twentieth year.

"Brought up," he writes, "to no profession, I have only to regret that no road of that kind is open to me, that, at the same time as I was retrieving my affairs, I was daily adding to my reputation. I do protest to you that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time, however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune, that

I never reflect on it without shame. If they, the Ministry, will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment, let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country. My friends and my family have a right to call upon me for the sacrifice, and I will submit to it with the resolution of a man. There are two events in my life for which I shall always be grateful to fortune: one, for having married me to the best woman in the world; the other, for having linked me in so close a friendship with yourself, in spite of disparity of years"—Selwyn was thirty years Carlisle's senior—"and pursuits. These are consolations to me in my blackest moments; and I am too sensible of her merits not to entertain the sincerest attachment and regard for her, and the truest sense of your goodness to me." Thackeray quotes a passage of another of his letters to George Selwyn:—"I am very glad," he writes to his old friend, "I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London" (on his leaving for America). "I can only say I never knew, till that moment of parting, what grief was." "There is no parting where they are now," writes Thackeray, in one of the most eloquent passages of his "Four Georges"—a passage which ends with the graceful tribute of affection that he pays his friend Lord Carlisle, already quoted, and that friend's sisters, "some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives and pious, matronly virtues."

"The best woman in the world," as Lord Carlisle called his wife, was a Gower and a beauty. Romney has left us a lovely presentment of her fair and thoughtful face. A still lovelier likeness exists in miniature on the lid of a snuff-box, and is carefully preserved at Castle Howard. A pleasant picture of the old age of this pair is drawn in the memoir of Sydney Smith by his daughter. That witty parson had established himself and family at the living of Foston, near Castle Howard, in 1814. The friendship of the Smith and Carlisle families—a friendship which lasted through life, and of which Sydney Smith wrote, "Castle Howard befriended me when I wanted friends; I shall never forget it till I forget all"—began in this wise. While the new living of Foston was in a rough state—the house unfinished and

the roads unmade, "in so rude a state," says the author of the memoir, that "save for a cart they were hardly passable—suddenly a cry was raised that a coach and four, with outriders, were plunging about in the midst of a ploughed field near the house, and showing symptoms of distress. Ploughmen and ploughwomen were immediately sent off to the rescue, and at last the gold coach, as Lady Carlisle used to call it, which had mistaken the road, was safely guided up to the house, and the kind old Lord and Lady, not a little shaken, and a little cross at so rough a reception, entered the parsonage. The shakes were soon forgotten, and good humour restored; and after some severe sarcasms on the state of the approach to our house on the part of the old Earl, and promises of amendment on the part of my father, Lord Carlisle drove off, and made us promise to come and stay with him at Castle Howard. This was the first and last difficulty the Earl ever found in coming to Foston. From this time a week seldom passed without his driving over to occupy his snug corner by the parsonage fireside, where his conversation was so epigrammatic and full of anecdotes of past times that it was always a most agreeable half-hour to old and young. He never went away without leaving some little gift in the shape of game, fruit, flowers, or other tokens of friendship!"

It is rather an odd coincidence that the two wittiest parsons that England produced in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were connected by ties of friendship with Castle Howard; for the author of "The Sentimental Journey," the matchless Prebendary of York Minster, was often a guest there, as well as Sydney Smith. What a matter of chance is fame, and sometimes how accidentally acquired! Had it not been for the acquaintance of an elderly good-for-nothing man about town, as George Selwyn was, and for having given mortal offence to a vindictive poet and cousin, and for having shown courtesy to a country parson, this fifth Earl of Carlisle, in spite of all his odes and tragedies, and for all his stars and ribands (he was a Knight of the Thistle as well as of the Garter), his titles, his commissionerships and court appointments, would have been as forgotten as any other obscure transmitter of

a foolish face. Both this Lord and Lady Carlisle lived far into our century. He died in 1825, surviving "the best woman in the world" only a year.

They left behind them a large family of children. The eldest son, George, Lord Morpeth, was born in 1773. This sixth Earl of Carlisle had married in 1801 the eldest daughter of William, Duke of Devonshire, by his first wife, the beautiful Georgiana Spencer. Of her I will not write till I tell of the days passed at Chiswick, which is still full of her pleasant memory, and here will only glance at her daughter, also named Georgiana. My grandmother had not inherited any of her lovely mother's beauty, but she possessed much of her charm and distinction. Who that knew her can forget that winning, kind manner? Even in her old age the charm and expression of her face had something more rare and attractive than anything mere beauty of features could give. The pure soul seemed to shine in and through her eyes. In Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs we are introduced to Georgiana Cavendish when a child at Bath in 1791. The authoress of "Evelina" was then on a visit to her beloved Mrs. Delany, in whose house she met Lady Spencer, who spoke to her with rapture of her granddaughter, Lady Georgiana Cavendish. Shortly after Madame d'Arblay met the little lady herself, and thus describes her:—"Lady Georgiana is just eight years old. She has a fine, animated, sweet, and handsome countenance, and the form and figure of a girl ten or twelve years of age." The meeting of the authoress with little Georgiana Cavendish took place at a school feast provided by Lady Spencer for half-a-dozen poor children in her garden. Her granddaughter expressed a great desire to make their acquaintance; but her mother, the Duchess of Devonshire, feared infection. However, this injunction was overruled by Lady Spencer, and Madame d'Arblay describes the little girl flying down into the garden, all the rest accompanying, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess following. It was a beautiful sight, thought the D'Arblay. Indeed it makes a pretty picture —the little girl, so eager to give pleasure to other less fortunate

children than herself, her lovely mother—then in the zenith of her beauty—and the grandmother, Lady Spencer, watching her little grandchild with delight as she runs across the garden lawn to make friends with the poor charity children drawn up in a row.

For years an invalid, my grandmother loved to gather round her at Castle Howard her children and her children's children, as to the close of her life she lay helpless in her room, where the walls were covered with many a portrait of her mother, the beautiful Duchess Georgiana. One of these represents her in her childhood, her slight form gay with pink bows and ribbons, a saucy, bright-eyed little woman of some half-dozen summers; or in another, where she has grown into the lovely woman, conscious of her charms and beauty, as when Reynolds painted her in that splendid full-length picture at her old home of Althorp. In this room my grandmother was wont to hold informal levees, consisting of her children down to the third generation. There the last novel would be read to her—I remember her delight in listening to "Adam Bede"—or the last poem by Tennyson, or the newest song by Longfellow that had been set to music would be read or sung to her. Hers, indeed, was a most serene decline—a calm evening closing in on a pure and well-spent life. Her younger and only sister, Harriet Cavendish, married the father of the present Lord Granville, my great-uncle on the father's side. Lady Granville had much wit and humour. She fascinated, when Ambassadress to the French Court of Charles X., the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. I have been told that the late Duke of Devonshire, Ladies Carlisle and Granville's brother, said, on looking at the eldest sons of his two sisters, that their mothers had spoilt the looks of the two handsomest families in England.

The eldest of my grandmother's sons was George William Frederick Howard, born in 1802. As Lord Morpeth he had made a name for himself before he succeeded his father as seventh Earl of Carlisle in 1848. His father's career had not been of interest. To judge by Lawrence's portrait, my maternal

grandfather was of that extra-refined type which a life passed in no greater fatigues or excitement than in changing the air of one country-house for another, interspersed with occasional journeys in his own carriage on the Continent, varied by the exertion of attending debates in the House of Lords, is calculated to produce on a temperament and a physique not of superior energy or power.

My uncle Carlisle was born and bred a Whig; he filled many appointments in the Liberal Administrations of the day—those in connection with Ireland with a success and a popularity that are not yet forgotten. But he was something more than a mere politician; he possessed wide and deep sympathies, and though not a genius, had high talents. The poetic fire which had only smouldered in his grandfather's breast burned vigorously within his. Had he not been a statesman and a politician, he might have filled a far higher place in the literature of his country, that he so dearly loved. A fluent and eloquent, if rather too florid, speaker, he excelled when filling the chair on occasions when philanthropy or the arts were discussed. The last, and perhaps most eloquent, address of his life was delivered at a banquet at Stratford-on-Avon on the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth. In its way his address was perfect. As has been written of him with equal kindliness and truth by one who knew and esteemed him—"Few held," writes Arthur Helps, "so tender a place in the gallery of modern British worthies, in the affection of the English-speaking world, as the late Earl of Carlisle. Such a character as his could not fail to command respect; but the feeling which he chiefly inspired was one of affection. When at the close of the great contest for the West Riding of Yorkshire in 1841, in which he was defeated by Stuart-Wortley, he spoke the words of farewell, the whole court-house—men of all parties—wept. And in the far west of Ireland were men, and women too, who wept when the news came that 'dear Lord Morpeth' had been beaten."

He had a power beyond any one I have known of attracting and attaching people. There was about him a *bonhomie*, a sympathy and a kindliness both in look and in manner that

were quite irresistible, that made you forget his homely face, and that won your heart. He seemed all aglow with kindness and affection, and after seeing him one felt better and happier. We children greatly delighted in his visits—a delight perhaps a little mingled with awe, for he had a way of showing his affection for us by pulling at our hair, a trick that at times waxed almost past infantine endurance.

I shall not easily forget going with my mother in 1857 to Dublin Castle, where "Uncle Morpeth" was then Viceroy, or his kindness to me then. Neither shall I easily forget seeing him in St. Patrick's Hall, on the festival of that saint, dance an endless country dance, up the middle and down again. What *entrechats* and old-fashioned steps he executed!—steps and *entrechats* that are now as obsolete as the stately figure of the minuet itself. One of H. B.'s cleverest caricatures represents him dancing a quadrille with the Queen. It is taken at the moment when my uncle is executing that figure in the dance called, I think, *cavalier seul*, and every time that one looks at it, it makes one laugh. I seem yet to see his good white head bobbing above the crowd, his jewelled star and diamond George and Garter glittering in the throng, and again to hear the old country-dance music played with a gusto and spirit that only such a dancer and such a Lord-Lieutenant could inspire. Nor can I forget, on the same occasion, an old lady in a green turban decked with a bird-of-paradise, who won my heart by telling me she had not been to St. Patrick's ball at the Castle since the year of Waterloo, but that she had come that night expressly to see my mother. Alas! a few years only have passed, but the dark shadow of the tomb has long fallen over that guileless existence. I shall leave to far abler pens than mine to speak of the closing days of my uncle's life. The following touching account of his last days is from the pen of Harriet Martineau:—"His private life had never been more beautiful and beloved than now. Instead of the irritability and depression which usually accompany the disease, even where the intellect remains unaffected, there was in him a serenity, and even cheerfulness, as unmistakable as the clearness of his mind. He was as willing as ever to receive what

others said, without manifesting any harassing need to reply. His drives, in the fine autumn days, among the woods at Castle Howard were a keen pleasure to him, as he watched the changing beauty of their foliage. Sad as it was, his decline was so much less grievous and terrible than it must have been in a man of lower moral nature, that it was endurable even to those who loved him best."

During the last decade of his life, when his viceregal duties in Ireland kept him nearly all the year in Dublin, Castle Howard was allowed to fall into neglect. Grass grew on the broad steps and terraces of the building, and even within the place showed signs of decay.

It was reserved for his brother, Lord Lanerton, and his wife, to restore the old home to its former state, and even to add largely to its splendour. The chapel, formerly but a small room, through their liberality and taste has become a splendid chamber worthy its office, the most gorgeous and elaborate apartment in the Castle, although not in accordance with Vanbrugh's florid style. Of eleven brothers and sisters that gathered round my uncle, but three survive.[1] My mother was his third sister, four years younger; and although so unlike in appearance, how alike in character this brother and sister were!—alike in their power of attaching to them all that came within the charm of their society—alike in their love of all that is good, and true, and just, and beautiful in this world—alike in their abhorrence of tyranny, meanness, and cruelty. Indeed, were there more like unto these two, the world would be a brighter and a better one.

[1] My uncle, Charles Howard, for many years member of Parliament for Cumberland, was as constant and true a Liberal as his elder brother, and, like him, had a most kind and benevolent heart. Writing to me of him soon after his lamented death in 1879, Mr. Gladstone says, referring to my mother, "I hope that if there is any personal memorial to your uncle Charles, who was worthy to be her brother, you will let me hear of it." Mr. Gladstone knew that he could not pay a higher tribute to my uncle's memory than by saying this. His only son, George Howard, is now (1894) Earl of Carlisle.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

IT must have been in the summer of 1850 or 1851 that I recollect seeing Arthur, Duke of Wellington. I remember, as if it were only yesterday, that bowed form and massive face, his blue frock-coat and white "duck" trousers. How pleased and proud one felt to have a bow returned by the two uplifted fingers, his well-remembered salute! The Great Duke's funeral I can also distinctly remember—the profound solemnity of the "lying in state" of the body, surrounded by Waterloo veterans, in the hall at Chelsea Hospital; London in mourning; and the huge hearse with its tawdry trappings rolling along the Mall, past Stafford House, from out the Horse Guards, up Constitution Hill, through Piccadilly, on to its final goal, St. Paul's.

Then the last scene of that great pageant, the most impressive that London ever witnessed, when the coffin containing the hero's ashes sank slowly out of sight beneath the cathedral floor, to the strains of Handel's sublimest funeral march. We had places in the gallery under the dome; the scene has left a mark on my memory, though then but a child of seven years old, that will endure as long as I can recall aught of earthly sights or sounds.

The Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park I also remember well. The splendour and height of the roof; the sensation of being within an enchanted palace; the old elms, which, thanks to the good taste of my uncle, Lord Carlisle, who was at that time at the head of the Office of Works, were not sacrificed, and suffered so much in consequence of having been shut up so many months in that glass prison, with the crystal fountains and marble statues beneath their old branches, I can well remember; also the vast crowds of

peoples of all countries and nationalities, so full of variety and character; the Turkish court, where—imperishable memory of the youthful palate—we were given dates to eat; the German department, where our childish fancy was charmed by stuffed frogs and weasels in every attitude of civilised life, particularly with a group where one frog had just succeeded in running a brother frog through his pallid stomach with a miniature rapier; and by other less sanguinary scenes in human life, where weasels and ferrets were courting in the most approved fashion of that year of grace and universal peace, 1851. Grace and peace, forsooth! That year, when philanthropists hoped that the reign of universal brotherhood, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, had dawned for all the world, only introduced a succession of wars, European and Eastern, American and African—wars and revolutions, civil wars and "scientific frontier" wars which, even now, although thirty years have passed since the peace of the world was to be assured by that gathering of nations in the Hyde Park palace of glass, have not ceased.

In 1853 my youngest sister, Constance, married her cousin, Lord Grosvenor, now Duke of Westminster. That wedding is the only one out of the four of my sisters' marriages that I can remember, as the other three married either before I was born or when I was yet a mere infant—my two eldest sisters, Elizabeth (Argyll) and Evelyn (Blantyre), having been married before I came into the world, and the third, Caroline (Leinster), when I was two years old. But in 1853 I was of the mature age of eight, so that my youngest sister's marriage is one of those "early recollections" that I can recall. The wedding took place in the Chapel Royal, St James's. The breakfast took place in the gallery at Stafford House. A great dispute was waged on the later occasion between our German tutor, Dr. Gäbler, and our French governess, Madame Dembinska, as to whether my brother Albert and I were to be allowed to feast on some of the bridal cake. The tutor was against, the lady in favour of, the cake and its consumption, and she, dear kind old soul, won the day for herself and the cake for us. Then came the leave-taking, the

crowded staircase, and the great hall full of the wedding guests; the glass doors below, open only to royalty and departing brides, the tears and the smiles within, and the curious, eager crowd without. I have met, even in Australia, some persons who were there in London on that April morning, who have told me that there was a double line of carriages all the way up St. James's Street to see the bride, the "beautiful Lady Constance," driven away. All these things happened in my pre-journalistic days, for that remarkable literary work—my journal—was not commenced till early in 1854—the year of the outbreak of the Crimean War.

Mark Twain, I think, says that all youthful diaries commence by stating the fact that in the morning the writer got up, and ends the day by remarking that when it was finished he went to bed. Mine is no exception to this general rule of the manner in which youthful diarists keep the record of their lives. The routine of the daily round of duties, engagements, and pleasures is only varied by changes of residence. From London we went to Trentham, where most of the winter was passed, returning to town in February or March, and, after again visiting Trentham, going for the autumn to Dunrobin. Like all children, we greatly preferred country to town. The routine of our daily life was somewhat like this as regards our hours of work. Our German tutor was a most methodical man, as became his country. Regularly during the summer we had an hour's work before our eight o'clock breakfast, and two more after that hour. We lunched at two, went out till four, when "lessons" again till tea-time, at six —and ended by another hour's work—if such lessons as those our good-natured tutor gave us could be called by so dignified a term—till bed-time at eight. Thus passed away the early years of our pleasant childhood in those beautiful homes I have tried to describe. At Trentham, Christmas 1854, I find, on turning the pages of that record of my early years, much detail regarding our Christmas gifts, and of the Christmas tree, now so general in English homes at Yule-tide, but then hardly seen but in a few English houses. Our German tutor claimed to have introduced this pretty custom in this country in our family, the first implanted

out of Germany having been erected by him in the hall at Stafford House. Until recently there was always one of these Christmas trees, richly decked, placed in one of the drawing-rooms at Trentham on Christmas Eve; and the household attended to see the illuminations and receive the gifts that were one by one cut off from the lighted boughs. No one was forgotten, from the most honoured of the guests down to the kitchen-maids and stable-men. Christmas was worthily maintained in those days at Trentham. Generally after the tree there came a ball for the servants, given in a long gallery overlooking the stable-yard. All took part in the dances, which, with its country dances and Highland flings and reels, when the Scotch piper was in great demand, were always most successful festivities. Bell-ringers also would come from Stoke or Newcastle and jangle their changes before an admiring and appreciative audience; and naturally the waits were not silent round a house which knew so well how to keep up Christmas in the good old-fashioned English style. And then what splendid round games we used to play in the evenings! Who that joined in those of "Post" and "Mufti" can ever forget those romps? The first consisted in every player being named after a town or a village; a large circle was formed; one of the performers was then blindfolded and placed in the centre of the circle. At the call, "The post goes from London to Glasgow!" "London" and "Glasgow" would have to change places, thus giving an opportunity for the blindfolded one to catch a victim, who then became the blinded. When a "general post" was called, and all the towns and villages had to change places, the excitement rose to fever heat. But "Mufti," I think, was even a still more exciting game. In this a row of chairs was placed, each chair alternately facing a different way from the last. Upon these sat the players. When the piano began to be played, all rose and commenced moving round the chairs; when it stopped, all sat down—all but one, for at each turn of the players one of the chairs had been removed. As the chairs lessened in quantity, the excitement of the game increased proportionately; and when but two remained, it became intense. The chairs were

great sufferers in this game, some of the players being of no light build; often one or more would come crashing down, thus destroying the furniture, but of course adding greatly to the spirit of the game.

These were but two of the many games in which we delighted, and which made the winter evenings pass but all too quickly away for us children. On great occasions a theatre was erected in the drawing-room; the billiard-room made an admirable green-room, and plays and tableaux were given on a real and very fair-sized stage.

Our happiness on these occasions was, as may be imagined, very great, and the excitement and mystery attending the rehearsals when the grown-up played were prodigious. How indignant were we when our uncle Carlisle insisted on no one being admitted while he rehearsed his part in "Whitebait at Greenwich." Into the acting, in which he delighted, as in all our other Christmas frolics, he entered with almost schoolboy zest. No one enjoyed the dances in the long gallery more than he did, where he would without flagging keep up the old-fashioned country dances with more enthusiasm and spirit than any of us younkers—like Sir Christopher Hatton's "seal and maces," his star and garter dancing before him. No one more than he enjoyed the games of "Post" and "Mufti;" no one played and acted so well as he did. Whatever the game or frolic, "Uncle Morpeth" was the merriest—and no wonder that we adored him. A magic-lantern was also a great attraction. The exhibition used to take place in our study upstairs. The darkened room was filled with juvenile Argylls, Blantyres, Kildares, Grosvenors, Gowers, and others. What a number of fair-haired children used to be gathered in front of the great white sheet on which my brother Albert threw such wondrous dissolving views and magic pictures.

The first entry in my childish diary of any interest occurs on February 24, 1854, when we were up at 7.30 in the morning, loud shouting and cheering having attracted us to our study windows at Stafford House. These shouts and cheers were from the departing Guards, cheering the Queen on their departure for Turkey.

We could see from our windows, across the Mall, Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who were addressing the troops from the Palace. As the soldiers passed between Stafford House and St. James's Palace, the press of people was so great that the troops could not keep line, and soldiers and civilians formed one confused mass of humanity in that narrow road. It was a stirring sight, this commencement of that long campaign, which was expected to finish in a few short months, but which lasted two long years. The war in the Crimea naturally recalls the loss our family shared with so many others in that great struggle. My brother Frederick, born in 1832, had passed his military examination at Woolwich, and had entered the Rifle Brigade a short time before war with Russia was proclaimed. He was a most affectionate, amiable, and popular youth. Although engaged to one of the handsomest *débutantes* of the time, he was eager to take a part in the coming struggle; but his strength was not equal to his zeal, and he was one of the earliest victims of the campaign. He had sailed for the East early in March, and before the end of October news reached us at Dunrobin of his death from fever, on board the *Bellerophon*, off Scutari. It was a fearful blow to my mother, and almost broke her heart. Her boy's sword and portrait remained near her as long as she lived, with the likeness of little "Aline." Among the letters of sympathising friends that she then received is one from an eminent American, Edward Everett—eminent both as a scholar, statesman, and orator—from which the following is a quotation:—"I well remember," he writes, "the pleasing appearance of the son you have lost, though but a child when I last saw him; and having myself had the misfortune to lose most lovely and promising children, I am able to enter into your feelings and those of the Duke. I do so with all my heart; and though it is now years since we parted, never probably to meet on earth again, yet I retain too lively and grateful a recollection of your kindness, and of the happy hours passed at Stafford House and Trentham, not to wish you to know that, at this great distance, I have not heard of your bereavement with unconcern."

One of the greatest pleasures of those early years was when, in London, we were allowed to go to a play. My first was at the Princess's; the play, Byron's "Sardanapalus." How pleased one was by the fidelity of the costumes and decorations to the Assyrian remains in the British Museum, and by the effect produced at the close of the play by the palace on fire, when king, courtiers, and all disappeared from off the flaming stage! Those were the days when Charles Kean produced that series of Shakespearean revivals that have never been surpassed on our stage. The historical plays were especially splendid in decoration and appointment. In March of 1854 we saw "Richard III.," and later in the same season, "The Knights of the Round Table," at the Haymarket. I find the different scenes and the scene-painters' names carefully noted: Morris, O'Connor, and Callcot —the last scene, "London from Hampstead Fields," in which a duel is fought. That must have been to us a most memorable night, for after the drama we saw Buckstone's "Voyage round the Globe," a kind of review of what was then being played at the other London houses.

In the same year we saw the bombardment of Canton as performed at the Surrey Zoological Gardens at night in July—a very grand pyrotechnic performance we thought it; and after the destruction of the Chinese forts we were regaled by a transparency in which Victory appeared crowning Her Britannic Majesty and her ally Napoleon in a perfect blaze of blue-fire and rockets.

These visits to the theatres were our great delight. The infrequency of such outings added much to the treat they were to us. How, while driving through the crowded streets, we pitied those less happy mortals not bound our way! How thrilling the excitement and expectancy when at last we found ourselves within the mystic building! How pleasant we thought all the surroundings, even the smell of the gas! And then to speculate on what was going on behind the curtain, and the thrill when the fiddles were tuned and the gas shot up from the chandeliers! All was perfect, although nothing yet fulfilled; but when at length the curtain rose and the play commenced, then indeed our joy

was complete. How poor and dull are all the pleasures and excitements of after-life compared to those evenings at the play, when one was still innocent of "behind the scenes" on the mimic stage, as of the other on that of the world!

Kean's Shakespearean revivals, as they were called, fascinated us most. What a series of splendid pageants he produced! Besides "Richard III." we saw his "Merchant of Venice;" "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with that marvellous scene at the close where all fairyland seemed to be trooping down the steps of a great temple with countless lamps and lanterns; "King Lear," decked with costumes that we had so often seen in Strutt's "Regal Antiquities," one of our favourite books; "Henry VIII.," with that gorgeous masquerade in Wolsey's Banqueting Hall, and the vision of angels that beckoned dying Katharine to heaven; "Richard II.," with the triumphant entry into London of Bolingbroke in the midst of the hurly-burly of the crowd and the jangle of the City bells; the thrilling scene of the deposed king's murder, which made one's blood run cold; but, above all, that glorious play of "Henry V.," wherein occurs the siege and capture of Harfleur, when the breach is filled with dead and dying soldiers, and the young king, armed *cap-à-pie*, mounts triumphant amidst the blare of trumpets and booming of cannon. And then the pantomimes! Of these, I remember one at the Princess's. What the story of the pantomime was I forget; but never shall I forget an ice scene in the harlequinade, representing one of the London parks in winter. Crowds skate across and slide over the frozen lake. Then clown appears with a board, on which "Dangerous" is written in large letters, and places it on the ice. At once appears a man fatter than Jack Falstaff, who skates vigorously but without prudence, for he makes straight for the fatal spot, when, crash! and total disappearance of our fat friend; but the clown proceeds to fish up a cat!

"Glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas!"

The amount of masters that we sat under when in town, in those early years, was prodigious. There was first a music-

master—Mr. Masters, a very strict, solemn gentleman, with a long and melancholy face, who did his best during an hour twice or thrice a week to teach our young ideas something better than the scales. But I stuck at the scales, and never, I think, managed to play the base in time with the treble. I am convinced that, unless a boy has evident strong musical taste in him, to attempt to teach him to play is mere waste of money and time. Then there was our drawing-master, or other masters, for we had several; but Mr. Kenworthy was the principal of these. The good worthy man came from Ealing; like Mr. Masters, he had to climb to the top of Stafford House, where his pupils awaited him. How he laboured with geometrical cubes and squares, globes and quaint-shaped bodies, in order to teach us the art of shading and the mysteries of chiaroscuro, nobody can tell. Mr. Kenworthy was very like Liston in features. One hot summer's day, when I had left my work to wander on the balcony of our study that overlooks the Mall and the towers of Westminster, thinking that I had been out too long in the sun, and without considering that the window was not open, he thrust his head through the glass. There it remained transfixed, the features manifesting extreme surprise mixed with horror, for a collar of broken and jagged glass surrounded his outstretched neck. Luckily he was not even scratched; but there was little more drawing done that morning, though a good deal of laughing.

It was Mr. Kenworthy who gave me my first lesson in modelling. I find that in July 1854 he brought us modelling tools and clay, wherewith we constructed figures from which we afterwards drew in chalk. Then, also, there came to that study a most amiable, painstaking, little grey-headed man, with a bright, bland, and childlike face. This was Mr. Crump; but what Mr. Crump taught us I regret to say I have now forgotten. Then, too, in the summer afternoons and in the picture-gallery we had our dancing lessons from a French couple—Mons. and Madame Petit. Mons. Petit played the violin, teaching us at the same time how to quadrille and how to valse. I can see the worthy little

pair standing up as partners to us in the quadrille—"*Messieurs, la trenise*"—and then the fiddle squealed the old dance music of the old-fashioned quadrille, as we slid through the *cavalier seul* or the *chaine des dames*, this dance again varied with a polka or a valse.

Above, the great Murillos surveyed this very mundane scene —very different from the Church ceremonies on which they had gazed for a century and a half. What a contrast indeed for them, this French dancing-master and wife, with his fiddle and French figures, hopping around, while Madame pirouettes on the polished floor, and two little boys, dressed in kilts, copy his steps!—a contrast indeed to the deep-toned organ, the officiating priests, and the words of the "Miserere" ascending, amidst the smoke of the incense, in the old Church of the Charity at Seville.

Occasionally a more stately dancing-master was called in, generally on the eve of a ball at court. This professor of dancing was a Mons. Delplanche, a very great man indeed, who used to act as a kind of master of the ceremonies at the children's balls at Buckingham Palace. Mons. Delplanche had the manners and appearance of at least one, if not several, ambassadors and plenipotentiaries. He did not condescend to accompany his steps to a fiddle—not he! But he made us—and generally when he gave a lesson at least half-a-dozen pupils were drawn up in the gallery of Stafford House—go through the figures of the quadrille with all the ceremony and decorum of a *menuet de la cour*. When the night of the ball arrived, and when at the Palace, feeling that the severe eye of the terrible Delplanche was upon us, we almost lost all enjoyment, and nearly trembled to think that we were insufficiently turning out our toes, or that we had hopelessly forgotten the next figure in the quadrille.

The Palace balls were rather awful festivities. Her Majesty, an excellent dancer herself, was critical; and when dancing with a princess and knowing that Delplanche's eagle gaze and the august eyes of Royalty were following our gyrations, the honour of the dance was hardly compensated for by the dread of failure!

The family piper, Macdonald, a splendid young Highlander, was another of our dancing-masters, and I think we appeared to more advantage in the Highland fling, reel, and sword-dance than in the quadrille and polka. These Scottish dances were greatly in vogue at these Palace balls, and dancing them, we felt safe and even careless of what the redoubtable Mons. Delplanche thought of that part of our performance. One of these children's balls was given in July of 1854, by the Duchess of Gloucester, in her house in Piccadilly. It is something to remember the fact of having once been the guest of a daughter of George III. The Queen was at this dance, and was much amused by some of her tiny subjects frisking about, to the delight of Queen Charlotte's daughter.

The great ball of that year was a fancy-dress one, given by the French Ambassador, Mons. de Persigny, to the Queen.

My sister, Constance Grosvenor, went to this ball in a dress taken from some representation of Blanche de Castille. Whether the costume was strictly historical or not I cannot say, but remember thinking it very splendid and becoming. There is a well-known engraving of her in this costume, after a drawing by James Swinton, her brow crowned with *fleur de lys*. This likeness, in spite of the crown, is the best that exists of her, Millais' portrait excepted.

While still on the theme of masters, I might add to the list the honoured name of Wellington; for in 1854 we rode in Buckingham Palace Riding House with the Princes. Here the son of the hero of Waterloo, who was at that time Master of the Horse, would often look in on us. His critical eye would often suggest a change in the position of our hands or seat.

Our visits to the Palace in that year were very frequent. If the weather was fine, we used to play in the gardens, where there was a regular gymnasium, or in the beautifully decorated pavilion, the ceilings of which glowed with paintings by Landseer, Maclise, and other British artists, illustrating scenes from English poets, one of the Prince Consort's happiest art creations.

If it was too wet for outdoor games, we would amuse ourselves

with our youthful royal hosts indoors; but we much preferred our liberty and freedom in our games in the gardens and galleries of Stafford House to those of Buckingham Palace. My brother Albert and I, and the two eldest sons of my sister Elizabeth Argyll, and a few other boys, were wont to be asked to the Palace; and little did any of us then dream, when occasionally the young Princesses came in sight in the Palace gardens or within the building, that one of us would become the husband of one of them.

In August of that year, 1854, I had my first experience of the Continent, my mother taking my brother and I to Kreuznach, near Bingen. We went by Calais and Brussels. To my great delight, we visited the field of Waterloo, where the shattered walls and buildings of Hougoumont seem to have impressed me most. Of these scenes and the Rhine I soon filled a sketch-book, so that by the time we reached Mayence I had to get a new one. At Aix-la-Chapelle the relics of Charlemagne seem to have proved more interesting than the "foolish superstitious things," as I wrote of the sacred relics shown in the Cathedral of saints and martyrs. After staying a few days at Kreuznach, where my brother was left with our German tutor, my mother and I returned to England, and went to Dunrobin for the autumn. That journey north was in those days a very much longer affair than it is now, for we posted from Perth along the picturesque Highland line; sleeping at the Bridge of Tilt the first, and the following night at Inverness, and reaching Dunrobin on the day following. In those days it took longer to get to Dunrobin from London than it now does from London to St. Petersburg. Among the guests who were staying that autumn with my parents in Sutherland was Lord Dufferin, whose name is likely to recur in these notes; for even then Lord Dufferin was an old friend of ours. He had arrived in his yacht, the *Foam*, in which two years later he was destined to visit Spitzbergen, and to write of that expedition one of the most delightful books of travel that this century has produced. I find in my diary that he had been to the war (with Russia) at Bomarsund, where lay the British fleet. He was on board a frigate

that was sent to ascertain if a fort had a gun or not. Then follows an account of the manner in which the Russian gunners in the fort practised at the frigate, in a way that must soon have convinced the fleet that the fort had at least one gun in it. The ship went aground, so the Russians—my diary continues—"began to pelt at it; there were five men killed, and six wounded. Nothing happened to Dufferin; he said, 'It is best to walk about deck when it is shot at.'" I quote my account of this incident in Lord Dufferin's varied career, as I do not think any account of this plucky but somewhat foolhardy adventure has appeared elsewhere.

Both Lord Dufferin and his mother were often at Dunrobin. She had inherited much of the beauty of her fair grandmother, the lovely Miss Linley of Bath, Sir Joshua's "St. Cecilia," and still more of the wit and humour of her celebrated grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Delightfully she told us stories, some of rather a terrifying character, as we found to our cost on leaving her room and retiring to our quarters along the passages and corridors of the old Castle, which, after listening to Lady Dufferin's weird stories, so dramatically told, we half expected and feared to find gorged with ghosts, hobgoblins, and banshees.

That visit of Lord Dufferin to Dunrobin in the autumn of 1854, besides his adventures in Russian waters, produced a great subject of interest to us boys in the shape of a young walrus he had caught in Norway, and which he believed to be the first ever brought to Scotland. The reported fall of Sebastopol, which we heard had surrendered, at the beginning of October, naturally caused us great hopes, soon to be disappointed.

The end of that autumn closed mournfully for us with the news of my brother Frederick's death in Lord George Paulet's vessel, the *Bellerophon*, where all that human kindness could do for him was done by Lord George, but in vain.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY YEARS

IN the summer of 1855 my mother took me with her on a visit to Arundel Castle. A large party were there; but I remember being more interested by the Vandycks and family portraits of the Howards than by the guests. The ruined keep, which had then still many of the famous old owls in it, and the church with the fine old monuments, effigies, and brasses of the house of Norfolk, were also full of interest to a mind that revelled in Walter Scott and the romantic side of history.

Two generations have passed since this visit to Arundel, and the old place has seen much change within and without. My uncle-in-law, the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, was the last of the Protestant Dukes. His son reverted to the old faith, and there seems little chance of the present holder of the title of Surrey ever changing to the Reformed Church.

I was also taken in that year by my mother to Worsley, which had been inherited by my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, from his great-uncle, the Duke of Bridgewater. The house was built by him—a large mansion of the half-Tudor, half-Gothic order of architecture so much the fashion half a century ago. Our arrival there was of a novel kind. We were drawn up the canal in a barge by postillions and four. There, too, as at Arundel, a second generation has succeeded to the one that ruled in the year 1855, but in this case without the changes in religion that makes Arundel conspicuous in the contrast between the Arundel of 1880 and the Arundel of a quarter of a century ago.

Glossop, then belonging to the Norfolks, now to Lord Howard of Glossop—my aunt Norfolk's second son—we also visited that

year. Glossop I find I considered "a very French-looking place," and "not a castle—only a house." The "only a house" shows the effect on the youthful mind of living in such places as Trentham and Dunrobin.

In October my mother took me over to Paris. A first visit to Paris must, I think, be to every one a very great event, and leave behind a deep impression. To me it was an epoch. Our party consisted of the Blantyres and the Grosvenors; we lodged at the Hotel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli—then a very first-class hotel, which, I believe, has, like many other institutions flourishing in that far-away time, lost some of its prestige. The view from our windows over the gardens and domes of the Tuileries was superb. I remember making a sketch of the Palace as soon as we arrived. The exterior of the Palais d'Industrie, and even the interior, was disappointing after the glories of the Palace of Crystal in Hyde Park. Our old French governess did the honours of the streets and shops. In those days I wore Highland dress. How I was stared at as we went to see Houdin's conjuring and Giroux's toys! Small crowds collected outside the shops to see "l'Ecossais." It was enough to make one quite dislike the garb, and I think it would have been better had I not been arrayed in such an outlandish manner when in Paris. I was more delighted with the pictures at the Exhibition and the galleries of the Louvre than with the toys and conjuring. We called on some artists, among others on Rosa Bonheur, whom we found in her studio. That gifted artist wore her hair cut short, and had on a kind of Bloomer costume. When we first saw her I imagined she was a boy! We visited the Tuileries, the interior of which I thought beautiful, but dull; and Versailles, with the magnificence of which I was delighted. During one of these expeditions in some gallery or exhibition, the Empress recognised my mother—although she only knew her from her likeness to her portrait by Winterhalter, the lithographs of which were in the printsellers' windows—and immediately invited her to dine at St. Cloud, where the court then was. My mother had known the Emperor slightly, for on a previous visit to Paris,

when President of the Republic, he had called on her at Meurice's Hotel. Although charmed by the beauty and grace of the Empress, my mother had little liking for the Imperial Court of France or its master.

In the following year I went with my mother to Ireland, where she passed a few weeks at Dublin with her brother, Lord Carlisle, then Viceroy. On arriving, my impression of the Castle at Dublin was not up to my expectations of what a castle should be; of it, as of Glossop, I remarked with evident disappointment that it was only a house! This was a most pleasant visit to Ireland, and very enjoyable were the expeditions to the Viceregal Lodge in Phœnix Park, and the Castle festivities. We went to the Theatre Royal (*fuit*) to see "Prince Charming, or the Blue Bird of Paradise." The delight of that evening was as great as was that of another when I was allowed to remain up late and see St. Patrick's ball. Before we left Ireland we visited Carton, where the kindest of old gentlemen, the late Duke of Leinster, then lived, and Kilkea, the home of my sister, Caroline Kildare. That autumn Mrs. Beecher-Stowe came to Dunrobin.

On the 18th of February of this year, 1857, Lord Ellesmere died, to the great sorrow of us all. In the autumn my father took me round Scotland in his yacht, the *Ondine*. We embarked at Liverpool and steamed to Dunrobin, a delightful cruise.

That year at Dunrobin was memorable to us on account of a tournament that we performed in front of the Castle—a less gorgeous display, indeed, than the Eglinton one; but ours was not marred by the weather, which was splendid during our pageant. The wide space to the west of the Castle was the scene of these jousts. The Castle was full of guests, and the country mustered in great force to see the show. A tutor who had lately come to us, Lamprey by name and Irish by nation, was the moving spirit of the affair, and, thanks to his energy, skill, and arrangements, the tourney proved a great and a complete success. It closed with a *mêlée* of hobby-horses, a couple of which bounding steeds were mounted by Lords Dufferin and Grey de Wilton. These warriors were armed with bladders hung

to sticks, with which they belaboured one another most unmercifully. The only drawback to our grand revival of the olden time was caused by our lances, which were made of paper, being bent and made useless by a high wind before we could shiver them on our antagonists' bodies. A German band discoursed military and warlike music, and three family pipers—ours, and those of the Argylls and Staffords—kept up a truly martial and local din. I find it recorded in my diary that "Dufferin said that it was the prettiest thing he had ever seen;" and he was, I believe, at the Eglinton tournament, so that there can be no doubt that the Dunrobin was the finest of these.

At the beginning of the following year, 1858, my brother Albert, two years my senior, went to the Edinburgh Academy, and with our German tutor took a house in Inverleith Row in that city. That was our first separation, and I felt with keen melancholy that our early happy days which we had passed together were at an end. That was indeed a bitter sorrow, and although so many infinitely greater have come upon me, I do not think any equalled the intense sadness to me of this first separation, with the knowledge that the happy careless times were over. As one gets older, it is easier to bear such trials as these; but when very young, they seem to enter into one's very soul; and yet people say that children's sorrows are as nothing compared to those of later years. With this I for one entirely disagree. When we get older, we know that our sorrows cannot endure long; but when young, one feels as if the sorrow would last for ever, and one looks forward to life with a kind of despair.

I was occasionally taken to the opera that season in London, when Grisi and Mario sang. My favourite opera was "Martha," "the new opera," as it was then. In July the death of my eldest brother's son—Gower—a most delightful and promising boy of nine, put an end to any more gaieties for that year. He died suddenly at Lilleshall, a place in Shropshire that my parents had given to the Staffords when they married in 1849. My father, who idolised his grandson, felt his death deeply. At the end

of that year Lauriston Castle, near Cramond, N.B., was leased by my father, and here my brother Albert and the two eldest Argylls, Lorne and A. Campbell, lived while attending the classes at the Edinburgh Academy, and here I also passed some of the next summer months. Lauriston is a pleasant old castle with a fine old-fashioned garden round it. It had belonged early last century to the famous financier Law, and in the early part of this to the *bon-vivant*, Lord Rutherford. Here he would entertain Lord Murray and other convivial Scottish Law lords and judges. Thus the summer of 1859 was pleasantly passed. An old and large bowling-green served for our small matches of cricket, and we made pleasant excursions about the somewhat tame neighbourhood of Edinburgh. But these pleasant days were to end with that summer, and our party was broken up, Lorne and his brother going to Eton, where I was soon to follow them. But in order to rub up my learning a little before joining them I attended lectures at the Edinburgh Academy. My parents, both of whom had taken a fancy to Lauriston, would often come and stay there, sometimes a few days or longer. My mother delighted in Dr. Guthrie and in his preaching. That fine old specimen of an old Covenanting minister would frequently drive over from Edinburgh, and often meet another great friend of my mother's at Lauriston. Sir James Simpson—"Simmy," as we boys called him—was an universal favourite with young and old. In October Lord Brougham was staying at a villa within Edinburgh, called Warriston, and my brother took me one day to see him. His memory was then failing, but he appeared full of great bodily vigour, and I can recall the energy of his voice and manner as he paced up and down his room gesticulating violently. He was then over eighty, but had still many years of life in him. In the following year I joined my Scotch nephews at Eton. Few men acknowledge that they disliked the public school they were at, however much they may have done so. Fewer do so if they were at Eton. As a place no school in the world can compete with it; this all will acknowledge; for at what other is there such a river as the Thames, where such playing-

fields as those by its side shaded by immemorial trees, where such proud memories of former scholars as the names carved on the walls of its old schoolroom can show? But because a place is beautiful and boasts historic memories, it does not follow that the time one has passed there must be looked back to either with pleasure or regret. For several reasons I look back to my Eton days as the least happy of my boyhood. In the first place, I was not properly at Eton at all, for, with my nephews, I was what is called in Eton parlance "up town;" which means that we were not in one of the tutors' or dames' houses, but in a house some way out of Eton. Our house was a small one opposite the "Christopher" Inn, about half-way between the school and the bridge that divides Eton from Windsor. Here we were under the charge of the Irish tutor whose active share in the Dunrobin tournament I have alluded to. This was an unsatisfactory arrangement in many ways: we were at Eton, but not of Eton, and the other lads felt, with some justice, it must be said, that we were treated as if the usual manner of living at Eton—*i.e.*, in one of the masters' houses—was not good enough for us; and among boys, as among men, anything that appears to be exclusive is not popular. As I have said, my nephews had preceded me to Eton, and I felt, on beginning my life there, that they had an advantage in this which, rightly or wrongly, allowed them to place me rather under obligations to themselves. It is not in human nature to feel thus placed with complacency. Although my brother and myself had acquired a smattering of knowledge of various—too various—kinds, we were ill-grounded even in the rudiments of grammar, I especially so, and ignorant of even the little Latin that most boys much younger than I was when at Eton have acquired. In fact, I do not believe I ever did a Latin verse all the time I was an Eton boy; and in those days little else was taught or learned there—in the lower parts of the school, at all events. Consequently I took a very bad place in my entrance examination, and was not a little disquieted to find that, although in some ways much better read than many of the boys in my division, none made a worse figure at the

ordinary lessons required for school-work. It was my ill-fortune also to find myself among boys who would not have done credit to a grammar-school, but who, I felt, had the advantage of me in superior knowledge of how to construe Greek and Latin, and how to write that abominable doggerel they called "Latin verses." It was a daily and almost an hourly mortification to find that, as far as regarded the school-work, I was behind my fellow-classmen. What would have made amends for these drawbacks might have been the hours passed between school-work; but even in these I found my short-sightedness a great impediment to joining in the games of the others. Not a little of my want of sympathy with Eton and Eton ways was the longing to be again, as formerly, in my mother's society; for I had been so used to it that absence from her was in itself an infliction. I believe the education a boy now receives at Eton is far more general than it was when I was there. Then, what one might have known before, such as modern languages, history, &c., were forgotten at Eton, where a boy, if he were only tolerably well grounded in Latin and Greek grammar, could easily get through the work expected of him, and not think of the next day's Latin verses or Greek exercises with a tenth part of the anxiety that I did. These are a few of the reasons that made what are, I believe, often said to be the happiest days of a boy's life—those passed at Eton—not pleasant ones to me; and after a short stay—little over a year—I left the place without any feeling of regret.

Some of my happiest days there were those when my mother was in attendance on the Queen, or on a visit to Windsor Castle, and would send for me to go and see her. She was then still Mistress of the Robes. In the winter of that year the Empress of the French paid the Queen a visit at Windsor. I had a glimpse of the Empress as she passed through a corridor in the Castle, and was greatly struck by her beauty. She had shortly before lost her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe, and was in deep mourning for her. An odd idea had taken her fancy—namely, to build on the site of her sister's house in Paris, which after the Duchess's death she had razed to the ground, a similar building

in every respect to Stafford House, and she had visited that house and sent architects over to take its dimensions. But the plan fell through; perhaps it was considered too considerable a scheme for realisation.

Another visit that I paid that year was to Frogmore, when my nephews and I were honoured by an invitation to a ball by the Duchess of Kent. It ended by a country dance, in which the Queen joined. We had thought it prudent on receiving this invitation to call in the services of a dancing-master, fearing our quadrille figures were rather vague. An aged French dancing-master whom we requisitioned appeared, hale and hearty, accompanying his steps, as Monsieur Petit did, to his violin. But active as this old professor of the dance was, he had, when a child in Paris, 1793, seen Marie Antoinette on the way to the scaffold, and described the unfortunate Queen with her grey hair cut short, her hands tied, seated in the cart, retaining her calm demeanour as the mob shouted and mouthed round about her.

Early in the next year, 1861, my father was attacked by paralysis at Trentham. It was in January, one of the coldest that had been known for many a year, and we thought that he had caught a chill when watching the skaters on the lake. The evening before the attack, however, he seemed in his usual health, and had much enjoyed watching some acting in the drawing-room, where, seated behind a row of grandchildren, he shared their delight at seeing Lord Carlisle performing the part of Benjamin Buzzard to perfection, in the farce of "Whitebait at Greenwich." Trentham was full for that Christmastide—a large family party, some forty in all—and never had we had a merrier time than at the close of the year 1860. But on the morning after the theatricals all was changed, and the house, lately so full of sound and gaiety, was silent and hushed. He who was the kindest of parents was about to leave us. He lingered on till February, ceaselessly watched and affectionately tended by those he loved. His death, which occurred at the end of February, changed the current of our life. With him our happy

home life passed away; but within another half-dozen years a still heavier blow came upon us. Of my father the *Scotsman* had said with truth that "no man could give so good an account of so great a stewardship."

That summer saw me again abroad with my mother. She had, owing to the commencement of a cataract in one of her eyes, placed herself under the care of a French oculist, and in order to be near him had taken a house in Paris—first in the Avenue Gabrielle, in the Champs-Elysées; and later on, the heat of the August of that year being almost unbearable in that part of Paris, we moved to a higher and more airy quarter in the Avenue de St. Cloud, close to the Bois de Boulogne. The pleasantest days were when we visited the Louvre together; for although my mother's health was then failing, she continued to keep the same interest and love of art and of everything that was beautiful in nature and human handicraft. We were back again for the winter in London. My mother had passed the day of the fatal 13th of December at Windsor Castle, but returned the same evening to town, which she much regretted afterwards, as on the following day the Prince Consort expired. She was, however, able to be with the bereaved Queen the next morning. Hearing that she would stay on at the Castle, I went there and passed some of the afternoon with her, hearing details of the closing scenes of the Prince's illness. My mother occupied the same rooms as those in which she had often been in the happy days of the Queen's life. A few months had only passed, and her mistress and herself were both bereaved. I shall never forget the desolation that one felt had fallen on Windsor on that dreary, dark day of December. It was a darkness that indeed might be felt. Both my mother and her brother, Lord Carlisle, attended the Prince's funeral. At Cliveden we could hear the minute-guns being fired during the short dark December day from Windsor that morning. It will not be out of place here to copy a letter of the Queen's to my mother, who had presented a Bible subscribed for by the widows of England to Her Majesty. The letter is dated from Windsor Castle, December 19, 1862:—

"My dearest Duchess,—I am deeply touched by the gift of a Bible 'from many widows,' and by the very kind and affectionate address which accompanied it, and which you read to me. Pray express to all these kind *sister widows* the deep and heartfelt gratitude of their widowed Queen, who can never feel grateful enough for the universal sympathy she has received, and continues to receive, from her loyal and devoted subjects. But what she values far more is their appreciation of her adored and perfect husband, to whom she and the country owe everything. To her the only sort of consolation she experiences is in the *constant* sense of his unseen presence and the blessed thought of that *eternal union* hereafter, which will make the bitter anguish of the present appear as naught. That our Heavenly Father may impart to 'many widows' those sources of consolation and support, is their broken-hearted Queen's earnest prayer. The Bible itself is very handsome, as well as the reading-desk, and both with the address and signatures will ever be kept by the Queen and her children as a mark of the living, tender sympathy of her subjects.—Believe me ever, dearest Duchess, yours most affectionately, Victoria."

At the end of this year I visited Oxford for the first time, and lodged in St. John's College with a former Fellow. My rooms were those traditionally said to have been occupied by Charles I. A fire had been discovered in the College library the night before we arrived by some undergraduates who, luckily for the buildings, sat up late. Fortunately little damage had been done. The weather was intensely cold, and I should not advise others to have their first impressions of this grand old town of palaces and halls in frost and snow. The rest of the winter and early parts of the following year, 1862, we passed at Cliveden, which since my father's death had become my mother's jointure-house; and where, as formerly at Trentham, her children and her children's children would all assemble together at Christmas and for the New Year. Some pleasant guests came in the early part of this year—among others the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce)

the most delightful of divines, and the wittiest since Sydney Smith; Sir Joseph Paxton; old Lord Breadalbane, a fine specimen of a courtier-like Scotsman of the old school; and two of my father's oldest and most attached friends, the late Lord Clanwilliam, as handsome at seventy as when Lawrence painted him forty years before, and full of the charm of high spirits that not even old age could quench; and Count Pahlen, who had known the best of English society since he first came to London two years before Waterloo was fought. Marochetti, the sculptor, came also to Cliveden in that year; and in May, Tennyson paid my mother a visit, reading in the evenings aloud his "Idylls of the King" and his then unpublished poem "Enoch Arden."

In June of this year I accompanied my mother to Vichy, whither she had been sent by her doctors. Among the English colony we met there were the Morleys, and Mr. Sturt and his daughter (Mrs. St. George Foley). We made several expeditions in the neighbourhood of Vichy, visiting the picturesque old town of Cusset, beloved of Louis XI., and the neglected Château d'Effiat, which had belonged to the father of Cinq Mars, and which bore his name. We drove up to the finely-situated Castle of Bourbon-Bussy and to Randan, half palace, half villa, situated among pleasant woods, the rooms full of portraits and souvenirs of Louis Philippe and his family, it having been one of the favourite homes of the son of Egalité. Even distant Clermont-Ferrand was visited, from which one of the Crusades—the first, I believe—had been preached by Peter the Hermit; nor did we neglect seeing the few objects of interest at Vichy itself, such as the house in which Madame de Sévigné lived when taking the waters here, and from which at least one of her matchless letters is dated. After the "cure" was finished, we made an expedition into Switzerland, my mother's brother, Charles Howard, coming with us. This was a very pleasant tour, beginning with Geneva, on to Ouchy, Vevay, Fribourg, Berne and Interlaken, Lucerne, where Altdorf and the Rigi were not omitted. At the latter my brother Albert and I were lucky enough to see one of the grandest sights of nature—a thunderstorm that broke over

the Alps soon after we had got to the top. The lightning-conductor of the hotel was struck, "the thunder not roaring, but bellowing, breaking, and crashing overhead." We had the satisfaction of being told by a waiter, that although he had passed twenty summers at that hotel, the Rigi Culm, he had never seen anything to approach that storm! In August I entered into residence in the family of a Swiss clergyman, M. Eymar, at a delightful village near Geneva, on the Swiss side of the lake, about seven miles from Geneva. The place is named Colovrex, and commands one of the loveliest views imaginable of the blue lake and of the distant Mont Blanc. M. Eymar was a good type of an aged Calvinistic clergyman, too kind and large-hearted to be bigoted, but full of pride and zest for his religion and of the traditions of the Church of Geneva. With his good-natured wife and daughters and sons-in-law, the little family circle that used to meet in the evening in the dining-room of Colovrex was a pleasanter one than is often the case in families where pupils are boarded; and none of the latter, I hope, who had the good fortune of being any time under the excellent old gentleman's roof, can look back to the days passed there and the evenings made short and agreeable by Madame Gonin's company and her music without regretting that those days are now over and that family dispersed. My first experience of *la chasse* on the Continent was not a happy one. With two or three of the other English boys at M. Eymar's, armed with guns, we had sallied forth intent on slaughter; but we had forgotten to provide ourselves with the necessary *permit de chasse* in the French territory, which was close by Colovrex. The consequence of this was that, having invaded that country, we were arrested by a gendarme, and taken to a café at Ferney—classic ground—where we were kept in durance vile for some time, but let off very easily, being fined one hundred francs apiece and having our guns seized. Thus ended my first day's sport in Switzerland; as for the game, all we saw of it were a brace of larks.

In October, M. Eymar took some of his pupils, myself among others, to Chamouni. We had a delightful expedition and

glorious walks amongst some of the finest scenery in Europe. Had I a son I should certainly send him to Switzerland, even if he learnt nothing there. The beauty of its scenery, and the delight of living near the Alps and among its highly-educated and generous people, would be in itself a liberal education. Youth in Switzerland may be, under favourable circumstances, a foretaste of heaven.

CHAPTER IX

1863: *THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE, AND GENEVA*

WE were in London early this year, when the town "had gone mad" over the arrival of the bride of the Prince of Wales. On the 7th of March the Princess Alexandra passed through London on her way to Windsor; and probably, since the day in Paris when Marie Antoinette was acclaimed by the French population in the gardens of the Tuileries, no princess ever had so enthusiastic a reception, or so quickly won the hearts of thousands by the mere charm of her presence.

St. James's Street was already densely thronged by nine o'clock in the morning; all about Pall Mall was bright with red cloth, banners, and bunting, and garlanded with flowers. All the shops were transformed into places with benches and seats, which were filled by eleven o'clock. Of the clubs the Wellington was the most lavishly decorated, the upper part of the building being quite hidden by flags and streamers. At two in the afternoon this part of London was hardly passable, and it was not easy to force one's way even so far as to Devonshire House in Piccadilly, where, passing through the garden gate across the house and court, a small party from Stafford House got places on a large scaffolded balcony that rose in several tiers, covered with seats, above the hideous dead wall that makes the exterior of one of the few private buildings in London that can be called palatial look like a penitentiary or a workhouse. Several hundreds of lookers-on were already on this place of vantage, and from it the view to the right of Piccadilly was a singular sight: an innumerable throng stretching on both sides of the street out of sight; every

window and corner full of humanity, up to the chimneys in the streets and the trees in the Green Park. This vast concourse was, as is generally the case with a London crowd, singularly good-tempered. Here for hours they had waited patiently on one of those cold, wretched days that March is so liberal with in our capital, the east wind cutting like a knife; a dull, dark sky overhead, but luckily no rain. Now and then the inevitable stray dog would cause a roar that spread along from the White Horse Cellar down the long street, along towards Apsley House; or some stray individual would be singled out by an officious policeman, and loudly cheered as he was marched across the open space kept clear by the Horse Guards placed at long intervals. One dog would scamper as fast as its legs could carry it till out of sight, but return, like Gilpin, at full gallop, to the delight of the patient thousands, who seemed only too glad of any pretext to cheer—dog or man. "At last, and it was time, for it was past four, a carriage appeared coming from out St. James's Street—first one, then a second, and a third; but it was hardly possible to believe that these shabby, poorly-appointed vehicles formed the van of the royal procession for which all London had made holiday. As carriage followed carriage, one hoped they would improve in appearance; but one after another passed along, badly horsed and badly equipped, and, what is worse, full of the most uninteresting-looking folk. These turned out to be the Westminster Corporation, who might well have been spared; they were certainly not ornamental, and not in keeping with a pageant. But now trot by a handful of Life Guards escorting an open carriage and four—the postillions in dark-blue jackets, and within, the Princess Alexandra, with her affianced husband. There is a general rising, the mob cheer lustily, and hats and handkerchiefs are waved as, at a slow trot, they pass by. The Princess's lovely face has won all hearts, as she gracefully acknowledges the cheering and shouting of the populace. Opposite Cambridge House the royal party made a short halt—a most considerate act and kind attention shown by them to the veteran Palmerston.

"Some of us—Lord Carlisle among the rest, who had come

over from Ireland the day before to take part in this royal bridal —now rushed across the squares and streets between Devonshire House and Hyde Park to Mr. Marjoribanks' house in Park Lane —not that ornate and high-roofed building that now stands on the site of the house we then invaded—for here we knew we could get a good view of the procession as it passed through Hyde Park from the Apsley House entrance across to the Marble Arch on its way to Paddington Station. Difficulties had here to be surmounted, as all the household had left the lower part of the building for the roof; the sound of the cheering in the Park told us that the procession was already passing through it, which added not a little to our impatience. At length, after vigorous knocking and shouting, we got the door opened, and hurried upstairs, and after losing our way in passages and entering half-a-dozen wrong rooms, we at last found our way to the roof, from which the view of the crowds filling the Park and roaring their welcome to the Princess as she drove slowly along between the sea of heads was well worth the trouble we had taken. We watched the procession till it disappeared behind the Marble Arch, and then the vast crowd slowly dispersed, and poured its immensity out at every gate and road into the streets again."

Three days after, the marriage took place at Windsor. Our party drove over there from Cliveden. My mother, although now no longer Mistress of the Robes, attended Her Majesty. It was to be the last time that her health enabled her to attend the Queen on any public occasion; the last duty of a long series of such honourable service, paid to the Queen almost constantly since her coronation a quarter of a century before, when, as we see her in Leslie's admirable painting of that ceremony, she is standing immediately behind Her Majesty; to that by John Phillip of that day's wedding at Windsor, where she can be distinguished in the Royal Gallery at St. George's Chapel, from which the Queen looks down on the ceremonial below.

My mother went with her brother, Carlisle, and her brother-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire, Knights of the Garter, and both

consequently in uniform. We lesser folk saw the ceremony from the raised seats that were ranged on either side of the nave in the chapel. A more truly gorgeous spectacle or more attractive to an English eye and ear than such a wedding as this cannot be imagined, for it combines all that is most flattering to one's national pride, and embodies all that is spectacular with the traditions of heraldic pomp and blazon. The banners of the Knights of St. George and their achievements, the pompous titles and epithets of these peers, all styled Princes, and all, below this fretted roof at any rate, the compeers of emperors and kings. Then the gathering together within this noble fane of the most illustrious men, and some of the fairest women in the land; the glitter and sheen of uniforms and stars, of silks and satins; jewels such as not any other country can produce; the clash of the kettle-drums, and the half-sacred and half-military music that peals forth from the organ-loft on such an occasion—contribute to make an impression even on those not easily moved by sights and sounds, or easily stirred out of their wonted stolidity. "The nave looked exceedingly well. The blocks of red-clothed seats, rising on either side to more than half the height of the windows, were soon filled. In front of every pillar stood a beefeater. There were separate processions that passed through the nave to the inner parts of the chapel. First, the guests of the Queen—the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, and the Queen's daughters—the Princesses Royal, Alice, Helena, Louise, and Beatrice,—with the two Princes Arthur and Leopold; secondly, the bridegroom's procession; and thirdly, that of the bride, with eight bridesmaids. The bride looked lovely; she did not raise her eyes once going in, and but little when coming out of the chapel when on her husband's arm. I was glad to be able to have a good long look at Thackeray, who was nearly opposite us. The finest part of the ceremonial as regarded the persons present was the magnificent appearance and presence of Princess Mary as she seemed to sail up the nave of this gorgeous chapel. She looked the very embodiment of earthly magnificence."

Returning early in the summer to Colovrex—my Swiss pastor's

place, near Geneva—I was joined there by Lorne and his brother Archibald Campbell in June.

We made a walking tour among the Alps the following month, beginning by Lucerne, where, the evening of our arrival, after bathing in the lake, we dawdled about the old wooden bridges, watching the moon rising over the lake. We crossed over the Brunig Pass, during a hailstorm, to Meyringen, and on to the Rosenlaui, a most beautiful place, where we passed the night. The following day we crossed the Sheideck to Grindelwald. The account of our route to Interlaken (copied from my diary) may recall to others, as it does to the writer, happy days passed in that gloriously beautiful country, so I will make no further apology for quoting the rude record of those pleasant times.

"*July* 6.—Left the Wengern at 9 A.M., giving Lorne and myself time to make a sketch of the Alps from the hotel, which (the Alps, not the sketch) looked quite glorious; every peak, crevasse, and patch of snow as clear as crystal. From a little mound near the hotel we had a splendid view into the Valley of Grindelwald, and could see and hear the avalanches falling, their sound magnificent, more like distant thunder than anything else; they look like thin streams of water; but in a heavy fall the effect is beautiful, bounding up in a sort of cloudy vapour, which, if we were nearer to them, would prove to be huge masses of rock, ice, and snow. I consider this view from the Wengern almost, if not quite, as glorious as that from the Valley of Chamounix. Descending, we passed by masses of *roses des Alpes*, and we entered the valley of the 'many rivulets' (Lauterbrunnen), the Staubach appearing like a thin skein of silk, and the Jungfrau towering above. After a hot and rather laborious descent, we reached the inn at Lauterbrunnen, where I had been twice last year; and there leaving our guide and horses, we took a *char-à-bancs* and drove along by the Lëitschen to dear old Interlaken, looking very gay, many people walking and sitting about under that beautiful avenue of walnut-trees." After visiting the Giesbach, we returned to Geneva by Thun and Berne.

On our return to the pasteur's at Colovrex we got up a represen-

tation of the burlesque of "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Scamp." Lorne was our scene-painter, and his view of the street scene in Pekin might have made, considering the difficulties he had to contend with (a sheet and a few colours in distemper being all that could be got), an O'Connor jealous. The dresses were only second in excellence to the scenery, and the acting was as excellent as is always the case in such performances. It afforded unlimited satisfaction to the actors; but out of our audience only one person understood English, so that perhaps if we had played a pantomime it would have pleased equally well, and spared us the trouble of learning Burnand's prose and songs by heart.

At the end of September the kind old pasteur went with some of his pupils to Venice. Lorne had, before this expedition took place, returned to England, but his brother and I were of the party. Our route was by Chambéry, St. Maurice, across the Mont Cenis—in a *diligence*, which is by far a more picturesque manner of entering Italy than this coming generation will ever know. On to Turin and Milan, where I saw the Duomo in a bright moonlight—a glorious sight. At length we reached our destination, incomparable Venice, "during a lovely sunset, the whole sky a bright carmine." Venice by moonlight that night of our arrival was one of those sights that are pictured indelibly on one's mind, never to be obliterated. Writing of this expedition, my mother had said that she thought seeing Venice for the first time was "one of the great emotions of life," and I think few will disagree with that sentiment. Titian's "Peter Martyr" was still existing, one of the most precious gems in the jewelled crown of the city of the Adriatic; within a few years after we had seen it in undimmed splendour, it was, through the negligence of the never-to-be-forgiven priests of that church, destroyed by fire. One of the pleasantest recollections of this time at Venice was hearing "High Mass" in St. Mark's Church. We found a place in one of the upper galleries near the high altar, where a band of about thirty musicians were playing, apparently on every variety of instrument—bassoons, trombones, and violins. Above glittered the gorgeous mosaics; beneath, the solemn but highly picturesque

and scenic ceremonies of the Roman ritual moved; and all around the grand old Gregorian strains pealed, making together a perfect feast for the senses of sight and sound.

Venice was still under the heel of the Austrian, and it was a drawback to the otherwise perfect enjoyment of staying there to be reminded of the fact by the guns in the Square of St. Mark's under the old arches of its cathedral church. We returned to Geneva by the Lago Maggiore, and across the Simplon. My mother's health had begun at the end of that year to give us much anxiety. In fact, the terrible illness which, after cruel sufferings most patiently and bravely borne, took her from us five years afterwards, commenced at the end of 1863. On returning from Switzerland to England in November, I found her changed in looks, but her mind as clear and her heart as affectionate as ever. The Queen, who never failed in sickness or in health to show her warm friendship, called at Stafford House, soon after I returned, on my mother. Of sympathy and tenderness to the suffering no one has more than our gracious Sovereign —this all the world knows; but only the privileged few who have been eye-witnesses to it can understand how deep and abundant these qualities are in her.

About this time I called on Baron Marochetti, the then very popular Italian sculptor. "His studio is at 37 Onslow Square, and to it comes Sir Edwin Landseer daily to work on his colossal lion for Trafalgar Square. I saw it in plaster—magnificent, but very unfinished, except the head. Sir Edwin was very good-natured, lighting the gas in order that I might see it well."

Returning to Geneva, I saw something of Swiss society that winter. General Peel and his good-natured wife, Lady Alice, often asked me to go and visit them at the Hôtel Beaurivage, near Lausanne, where they were passing the winter. Thence I used to go to balls and parties in the neighbourhood. One of the former was given at the picturesque old château of Vufflens; its towers can be seen from the railway as it skirts the shores of Lake Leman, near Vevay. The Duc d'Aumale's eldest son, the Prince de Condé, was at this ball, and at many of the other dances that

I was at that winter in Switzerland. He was an amiable youth, very sickly and delicate to look at, with pale sandy hair and complexion. He died a few years afterwards when on a tour to the Antipodes. Shortly before Christmas I left Colovrex and its good old pasteur with more regret than is generally felt by a boy when leaving a tutor's roof; but Mons. Eymar was a very different stamp of man from the ordinary tutor-clergyman. He did not teach me much French certainly, but that was doubtless my fault; but he taught me to respect and regard, more than I had ever felt inclined to do before I knew the good old man, the high, pure, upright-minded Calvinistic shepherd of his flock, and to feel the deep signification of the term "pasteur." He was a man who, I am convinced, had God in all his thoughts and actions; but he was not one of those tactless persons who think it necessary to introduce the most sacred and awful of names into every discussion and detail of every-day life, and who make both themselves and their tenets a nuisance and a weariness from which we pray to be delivered. That Christmas of 1863 was saddened by the news of Thackeray's death. I had seen him the last time in November in Trafalgar Square, looking strong and full of life. I remember walking back after him to see him again. It has been one of the regrets of my life not to have known Thackeray. "Esmond" had been my favourite novel, and I loved the creator of Colonel Newcome, although I had never spoken to him.

CHAPTER X

1864: *COLCHESTER, AND GARIBALDI'S VISIT*

EARLY in the year I went to read with another clergyman for Cambridge, for I was now in my nineteenth year, and Cambridge had been selected as the place where I was to have what I believe to be called "finishing my education," as if one finished learning after a few terms at one of the Universities!

Eton had not been a success, therefore there was more reason to hope that Cambridge would prove to be one. It was to the Rev. L. Owen's at Colchester, in Essex, that I went to prepare for college.

A greater contrast than Colchester was to Colovrex could hardly have been found. Instead of living in a pretty villa with one of the most glorious views of the world before it, I found one of those square, flat-roofed, yellow-brick houses that for ugliness have no rival in architecture, if such a building can be called architectural. The building suited the place, however, perfectly. In front was a space of grass, with here and there a weedy flower-bed, a hedge of evergreens that led to the high-road—the Lexden road—with a red-bricked grammar-school in front. Behind the house a field opened on other fields, and beyond the ugliest, flattest scenery in England. This indeed was a poor change from Lake Leman and Mont Blanc, the terrace lined with bright *lauriers-roses* in gay green boxes, and the fine outline of the Jura hills for a background. But in spite of these unpicturesque surroundings, I found my lines had fallen in pleasant places, for a kinder or better type of the English parson "coach" than Mr. Owen could not have been found throughout the whole of England. There were not many pupils, but the eldest son of

Lord Elcho—Francis Charteris—was already there when I came, and his brother Alfred joined us there later. Both these promising youths died young, both in their twenty-seventh year, the youngest on his way back from the Ashantee War. I never met a brighter, handsomer, more attractive fellow than poor Alfred Charteris, one of the many victims of our miserable Colonial wars, which are generally as futile and useless as they are expensive and lavish in the waste of lives worthy of a better cause than the destruction of savages or the attainment of a scientific frontier.

That Easter an interesting trio of guests were staying with my mother at Cliveden, where I passed a few days with her. These were Mr. Gladstone, and his friends Panizzi—not yet Sir Anthony—and Sir John Acton, now Lord Acton. "The conversation was very entertaining. Sir John Acton is a most uncommonly well-read man, and gifted with an astonishing memory. This evening he talked for upwards of an hour and a half without a break about Napoleon's Russian campaign and of Waterloo as if he had seen them. He described the field of Waterloo minutely, although he had never been there. It appears that he is not merely so astonishingly well informed on military matters, but also on every other—literature, law, art, and biography. He has a good forehead and a well-cut nose. Panizzi very entertaining; he recalls both Thackeray and Dr. Johnson's portraits."

As Mr. Gladstone's name has been mentioned, I may here state that he had long before this time become one of my mother's best and greatest friends. Her admiration for him was boundless; and the last years of her life were certainly made happier by this friendship. His visits were always to her an intense pleasure, and even when suffering too much to receive others, she would always make an effort to appear sufficiently well to receive him. I find in a letter from her, written to me in the previous year, after meeting Mr. Gladstone, when on a visit to her sister Lady Taunton, at Quantock, in Somersetshire, the following:—"The Gladstones were there; he was quite delightful, pouring out such floods of agreeable knowledge all day long, and singing beautifully

in the evening. Nobody makes me feel more the happiness of knowledge and the wish for it; one must not forget that he has the happiness of the peace which passeth all understanding." Some day I hope his correspondence with my mother may be published. He wrote constantly and fully to her.

If the Londoners had gone mad over the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in March 1863, they went still madder over that of Garibaldi in April 1864. The General was to be the guest of my brother at Stafford House, to the great delight of my mother, who had always felt the warmest admiration for the deliverer of Naples, the heroic but misguided victim of Aspromonte, who had not then developed the intensely anti-Monarchic and Republican form of thinking, speaking, and writing that has somewhat shorn his old age of the glory of his middle life and of his heroic struggles in the cause of liberty.

My mother was then living at Chiswick, lent her by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire, in that famed villa, with its lovely garden and superb cedars, under which the wit, beauty, rank, and talent of a century and a half of English men and women have passed.

April 11 was the day of Garibaldi's reception in London. The spontaneous enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands made it perhaps the most remarkable ever accorded to a foreigner in this country. Up to seven in the evening the entrance side of Stafford House was packed with a dense crowd which extended into the Green Park; so full was the Park that Lorne and I struggled in vain to get through it to Cambridge House in Piccadilly. Pall Mall was impassable; some of our party had gone to see the sight from Dover House, Whitehall, and returned, having seen the General pass, and the mob clinging to the carriage. This, by the way, they did to a destructive extent, for shortly before the carriage drove beneath the portico of Stafford House, the dicky of the vehicle gave way, precipitating with it into the crowd the two footmen, its occupants. It was eight before the General arrived, and then almost too dark to distinguish Garibaldi as he drove up, literally carriage, horses, and all carried along by the crowd. Never was

there greater cheering and more tremendous enthusiasm; the carriage rocked and swayed like a boat in a sea of human beings, and for several moments it seemed as if the shouting multitude would not allow their idol to be taken from them. A rush was made by the roaring, struggling throng as, at length, half carried into the building, Garibaldi, in his grey overcoat lined with red, passed through, and then the mob roared louder, and a rush was made to follow. Here ensued a scene that seemed at one moment as if it might take an ugly turn. For the police, and servants, and those within the house, had a sharp struggle with the great outer wave of humanity that struggled to force itself into the building. Luckily the great mahogany doors and stringent order and discipline within overcame mob and enthusiasm without, and at length the scene and the doors both closed.

Garibaldi at last found repose within the great hall of Stafford House; but from without, long after the hero of the people was out of their sight, the shouting of the crowds could be heard. Passing through the great glass doors into the inner hall, the General was severally introduced to the family of his host. Needless to say what he looked like then, ere ill health and rheumatism had bowed that strong form and thinned that lion-like head. He was very lame from the Aspromonte wound; he wore a sort of large pork-pie hat and a grey overcoat lined with red cloth, his famous, but not his only, as ill-natured people said of the articles of apparel, red flannel shirt with a loose black tie round his neck.

His rooms were on the ground floor, looking out on Clarence House. The next day it was my mother's turn to receive Garibaldi as her guest. She had asked a large number of friends to meet him at Chiswick; amongst whom were the Shaftesburys, Clarendons, Gladstones, Russells, Lady Palmerston, Panizzi, Marochetti, Landseer, and many of the family, a host in themselves.

Garibaldi, on being presented to Gladstone, said, as he grasped his hand, "Précurseur." My mother got the General before he left Chiswick to plant a "Deodara" on the left side of the

broad walk near the cedars. The General handled the spade as to the manner born. He was in great talk and high spirits; every one was struck with his charm and simplicity. That evening a great dinner was given in his honour at Stafford House, followed by a large party; the rooms were filled with a crowd as eager to see the General as had been the crowd in the streets. This was the last occasion on which my mother appeared at an evening party, and she divided with Garibaldi the homage and interest of the guests at Stafford House that night.

Garibaldi remained ten days at Stafford House. He rose at five, and soon after six his rooms were already thronged by his friends. He held here a kind of informal *levée* every morning, signing numberless papers and receiving as many, listening to endless questions and suggestions, and having invitations of every sort and kind thrust upon him, during which he would walk up and down, and even out of the room; and considering the way the poor man was tormented, it was not to be wondered at. One morning he was surrounded by artists who attempted to get a portrait, but he was too active for them; although they pursued him, as he marched about, with their pencils and sketch-books, he would not be induced to sit.

An exception, however, was made in favour of a very great artist — Watts — who, thanks to my mother, did succeed in painting the General's portrait. Mr. Watts had been found very early one morning by my mother full of disappointment at Garibaldi, who, after promising an early sitting, had to leave the house without giving him one. But my mother got a promise from the General that he would not fail to sit the following morning. So anxious was she that Watts should not be again disappointed that she went to the dining-room at seven the following morning, expecting to find him. The General was already there, besides a trio of artists hard at work; but not seeing Watts, she said, "*Mais je ne vois pas mon artiste?*" to which the General replied, "*Mais, Madame, il me semble qu'il y en a trois ici.*" Watts soon after appeared, making a quartette.

Garibaldi received a perfect ovation when he visited the Crystal Palace, where Arditi conducted the concert, at which some of the finest voices of the Italian Opera intoned the hymn that Arditi had composed in honour of the occasion. The effect of the thousands of voices—for every one joined in the stirring chorus—and of the words of it, "*O Garibaldi, nostro salvator. Te seguiremo, al campo dell' onor, Risorga Italia!*" &c., was tremendous. I was sitting next Sir Joseph Paxton, who sobbed like a child as twenty thousand voices echoed the hymn that sounded like a great trumpet-blast through the building that owed its existence to his genius. Mario and Santley, Graziani and Giuglini, were among the singers of that day.

But all these ovations were more than Garibaldi's health could stand, and partly on account of that, and partly because it was considered impolitic that he should visit the great manufacturing cities in the North of England, his visit was considerably shortened from its original proportions. On the night of April 17 there was much consultation and deliberation at Stafford House. A kind of cabinet council, consisting, among others, of my brother, General Peard, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Seely, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Stansfield, and Colonel Chambers, decided that it would be advisable to give up the tour in the provinces, both on account of the state of the General's health, and also of the endless jealousies and the ill blood that would be roused if he visited a town in Lancashire and omitted visiting some other in another county; and that, all things considered, the sooner he returned to his home in Caprera the better. Before he left us altogether he made my mother another visit, on this occasion coming to Cliveden. Never had he seemed more simple and likeable than during this quiet time, when he was no longer pursued by deputations and shoals of admirers and friends. One morning he was taken over the Home Farm at Windsor, and in the evening he was rowed on the Thames. The quiet and beauty of the spot called out the poetic vein that was strong in that glorious old buccaneer, and as he wandered amidst the beautiful glades and drives in Cliveden he repeated many an ode of

Foscolo's and of Filicaza's. He occupied the ground floor rooms of the left wing of the house, which open on a garden, all sunshine and flowers.

He visited Eton College, on his way to Slough Station. "We left for Eton soon after eight A.M., Garibaldi with my mother and the Staffords in an open carriage and four. Great enthusiasm among the Eton boys, who cheered most heartily as the General was driven into the school-yard. It was a beautiful sight—that fine old quadrangle that the 'antique towers' of the chapel and hall looked down on; Garibaldi standing up bareheaded in the carriage; the boys crowding round him like a swarm of bees, all trying to shake his hand. The place in great beauty. Many of the masters in the crowd—'Goody' very conspicuous. There was not time enough for Garibaldi to leave the carriage, and after staying in the school-yard about ten minutes he was driven on to Slough, some of the fellows running a good part of the way after him. At Slough Station we took leave of the General; all except my eldest brother, who went on with him to Portsmouth, and intended escorting him on his yacht to Caprera. It was quite an unhappiness to lose him, and this feeling was shared by many there, for many were quite affected at this leave-taking. Garibaldi himself seemed with difficulty to control a like manifestation. With his usual courtesy, just as he was getting into the saloon carriage, having in the crowd and bustle forgotten to wish Lady Shaftesbury farewell, he walked back through the crowd to where she stood to shake her hand once again." After all the fêting and commotion that he had gone through since his arrival in London, he must have been glad to return to his quiet life and simple little island home. My mother knew how he loved Caprera, and had, while he was at Stafford House, placed a view of that place in his room.

The next time I saw Garibaldi he was lying wounded and ill, sick in heart and body, in a little dark room in an inn in the Tyrol.

Returning again to my studies at Colchester, after all the stir and excitement of this memorable visit, I found the monotony of

my life at my Essex tutor's rather dull. "*Hélas pour les beaux arts!* Oh that I could go to Rome or Florence, and study in some studio for a year or so! Learn Italian and other delightful things, and let grammar, mathematics, composition gang to the dogs!" I wrote on returning to Colchester. But it was no use lamenting, and the summer was passed at Colchester in the humdrum sort of existence that I so disliked; the monotony of the time being only occasionally enlivened by a flying visit to my mother at Chiswick, or to see an exhibition in London. One of these exhibitions was to the Academy, then still in Trafalgar Square.

Delightful evenings were those when, often with the Gladstones, we used to sit out under the colonnade at night, listening to the nightingales, and watching the moon behind the old cedars casting weird shadows from their wide-spreading branches over the smooth lawn beneath.

CHAPTER XI

A VISIT TO POTSDAM—LORD CARLISLE'S DEATH

IN the early summer of 1864 my sister Evelyn Blantyre's second daughter married Sir David Baird. Ellen Stuart was the first of my numerous nieces who gave the example, which has been followed steadily ever since by a large number of my nephews and nieces, I trust with entire satisfaction to their wives and husbands.

At the end of July my mother went to consult the renowned Prussian oculist, Gräff, and to do so had to go to Berlin. I accompanied her. We went through Hanover and Brunswick. We spent some time in wandering about the quaint old gardens of Herrenhausen at the former place, our heads full of poor Dorothea of Zell and the first two Georges, for I had been reading over again to my mother Thackeray's lectures on those monarchs; and in the latter I was much interested by the ducal vault in the Dom Church, where poor Caroline of England is buried, her coffin covered over with crimson velvet, on it a crown; here is also that of the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at Quatre Bras—it is covered with laurels and flags. Others of former dukes and their wives, on which engravings of their occupants are placed; ladies in powder, and beperiwigged gentlemen.

Our then Ambassador at Berlin—Sir Andrew Buchanan—who was away on leave of absence, had placed the Embassy at my mother's disposal. It was then in the Leipziger Strasse, a smaller and far less commodious building than the present one. During our stay in Berlin we called on a very remarkable old lady, whose memory went back as far as the days of the Great Frederick. This was the Countess Pauline Nealé, who was over eighty, and

who had been one of Queen Louise's ladies of honour. She spoke much of my father, who was an old friend of hers in the early years of the century, of his kindness to them during their times of distress, when Napoleon was trampling on Prussia, and crushing her Queen's heart by his tyranny. Would that this old Countess could have lived to see the triumph of her countrymen and of the son of her beloved mistress over the enemy of their country!

We reached Berlin at the dead season of the year, when all those who could leave the hot, unsavoury capital through which the Spree makes its turgid way have departed. Among others, the most noted of the artists were not then in their Berlin studios. Kaulbach was at Munich, Overbeck in Rome, and Benderman at Dusseldorf. However, we found the sculptor of the famous Amazon (that created so much admiration when exhibited in our Crystal Palace in 1851), Kiss, still in Berlin. "He is a plain, unconceited creature, with a good, solid head, on which grows a rather bottle-shaped nose. He has a collection of casts of famous men, taken after death, hanging up in his *atelier;* among others, those of Nicholas of Russia, of Beethoven, Goethe and Schiller, Queen Louise, Frederick II. (fearfully shrunken), the late King of Prussia (brother of the present monarch), Dante, Petrarch, and others. Although the Amazon is Kiss's finest work, he has also in the Palace-yard at Berlin a fine equestrian group of St. George slaying the dragon. Another noted artist whose studio we visited was Cornelius. He is over seventy-five, but has lately married a lady of five-and-twenty. He came to us from his garden, very feeble and old, and showed us what he called his last work, a large life-size drawing of Christ and St. Thomas. A fine but not very striking drawing; the Apostle's head very good."

By far the most interesting of our visits while at Berlin was one to Potsdam, to which place the Crown Princess invited my mother.

"We left Berlin at 11.45, reaching Potsdam at 12.45. The Crown Prince was waiting on the platform of the station, and a little further back stood the Princess, who embraced my mother. They drove off in a little open carriage; I followed in another

with a General Schweinitz, he in uniform, grey, bronzed, and good-looking. We drove on through the grounds of Sans Souci, which are very pretty, with a quantity of timber, and a little further on we reached our destination, the New Palace, also built by Frederick the Great. It is a huge red brick and stucco building, with a great dark cupola on it. Our rooms are near the entrance of the Palace, my mother's walls covered with yellow silk, on which Chinese figures are embroidered, with an immensely high state bed with plumes at the top of it. It was in this great bed that the Crown Prince was born. My room has painted walls, and half-way up these walls are gilded brackets with porcelain statuettes in them of Hercules and Omphale; this group is multiplied all round the room, so that there are about two dozen Hercules and Omphales there.

"We dined at 2 P.M., and we had to dress in our evening things for this repast. It took place upstairs in a corner room, with the walls of blue silk, fringed with gold lace. I sat on one side of the Crown Princess; my mother on the other, next to the Prince. The Princess very smart, in a magenta-coloured gown with pearls and lace. The Crown Prince in his plain uniform, with only a star or two, which he always wears. 'It was a custom,' he said, 'and looks so very officered.' We were ten all told: two officers, in uniform, of course; three ladies—Countess Brühl, a jolly, fat creature; Countess Hohenthül (Valerie), whom I had seen at Stafford House when she came with the Princess to see my mother in the winter; she is like a Greuze. The third lady's name I forget.

"After dinner we went to the Crown Princess's sitting room; the furniture there is covered with Gobelin tapestry—a gift of the Empress Eugénie's. Here are some of the Princess's own paintings, lately finished, representing Prussian soldiers. One of these was of a warrior holding a flag, inscribed '*Es lebe der Konig.*' The second, a soldier looking upward. He has been wounded, and he wears a bandage across his brow; a sunset sky for background. This is inscribed '*Nun danket alle Gott.*' The third is another soldier looking down on a newly-made grave.

Of these three I thought the second by far the best. There was another painting, also by the Princess, here, representing the Entombment.

"The Crown Prince's room is full of family portraits—Frederick the First, among other ancestors. In it stands a large screen covered with military photographs. General Schweinitz took me over the lower floor of the Palace, where there is a hall that resembles a huge grotto, a marble hall, and the room that the Great Frederick occupied, his library full of French works. Here stands his writing-table, and here is to be seen a portrait of Voltaire drawn by Frederick himself. We drove out in the evening—first to the Orangerie Palace, in which is a room full of copies of Raffaelle's Madonnas, built by the late King; and then to the water's edge, where the River Hagel makes quite a respectable lake, and on this lake we went in a steamer, in which we cruised about.

"It began to rain, and in torrents. As we returned, a beautiful yellow sunset sky gilt the fir woods on the shores of the lake. Driving back to the New Palace, we could judge of the popularity of our hosts, for every one that we passed stopped to bow to them, and those who were in carriages stood up in them to salute as the Prince and Princess passed by. The Prince returns their salute *à la* Wellington.

"Tea was served at ten in the evening in one of the rooms on the ground floor of the Palace. They call it the Apollo room, I believe. For this repast one was not expected to don one's evening apparel a second time. It was a curious meal, beginning with tea and cake, followed by meat, veal, and jellies, and two plates of sour cream.

"Breakfast was taken upstairs, in a room of which the walls are lined with pale blue silk, framed in silver. We were alone with the Prince and Princess and their children. Princess Charlotte and Prince Henry came in late—he a chubby infant of two. The Crown Prince looked well in a high white waistcoat, black round cravat, and military coat; the Princess in her favourite pink-coloured dress. At 2 they took us in their carriage, with

postillions and outriders. It was a beautiful day. We drove again through the grounds of Sans Souci, past the historic Windmill and across a bridge to Babelsberg, one of the King's villas, and his favourite. Here the Crown Prince and Princess lived the first years after their marriage, and it was here that the Argylls visited them some years ago. Babelsberg is a pretty Gothic château. The Prince took me up to a tower, from which there is an extensive view of Potsdam and of the surrounding wooded plain. He also showed me the rooms. In the King's room and in some of the bedrooms are many English engravings, such as views of the camp at Chobham, Swinton's portrait of the Duchess of Wellington (he asked me to get him the companion print to this of Constance Grosvenor), &c. We then went to Gliniken—a villa belonging to Princess Charles, who was outside the house, on the steps, as we drove up to it. She still bears traces of the beauty for which she was once famous. My mother remembered her at Berlin in 1828, when she was in her prime. Gliniken is filled with fragments of antique marbles, &c. In the Princess's room are copies after Raffaelle, in fine old Italian frames. Here is also a book full of photographs of Prussian officers, one of the Crown Prince amongst others, taken during the campaign in Holstein. He had a beard when this portrait was taken. Returning to Potsdam, the Crown Princess showed us her private garden, and here she plucked a clove, which she gave me with her own little hand." This Potsdam flower has retained its shape and colour in the leaves of my diary.

"We returned to Berlin from Potsdam with an officer whose brother had taken Alsen in the late war with Denmark." How that little war has been overshadowed by the far greater ones that Prussia has passed through triumphantly since that month of August 1864!

Leaving Berlin soon after this visit to two of the kindest and most amiable of Royalties, we went by Cassel, Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Basle, where we were delighted with the splendid Holbein drawings in its gallery, to Geneva, revisiting the good

old Pasteur Eymar at Colovrex. "We passed a pleasant evening with him and his family, sitting after dinner on the terrace bright with its *lauriers-roses* in their green wooden tubs, with the glorious panorama of Lake Leman and Mont Blanc before us, which, as the shadows thickened, became of a deeper pink against the darkening purple sky above." Then on by Lyons, which we found *en fête*, it being August 15—the Emperor's day—to Vichy. There my mother remained some weeks, and there I left her with my brother Albert, having to return to read at Colchester. I was joined at that unlively and unlovely place by Lorne in October, he having come there also to prepare for matriculating at Cambridge. We had some pleasant games at cricket and rides on jobbed horses in that most uninteresting of counties during the long September evenings, after our day's work was over. In the middle of October I went with Lorne to Cambridge, where he went into residence at Trinity College. There I remained until he had finished his entrance examination, but did not feel sufficiently prepared to do the same myself at that time, and I returned to Colchester at the beginning of the following year; but I had, as it were, broken the ice a little of College life before I actually came up to Cambridge as a student, as I find by the following notice of a dinner in the College Hall to which I went with Lorne soon after his arrival at Trinity:—"We went to Wood's rooms, and also called on Matheson" (one of the tutors), "who has a beautiful room looking out on the avenue of limes at the back of the College, in the third quadrangle. He asked us to dine in the Hall, and we went there with him at 9.30. We sat at the High Table, but had not a good view of the Hall, as the 'Fellow Commoners'" (Lorne was one of these elevated creatures, who then, for the foolish custom has been abolished, were clothed in a blue gown—a kind of loose smock-frock with pendent sleeves adorned with silver lace) "sit with their backs to the Hall. It is a grand old building, with a fine carved roof, and the best bay-windows I ever saw. They keep up here the custom of drinking healths, at least the Dons pledge the Fellow Commoners. I sat between Lorne and

Duncombe, another of these Fellow Commoners. Thomas Fitzwilliam, Melgund and his brother, and Edmund Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne, the image of Menotti Garibaldi, were also among the Fellow Commoners that afternoon at the High Table at Trinity."

Returning from Cambridge to Colchester, which I found doubly dull without Lorne, I was most interested by hearing of a visit—the last—my mother made to her beloved Dunrobin. She had not been there since my father's death, and the pain and pleasure of revisiting the place they had made so beautiful, and which they had so loved, must indeed have been half bitter, half sweet to her. At a review of the Volunteers, part of whom were named after her, she addressed them in the following heartfelt words when they came to pay their homage to her before the Castle which her taste and care had rendered the most beautiful in the country:—"I wish," she said, "to say a few words to you, but I fear I shall not be able to say what I would wish. I cannot speak to you without emotion, for since I have been here my health has altered and I am bereaved. You know the interest my husband took in this great and loyal movement; you know the interest he felt for you, for your fathers and kindred. I know how he loved the country, how much of his time he gave to it, and how his pleasure in life was in doing good to others. It has been a trial to me to return alone without the dear companion of my life; but it is a blessing to be here, and a gladness to see you all again. Neither failing sight nor altered health will make dear Dunrobin less vivid, nor change the love I bear to Sutherland!" Of this incident my mother wrote thus to me:—"I had to do a very moving thing yesterday morning: to receive the regiment that is called mine, and to thank them. They looked beautiful in the Castle court on a sunny morning, and I cannot tell you what the warmth of the people has been to me."

The news that my uncle Carlisle had died—after a long illness—reached me at Colchester on December 6. "Ought one," I wrote, on hearing that this dear, kind relation had at last been freed from a hopeless and lingering illness, "ought one to grieve

too much at this deliverance, for his pure and gentle spirit released from the body of this death? What a brother my mother has lost in him!—and we, what a friend and relation! This causes a blank that can never be filled."

Bidding a lasting farewell to Colchester, I left London for York on the morning of a cold Sunday in December, in order to attend the funeral of my uncle at Castle Howard. "I had not been here for more than six years. The funeral took place on December 13. The first thing one saw in going from the hall to the dining-room was the coffin, covered with a velvet pall, on which rested the coronet, black plumes placed around. We followed the body along those beautiful grass terraces he had loved so well. The rain fell in torrents as we wended our melancholy way to that superb mausoleum where he sleeps." The following passage from one of the many letters of condolence that our loss occasioned is from a letter from Dean Stanley to my sister Elizabeth Argyll, and is so full of real sympathy and of affection for my uncle that I give it here. "He must have been," writes the Dean of Lord Carlisle, "he must have been to his family like the 'Christmas hearth.' Slightly as I knew him, it is delightful to think of such a long continuous recollection of nothing but genial, loving kindness. Years ago--how many years must it be?—I remember the delight with which I read aloud to my sister his speech after the defeat in the Yorkshire election, and I thought that a gleam of light—what a green spot it was!—amidst all the malignity and scurrility of the general electioneering reports. And how like everything that I knew of him was to that! The Prince of Wales has written to me about him with true feeling. What an excellent pattern of the best kind of popularity for him to remember!" Mr. Motley, the American historian, wrote to my brother-in-law, Argyll, as follows on the same subject:—"That I always thoroughly appreciated the privilege and good fortune of being admitted to his (Lord Carlisle's) intimacy you cannot doubt, and none could have known him without honouring and loving him. The 'well beloved'—an appellation sometimes

bestowed upon worthless monarchs by their sycophants—will be the title which all who ever came within the sphere of Lord Carlisle's familiar presence will spontaneously and most affectionately associate with his name. There will be no lack of competent eulogists to celebrate as they deserve his distinguished public services, his eloquence, his high intellectual power, his scholarship, his liberal and statesmanlike comprehension of the world's affairs; and it would be out of place for me to allude to him in his public capacity at all, save perhaps to dwell for a moment with pleasure on the fact that, from first to last, his heart was in with the right in the vast struggle still going on between the spirit of freedom and of slavery in my own country. He, at least, was never scared by the possible greatness of America when purged of her great crime and re-established in her natural and historical integrity of domain. He, at least, was incapable of swerving from that hostility to African slavery which he had professed from his youth up. But I should not allude to the subject at all were I not so well aware that his sentiments were shared by yourself and by most of his nearest relations. It is even more consoling to dwell upon his gentle and genial qualities of heart—upon that chivalry of soul flowing from even a higher fountain than that of the blood of all the Howards, to which it added a fresh nobility. In truth, I am afraid to speak as I really feel about him, for fear of being betrayed into extravagance of language. His presence was a perpetual benediction, for nature had given him that love and deep benevolence which reveals itself without effort or intention in a personal manner not to be imitated by those less fortunately endowed. How well I remember the genial smile with which he once said to me, half jestingly, but, as I had reason to know afterwards, with real sincerity, 'Let us swear an eternal friendship;' and certainly, whenever I was in England, he was never weary in his deeds of friendship and of hospitality to me and mine. And certainly I have always responded to his most gratifying proposal; and, as I have already said, it seems to me as if I had lost one of the best friends I ever had. There are

many to mourn him and dwell upon the remembrance of his virtues; but I believe that out of the immediate circle of those nearest and dearest to him no one laments his death more sincerely than I do. He had many friends and admirers in America, as you well know. Of all Americans Sumner held the first place in his affections, and he will bitterly grieve for his loss; while there are many others in our country who will feel it most keenly."

I will also quote yet another letter about Lord Carlisle, written by Harriet Martineau to my mother, who had written to Miss Martineau to express the pleasure that the monograph on her beloved brother had given her, and which I have quoted from in a former chapter. In her letter Miss Martineau mentions the following act of kindness which he showed her:—"I write to tell you," she says, "of an act of his so characteristic that it is probable he himself never mentioned it. Exactly twenty years ago (this very month, December 1864) Lord Carlisle came repeatedly with the Liddels from Ravensworth to investigate some of the phenomena of mesmerism, by which I had recovered from a 'hopeless' illness. By the folly of my medical man the whole affair was needlessly made public, and I was subjected to much insult and annoyance. After his visits were over, Lord Carlisle wrote me a letter—to be used in any way I should think proper—bearing testimony on his part to the reality of the phenomena which he had witnessed. I never did put that letter to public or any other use, because the only effect would have been bringing impertinence and perhaps insult upon him. But the generosity and consideration of the thought and the act made a profound impression on me and my relatives."

After reading those testimonies from people so different as Dean Stanley, Motley, and Harriet Martineau, bearing their witness to the goodness and kindness of my uncle, I do not think any one could find Thackeray's words about him too full of praise when he writes of him as of one "beloved as widely as he is known; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure!"

CHAPTER XII

CAMBRIDGE DAYS

THAT Christmas and the New Year of 1865 I passed at Trentham. Full of recollections of our genial and kind uncle who had so lately died, that house and place were so associated with him that it saddened the time for all of us. It was a mild winter, and we had more hunting than skating. Among other guests then staying with my brother at Trentham that winter were two of my father's oldest friends, Count Pahlen and Ralph Sneyd, whose splendid house at Keale, near Trentham, had recently been completed. One evening we looked over French prints relating to the Great Revolution. It was interesting to hear Pahlen and Sneyd discuss the characters of actors in that great drama, some of whom they might have seen. They expressed much dislike for Madame Roland. Mr. Sneyd had been a great courtier when he was a boy at Eton. His parents lived at Windsor when his father was attached to the court. George III. had given him a Latin Grammar, and he was quite an ardent admirer of that monarch.

Often, when in town that winter, I finished the evening at Evans's, the once famous supper-rooms in Covent Garden. There is nothing now in London that can compare with the Evans's of those days. It was a mixture of a supper-room, a club, and a music-hall, and had not then degenerated into the casino sort of place it decayed into. Those were the palmy days of the never-to-be-forgotten "Paddy" Green, who then ruled the roast in those semi-subterranean halls, and received and welcomed one as if it were in his own house. Dear genial old Paddy Green! How cordial his welcome! how affectionate his greeting as he

shook all comers by the hand, and "dear-boy'd" them one and all! No one had such a store of theatrical lore and gossip as he: who can forget those pleasant evenings enlightened by his rubicund face, or the white wig which so well set it off; and, above all, his much-used and oft-proffered snuff-box. The well-known airs seem to be played and sung again—the stirring ballad of "The Men of Harlech," "The Chough and Crow," "Who will o'er the Downs so free?" or Balfe's "With Music so Enchanting," seem again to echo through the crowded rooms as we recall Paddy Green's wig, snuff-box, "dear boys," and all the stir and the clatter of the waiting and the waiters; the aroma of the smoking potations and the perfume of the "welsh rabbit" arise as one thinks of those pleasant noisy nights. The place was full of portraits of theatrical men and women of the past. The actors and actresses portrayed on those walls seemed again to strut on the world's stage anew, and to return from the oblivion that so soon settles over the player's memory when once the Great Scene-shifter has made his final call, which none can disobey. But to name these would be to give a list of all the celebrated, and many of the uncelebrated, players on the English stage from the days of Garrick down to those of Macready. I will only refer to one, a mere sketch in oils of a female head. This hung close by a fireplace, and although so dirty and begrimed by London soot and tobacco smoke that one could hardly do more than trace on the darkened canvas a lovely face, it always took my fancy and arrested my eye; and it needed not Paddy Green to assure me that it was by Romney to know that, among all the rubbishy theatrical portraits in those rooms, this little unfinished sketch was a genuine and rare work. It is now in my house at Windsor. The features are those of Mrs. Siddons. Since reading Fanny Kemble's Memoirs I have my doubts, however, whether it is by Romney, for she mentions a portrait of her sister—Mrs. Siddons's—painted by Lawrence, which was in these supper-rooms to her knowledge. Whether it be by Romney or by Lawrence, it is at any rate a charming and spirited portrait, and vividly recalls

the many happy evenings passed in classic Covent Garden, and the kindly old Irishman who, now gone to his rest, then received half the men about London in the old cider-cellars under the Piazza.

Although my mother's health was declining, she was still able from time to time to see her friends at Cliveden or at Chiswick. I find under the date of January 17 that, although very unwell, her delight in listening to Mr. Gladstone's wonderful flow of talk overcame her physical suffering. "Gladstone and his third son Henry are here (Cliveden). Gladstone looks older, but is full of talk. Speaking about Lord Derby's translation of Homer, he said he thought it 'too rapid'—that upon an average he had translated thirty lines per diem; this while engaged on his parliamentary duties. He approves of Tennyson being made a baronet; but he does not think the honour sufficiently great. He expressed a poor opinion of the industry of the titled young generation in Parliament, and thinks they do not attend sufficiently or apply enough to their duties. He spoke with great affection of Chalmers; thinks his intellect was superior to Guthrie's, and that some of his sermons were 'gorgeous.' He approves much of the system of fagging." These are but very scanty notes, hardly worth printing, if one did not feel that even the crumbs of this mighty thinker and talker's conversation were worth recording.

At the end of January I took up my abode at Trinity College, Cambridge, occupying at first Lorne's rooms in the Old Court, pending the time that I could get some for myself. His rooms were big enough for both, and it was a pleasure to look forward to sharing them with him, for he had not yet come back to Cambridge, and my first days there were extremely dull and dreary. The weather was miserably cold and cheerless; the early chapel was a martyrdom every morning, the "coaching" during the day a nuisance; and, worst thing of all, loomed out the near-at-hand and awful examination. The ordeal was, however, successfully passed, and after a few days I got a couple of cheerful rooms for myself, on the Lecture-room staircase, close to

those Lorne occupied, with a good look-out over the grand old quadrangle. The number was fifty-five; Lord J. Hervey had lodged there some time before, but the latest occupant was a Fellow—Mr. Brandreth.

There was no attempt at æsthetic display or high art in those days in the Universities; but mine were comfortable rooms, with the bedroom opening into the sitting-room, divided by folded doors, which eventually were draped by blue curtains. The furniture was oak in the sitting-room; in the bedroom, birch. Prints and photographs, mostly of family and home, were hung on the walls; and over the fireplace were a pair of red deer's antlers, the first that I had killed at Dunrobin. My only unnecessary luxury was my valet, Luke, who lodged in a little room above mine. Customs change so rapidly at the Universities, as everywhere else, that perhaps this description of my room may seem curious to a generation of students whose rooms in and out of College are full of Burne-Jones' photographs and Morris' designs.

Like Lorne, I had been entered as a Fellow Commoner. The only difference between Fellow Commoners and others was that the former had the privilege of retaining the hideous chimney-pot hat, and of not wearing the College cap; of wearing a long, loose kind of dressing-gown of blue serge, trimmed with silver lace, instead of a plain black one; and of dining in Hall at the upper table with the dons. What these things could profit a young fellow at the University I cannot think, and I rejoice to know that these "Gentlemen Commoners" no longer exist at Trinity. But although we could not be the better for being "Fellow Commoners," wearing a blue and silver dressing-gown, and dining at the upper table, the dons and tutors profited by it. There was a regular ceremony to be undergone, termed being "gowned," when for the first time one was attired in the blue and silver robe that would have become a Jack-in-the-Green. It was as follows:—"After dinner was at an end in the College Hall, one of the tutors read something aloud to the other tutors, while the undergraduate 'Fellow Commoner' put on the gown—a simple but

most unnecessary form I thought it." (N.B. The gown cost eleven guineas! So much the better for the tailor.) Poor blue and silver gowns, you have all long since passed into that limbo where all the gorgeous dresses end, from those of a Field-Marshal to the pantomimic clown, and from the King's coronation-robe to the harlequin's blue and silver spangles! At church service in the College chapel on Saturdays and holidays we appeared wearing a surplice. The effect of the white-robed congregation of undergraduates scattering out of the chapel gates, and threading their way in the winter evenings among the old colleges and halls, I thought, until I got more used to it, extremely picturesque.

Early in February I had to call on that terrible potentate, our Master, Dr. Whewell, of whom most undergraduates at Trinity stood in great awe, at least when before the Doctor's face. But behind his back they called him familiarly "Billy Whistle!" I found the interview not so fearful an ordeal as I had been led to expect.

One evening in that month I met at Mr. W. G. Clark's rooms two distinguished men—Charles Kingsley and the present Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson, at that time Regius Professor of Greek—"rather a dry don. He was here with Thackeray the year after Tennyson came. Thackeray's rooms were on the left-hand side of the great gate. Dr. Thompson said Thackeray was very social and popular here; that he drew much better when he was young than he did latterly; and that he was always very fond of the literature of Queen Anne's time. I also had a long talk with Kingsley. He stammers very much in conversation, yet not at all in preaching. He spoke quite affectionately about Uncle Morpeth, and called him 'the purest and kindest soul,' and also with deep admiration of my mother. He had unbounded admiration for Garibaldi, and scorn of Napoleon (III.) Thought the latter half a Greek, half a Dutchman. Very Kingsleyish about the old French *noblesse* being Franks, a fair-haired race, extirpated at the Great Revolution by the people, who were Gauls. This, he thought, is the reason why so few fair-haired people are seen in France. He

told me his lectures were extemporaneous, and that he never made a note for them."

At the close of February, Lorne and I were invited to a dinner at the Lodge—the Master's. "A dreadfully slow affair, very stiff. Lady Affleck did not appear (poor woman, she was then in a dying state). The sitting-room is a beautiful one, with fine old portraits. We dined at seven, and did not get away till ten. The next day I was in the agonies of my examination for matriculation. My Euclid *vivâ voce* examination was deplorable." However, my examiners were merciful —accept my thanks even at this far-off date, Messrs. Blore and Hudson—and I had the satisfaction of writing home to say that I had "passed." Election to the A. D. C. soon followed—the famous Academical Dramatic Club. In its rooms, or rather room, for the Club, although it had a theatre, had but one sitting-room, I certainly passed more enjoyable hours than in any other Club since, although I have belonged to such as White's and the Garrick, the Travellers' and the St. James's. The Athenæum was another Cambridge Club to which I belonged—a less merry and enjoyable one than the A. D. C., and by way of being the White's of the University. Among my friends then at Cambridge, with whom I associated with much pleasure, were, besides Lorne and Jocelyn (the late Earl of Roden, whom I had known even before those days), my cousin Ellesmere, F. Wood, Horace Seymour, Hyde, Poulett, Huntly, Gerald Bridgeman, Meysey-Thompson, Walter Duncombe, Cyril Flower, and others. All these were Trinity men, but I knew and liked others who did not belong to that College.

Frequently I went to town to see my mother, who was now mostly at Chiswick. It was a long drive from Shoreditch Station across London to Chiswick: and, to while away the length of the drive, I would frequently request the cabman to leave his lofty seat and enter his cab, while I held the reins and swung along the streets to the far west. This was a proceeding that the stricter rules and regulations of the police of to-day could not tolerate, so I do not recommend any University man to

follow my example, but merely allude to it to show how more severe legislation has become, at least that applied to hansom cabs and their drivers.

At Chiswick one had a capital place of vantage for seeing the University race on the river. Immediately below Chiswick House is a spot on the river known as Corney Reach. Here dwelt formerly the famous Lord Macartney, the Ambassador to China, who has left so interesting an account of his mission. His house has long ago disappeared, but the terrace still remains overlooking the river, and it was from here that one had a good view of the boat-race. As a rule, that race is decided almost opposite Corney, for here the "tug-of-war" between the rival crews generally commences and ends. Woe to the boat that here is distanced even by half a length! That year I rode down from London to Chiswick to see the race with A. Campbell. "It was a grand sight; some fifteen or twenty steamers rushing on after the boats, crowded with people; this was alone worth coming all the way to see."

More royal visits occurred about this time, the Queen calling to see my mother, who was laid up with illness at Stafford House. "Stafford received Her Majesty at the entrance, the glass doors being, of course, thrown open. The Queen's mourning as deep as ever. She sat with my mother in her sitting-room upstairs, and stayed about an hour. Princesses Helena and Louise came with her."

"I was, a few days later, at the Duke of Manchester's place — Kimbolton Castle. Rather a nice old house within, with a fine sitting-room, with full-length family portraits, amongst others a horrid German one of the Duchess in red velvet. The outside of the house perfectly hideous; grounds poor, no attempt at a garden, only a large round duck-pond in front, but some fine timber about. Among the people in the house were Lady Westmorland, the Probyns, Hartington, and H. Chaplin. Rather a good painting of Noll Cromwell in the dining-room, like a De la Roche, but not by him. The Duchess in great beauty, in a white gown bespattered with diamonds. I think that loud ringing

laugh of hers the prettiest music possible. Lady W —— also very gorgeous—her hair in velvet bands—wonderful!" Then enter the Volunteers. It was a ball in their honour that was given at Kimbolton that night, and with their appearance I was not greatly impressed.

The Gladstones came at the end of April to Chiswick. "Gladstone working very hard at his Budget; he got up soon after four in the morning to go on with it!"

On a Sunday, April 23, came the mighty news from the New World that General Lee had on the 10th surrendered to Grant. After the evacuation of Richmond all further resistance on Lee's side was hopeless. At this time Leech's sketches and pictures were being sold at Christie's; very sketchy, but of course clever. "Met Marochetti, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. Wornum, and others at Christie's, where the sale was taking place of those drawings. The sale lasted three days, and realised over six thousand pounds. The sketches sold well, from five to twelve guineas apiece."[1]

The twenty-sixth of that month was a day full of sensational news. In the *Times* of that day appeared the confession of Constance Kent, the heroine of the Road murder. Also the news of the assassination of a Secretary of the Russian Legation; and in the afternoon, while riding back to Chiswick from Stafford House, I heard the still more terrible tidings of President Lincoln's murder on the 15th, and of the attempts to assassinate Seward and his son on the same day. Indeed, for a day of sensational news that was a great one.

At the end of April I was back again at Trinity, with the dull prospects for the next six weeks of having to work vigorously, as there was a horrid examination during the last week, called "The May." On the 7th I heard that my niece, Ellen Baird, had been

[1] Apropos of this sale of Leech's drawings, a sale which lasted three days, I find that some slight water-colour sketches were going on the 27th at £100 apiece. The picture of two girls walking by the sea-shore at Biarritz was bought, I hear, by the Prince of Wales; and that Mr. Gladstone gave £58 for the one of Tom Noddy reciting on the beach while a group of young ladies, unseen by him, look on in ineffable amusement.

confined of a boy, the first of a long series of great-nephews and great-nieces that seem to intend continuing until the crack of doom. "Good," I thought, "but curious news. For how odd to think of Evy Blantyre a grandmother, my mother a great-grand, and myself a great-uncle!"

During this Term my eldest sister, Elizabeth Argyll, paid Lorne a visit at Cambridge, where she introduced me to Professor Sedgwick, an old friend of hers and her husband. His rooms were in the Old Court of Trinity, between the chapel and the Master's Lodge. The professor was a charming old creature, and delightful in conversation; perhaps a little too fond of talking of his health. He was very proud of a smart dressing-gown he wore, and alluded to it constantly in the midst of geological and other talk! During my residence at the University I saw a good deal of this delightful old professor, and used to like to sit with the good old man and listen to his talk of former days. He was a living page of history. I got him upon old times by asking him on which staircase Byron lived when here. "In Neville's Court, the second staircase to the right, on the first floor, the room facing you as you get on the landing," he answered. Then he talked on about Byron's appearance and character. "We used," he said, "you know, in 1805 to wear tights and knee-breeches, generally black, but sometimes coloured. Some of us still wore hair in powder, many with it flowing down the back. Byron was peculiar for wearing loose trousers down to the shoe, in order to conceal the deformed leg. He was unpopular, taciturn in manner, and only had three or four friends. His head was very handsome, the features classical in their regularity. No one thought then what fame he would acquire." Then the old professor, to show how the poet walked and limped, shuffled about the room. He gave a curious account of Commemoration Day on December 16, 1812. He was then a Fellow, and on that day, not feeling well, had not been drinking his port wine so freely in the Combination Room as it was in those days the custom of the Fellows to do. A man, he said, who did not then drink pretty hard was considered a milksop. Leaving the other

Fellows over their wine, he went to the gate, where the porter gave him a newspaper, on opening which he found the official announcement by Napoleon of the destruction of his grand army. With this news he returned to the Combination Room, and there read the tidings, to the intense joy and excitement of all present. Old and young, he said, wept like children.

My first acquaintance with the theatrical amusements in our Club at Cambridge—the A. D. C.—began during this term. On May 15 we produced three pieces—"Diamond cut Diamond," "The Jacobite," and "Bombastes Furioso." A large party had come down from town, including Lady Spencer and Mary Boyle —the "Meerie" of Charles Dickens, and one of the brightest, wittiest, and most delightful of her sex, whose only fault is that she cannot remain so young as in those pleasant May days we passed together at Cambridge. A bazaar had attracted these ladies from London, and they made our "houses" during our theatricals very brilliant. This visit lasted three days, and was wound up by a ball, given at the "Lion Hotel," of the most successful description. At the same hotel took place one of the club dinners of a society of undergraduates named the "True Blue," probably of Liberal origin. Liberal at any rate were its members in their potations, and lavish in their hospitality. "There were about forty to dinner, but only four members present—Horace Seymour, Hyde, Flower, and L. Rothschild. There were but six in all, the two others—Aberdeen and Queensberry—were away. The True Blues wear a sort of court-dress, but less hideous than the real thing."

The dreaded May examination now drew very near, and I had been dining out in London and at Cambridge more than was conducive to preparation for it; but early in June I was seized with a sudden fit of studiousness, and sat up the whole of one night, with the conventional wet towel round my temples and cold tea to keep me awake, over my Euclid. Whether it was owing to this burst of labour or not, I at any rate succeeded in passing the May trial.

Ascot week was passed at Cliveden, and later I went to stay

with my mother at Chiswick, who, being then better in health, was able to give some afternoon parties there in the month of June, precursors of those similar garden parties that took place there later, when Chiswick had been lent to the Prince and Princess of Wales by the Duke of Devonshire.

A sad event took place at this time. "June 22. Sad news! Alice Pitt, or rather Alice Arbuthnot, is dead—killed by lightning. She had lately married, and was on her wedding tour. A beautiful and most perfect creature. I saw her last here, Chiswick, early in the year. She was rather shy, but charming. It seems strange to think of a ball going on at the Rivers's, her parents, into the morning of the very day on which she was killed." What added to the tragedy of this day was the death of both Mrs. Arbuthnot's parents almost simultaneously not many months afterwards.

My mother threw open the beautiful grounds of Chiswick to others beside the great Society of London in that summer. One evening that month no fewer than one hundred and forty women belonging to the Bible Women's Association had tea in the gardens, and before leaving my mother gave each a rose. "At the close, their head, Mrs. Talbot, said a few words on their behalf, to which my mother replied in words that seemed to touch many among them. On leaving, all shook hands with her; she looked quite radiant at giving these poor women pleasure. Old Lady Wharncliffe heard one of them say that she (not Lady W——, but my mother) had the 'face of an angel.' Mrs. Gladstone and her daughters appeared towards the end of this entertainment; they had just heard the news of poor Alice Arbuthnot's death from Granville, Mrs. Arbuthnot's uncle, at a breakfast given to the Duke of Baden. She said Mr. Gladstone turned quite sick when he heard it. He had the greatest admiration for her beauty and for her goodness. The Gladstones were staying at Chiswick, and also the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). A very warm discussion between the Bishop and Gladstone to-day, June 25, about the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, which comes on to-morrow in the House of Lords. Gladstone very fiery in contrast to the Bishop, who

kept his temper perfectly. The latter read prayers in the Domè Room in the evening very finely."

Frivolities followed. "A luncheon at Stafford House to the Prince of Wales and the Brabants. The Abercorns were there with three unmarried daughters; the youngest, Maude (Lady Lansdowne), perfectly lovely, only fourteen, and not coming out for three years. She is that sort of creature that one cannot help being hopelessly in love with."

Then came a ball at the Palmerstons' house, in Piccadilly, where "Lord Palmerston remained up till 3.30 A.M., which was quite unnecessary, as the Prince of Wales had left some time before. He asked me if I was tired, and his voice sounded strong and young. Lady Pam and he are certainly a most wonderful young couple."

But the veteran was nearer his grave in Westminster Abbey that summer's morning than any one would imagine, seeing him looking so hale, and hearing his voice so strong and young.

There had been some idea of my brother Albert coming forward to represent a division of Shropshire that summer, and Lord Palmerston had written the following letter to my mother on the subject:—

"99 PICCADILLY, *June* 1, 1865.

"MY DEAR DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,—We are anxious that Lord Albert Gower should stand for one of the divisions of Shropshire at the approaching General Election, and I spoke to the Duke of Sutherland about it; but he said that the decision depends upon you, and that I must apply to you on the subject. It would be of great importance to the Government to get a good candidate for one of the divisions of Shropshire, and there would not be a better representative of Territorial Interest than one of your sons. The Duke objected that his brother is young, but I told him that six months in the House of Commons would go further to form a young man than two ordinary years rolled over his head; and as to his being only a cornet of cavalry, Lord Chatham was first known in the House of Commons as 'that

terrible Cornet of Horse.' I hope you will give your decision in our favour.—Yours sincerely, PALMERSTON."

My brother's candidature was, however, postponed, and when he might have become a Member of Parliament for Sutherland three years later, he in the most unselfish and most generous manner gave up his claim to the post, and urged me to fill it. This was but one of the many kind and unselfish actions of his life. No one was more willing to assist and be of use to others.

One evening in July, Panizzi brought his friend M. Mérimée, the author of "La Chronique de Charles IX.," "Columba," &c., to dinner at Stafford House. The Gladstones also dined there. "Apropos of the elections, Gladstone said to Panizzi, 'The British Museum is to you what Oxford is to me, only that you can leave the Museum of your own free will, and I am driven from Oxford.' The next day Gladstone came to lunch at Stafford House. 'He said Canning had said that a dinner in order to be pleasant should consist of not less than the Graces, and of not more than the Muses. Surely this occurs in some classical author, either Horace or mentioned in Cicero's "De Amicitia."'

At the end of the month of July I went with my mother again to Vichy. Lorne came with us. On our way we visited in Paris a wondrous little gem of a house in the Champs Elysées, then yet unfinished, "built by a Madame Hirsch, formerly a Georgian slave, one mass of marble and bronze, the staircase entirely composed of Algerian alabaster." At Vichy my mother had taken the châlet next to that built for the Emperor, and which the King of the Belgians had last occupied. A really charming house was this *Châlet Clermont Tonnerre*, fresh and clean and prettily furnished, with two sitting-rooms, a large dining room, and pleasant, airy bedrooms. "Lorne's and mine open on a balcony from which there is an extensive view of the new gardens and of the River Allier." Patti was singing that summer at the Casino, and Meissonnier was taking the waters. We met the painter with his son. "Meissonnier is short and brown, and

has a look of Francis I." Lorne and I had some pleasant rides and expeditions about Vichy. One day "we rode to Malavaux, where are ruins of a castle of Knights Templars; on another we visited Châledon—a most curious decayed old place, half village, half town, with a dilapidated castle, in which are remains of a fresco on one of the walls. The chapel is now turned into a billiard-room. In the village are some houses of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, half wood."

This was the last time we were to be at Vichy. Our last drive together was a favourite of my mother's by the banks of the Allier, in the Route de Nismes. We had made almost a friendship with some of the people whom we had daily seen during our walks in the pretty park of Vichy under the chestnut-trees; among others, with M. Bernardin, who conducted the orchestra there, and with fat old M. Gusse, the master of the ceremonies in the rooms of the Casino; and the little old lady in black who looked after the newspapers in the reading-room, and whom my mother used to protect and console when snubbed by old Gusse. These and other familiar faces there we were not to see again. That last visit to Vichy was shortened owing to the illness of my mother's maid, Penson, who had been in her service forty years. We returned to London at the end of August. On our way through Paris, walking in the Palais Royal, a lady passed us and said to her companion: "*Voilà une mère et un fils qui se ressemblent comme deux gouttes d'eau.*"

I was at Dunrobin the following month, when I heard from my sister, Evelyn Blantyre, of our dear old friend Penson's death. "You will," she wrote, "be deeply grieved for this sad loss to us all. There never lived a more devoted, unselfish being, and I cannot bear to think of mamma without her dear, loving care." My sister had hurried back from Ireland to London on getting a worse account of Penson's state; but only to see her in her coffin. She and her daughters and her sister, Caroline Kildare, followed the body to the grave in the quiet Staffordshire churchyard near Trentham. The place is marked by a tomb erected by their loving care. "I hope," wrote my

mother to me, "to go with you some day to dear Penson's grave." It is rare to find such long devotion in service, such love in return, in these days, between the employed and the employers. Of Penson my mother wrote, "We have lost the truest, kindest, and best of friends, good and faithful Penson." It is worth recording, I think, how much loved dear old Penson was in our family, as by such traits and such tributes of affection people are better known than by the ostentation of charity that appeals to the public eye, but that leaves the heart as cold as that quality is proverbially said to be.

Five years had passed since I had last seen Dunrobin. My father had been taken from us since then. It brought back the old times to look out at the sea in the moonlight. How one feels what we have lost here! This was certainly my father's best-loved place; it is full of him, not merely his rooms, but even the passages. For instance, that corridor outside their rooms, where I remember him walking up and down that long dreary afternoon when he was waiting till my mother came in to break to her the dreadful news of Frederick's death. "You will," wrote my mother at this time, "have thought of your dearest father on first seeing the hills, and then the place, the little medlar-tree and the old pear-tree in the gardens at Dunrobin." A German princelet was staying that autumn with my brother. "One evening he came in radiant, having killed a stag, an announcement that was received with applause; but this was changed when his Highness added that he had also wounded four other stags." I got some stalking that autumn and was rather successful, and less destructive than the German prince.

Returning south, on my way to Cambridge, I paid a visit to the Argylls at Inveraray, where my mother was then staying. By the middle of October, Lorne and I were again in our rooms in the Old Court of Trinity. On the 18th of that month, news reached us that Lord Palmerston had died; and on the 26th "Lorne and I went in the afternoon at dusk to Westminster Abbey." We tried first to get in by the gate at

Poets' Corner, but found this locked. We then fell in with an old porter, who took us round the Abbey, in by the cloisters, and we wandered unmolested up the north aisle, when we saw a small group of men standing over an open grave, Lord Palmerston's, next to Lord Chatham's monument, and just in front of one to three of Rodney's captains. Two or three men were at work inside the grave with lighted candles. They were fixing encaustic tiles on the sides of the grave, which seemed about eight feet deep. The effect of this light from out of the grave was very striking.

On the south transept a huge scaffolding was being put up, workmen with lights moving about it.

We strayed all over the splendid old place, and looked into most of the chapels. The effect of the vast building, all in darkness save for the flickering light about the grave and the scaffolding, had a most weird and solemn effect, not easily forgotten. The next day Lorne and I watched the funeral of Lord Palmerston from the roof of Dover House, Whitehall, where we met Lady Clifden and her sister, Lady Spencer. "The funeral was merely a display of carriages, some of which were of a very shabby description. There was nothing whatever impressive about it, the people for the most part not even taking off their hats as the hearse passed by. But one can hardly expect an English crowd to show any outward sign of sentiment. It seemed odd not to hear so much as one bell tolling. Certainly the impressive sight was the grave-making in the Abbey the evening before, and not the funeral procession as it drove by in the dull light of a London October day."

On November 4, when we were back again at Cambridge, some of us were guilty of the following escapade. "Half a dozen choice spirits had been invited to a friend's rooms outside the College gates, but having dined with a tutor in College, and remained in his rooms till after ten—at which hour the gates are closed and locked—we managed our exit in the following manner. To the right of the lecture-room staircase, near which were my rooms, is a court, beyond it a high wall, then an out-house, and

another wall surrounding a small garden belonging to a house (Smith's) which faces on its other side Trinity Street. We managed, with little difficulty, to scale these walls. The rest was easy, only that several maids and old women at first attempted to prevent our entry into their house, very naturally taking us for housebreakers, but after a short parley they let us in; we passed through the kitchen, up some stairs, and at last got into the street. We then scampered off to our friend's (Rebow's) rooms, returning to College before midnight. The porter—for on our return we passed in by the ordinary way—at the lodge naturally gave a start of surprise at seeing us come in, not having let us out. The affair got wind, and our tutor gave me a long harangue on the enormity of getting out of College in the way we had, and threatened to report us to the Head. However, we eventually got off without even a gating, the leniency not a little owing to one of our party having a cork leg, which, if known, would have proved too plainly that College "walls do not a prison make." Iron bars were, however, placed above the walls encaging the court through which we had gained the street; so that no such escalade was after that possible, at any rate out of that part of Trinity College.

At the end of November the A. D. C. performed the burlesque of "Kenilworth." Queen Elizabeth was admirably personated by Swainson, now, I believe, a Roman Catholic monk, then one of the brightest and gayest of our set. "The burlesque was followed by the farce of 'Going to the Derby,' in which Lorne and I appeared as supers, in what was then called 'drag.' We all dressed in one room, and the effect was curious, as people were seen rushing about in every state of dress and undress, F——'s delight being in capering about the green-room with nothing on but a pair of stays and trousers. The drama of 'Not a Bad Judge' was also one of the plays this Term. On the 29th we had the fullest night that had ever been known—an audience of over 140; usually it is not over 120."

More for the sake of seeing the house than expecting much amusement in a strange house, I accepted an invitation to a ball

at Hatfield House. Got there—Hatfield—about 9 P.M., and had to walk through the mud from the station to the house with another unlucky fellow. The effect of the grand old house lighted from the outside was fine, and all that I saw of the interior came up to our expectation of one of the finest old halls in England. The house is entered by a long gallery, half hall, half corridor. Along one side of this hang suits of armour, standing like sentinels. Passing through this corridor you enter a handsome room, in which is a splendid fireplace. At the foot of the great staircase a yeomanry band was playing. Ascending the stairs, which are of oak, with huge carved lions on each landing, we entered a splendid drawing-room, a blaze of light. At the entrance Lady Salisbury received her guests, and behind her stood my Lord—short, with white hair and eyebrows, *à la* Henri VIII.—with his star and blue ribbon. At first one felt rather lost in the stream of country folk, but I found out Lady Cowley soon, Lord Shrewsbury and his daughters, and Regy Talbot. The D'Aumales and the Prince de Condé were also there. Both the Duke and the Prince were very polite; in fact, Condé, whom I had not seen since those days when I used to visit him from Geneva at Lausanne, talked incessantly. H.R.H. the Duchess was a blaze of diamonds, covered with old lace and pink satin. Ivo Vesey, Newry, F. Johnston, H. Wellesley, and a few others were about all that I knew there. The dancing began soon after ten in the Long Gallery, which has a gorgeous gilt ceiling. The effect, looking down the room, was beautiful; and from a recess one could see down into the old dining-hall on a lower storey—a grand old apartment, decorated with banners, and only dimly lighted by Chinese lamps. Now and then Lord Salisbury would touch the wainscoted wall, press a spring, and disappear through a door until then invisible. The room in which we had supper is full of splendid full-length portraits; one of Charles I., and a curious one of Mary Stuart. Also here are portraits of Richard III. and Henry VIII. The hall itself was rather spoiled by the crowds of country people, and the floor was not inviting for valsing. The ball lasted till two, after which I went to the smoking-room with

Lords Shrewsbury and Loughborough. I had one hour to wait at the station for the mail train, and did not get back to Stafford House till five in the morning.

In the middle of December I left Cambridge for Erskine—my brother-in-law Blantyre's place, near Glasgow—where my mother had come with my sister Evelyn from Inveraray, in a very weak and suffering condition. In a room on the ground floor at Erskine is a replica by Winterhalter of his portrait of my mother. Coming one day into this room, she said, turning to the picture, "How different then and now!" By slow stages she came to London to be near her doctors and Prescott Hewett. She was unable to pass that Christmas at Cliveden, and we remained at Stafford House; a saddened Yuletide, owing to the anxious state of our beloved mother's health. "As the years roll on, the departure of each feels sadder and sadder. The old links gradually disappear, and one cannot but feel a sort of dread in entering on a New Year, when one reflects what may happen during it, and what things it may bring with it."

I write on the close of that year—words that almost presage the sorrow that was soon to come.

CHAPTER XIII

CAMBRIDGE DAYS CONTINUED—ITALY IN WAR TIME

EARLY in January I paid Watts a visit at Little Holland House (now built over by red-brick Queen Anne houses). "He has in the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, four good works—one of these a portrait of Gladstone, and another a portrait of a lady in a Venetian costume, and one of a lovely head and bust of a girl, with an arm thrown over her head, and holding a peacock's feather. I was curious to know who this young lady is, but could only get out of Watts that she was a model, but that having married, she no longer sits. He was at work on a large study in sepia for a fresco for St. Paul's, the subject the prophet Ezekiel. He also showed me some studies for flesh colours—the art of painting which he thinks has been lost since the days of the old masters."

At the close of that month I went to a shooting-party at my brother's place in Shropshire, Lilleshall, and on to a hunting-party at Trentham, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were among his guests.

There was a "park meet" on January 27. The Princess looked very lovely on her horse, King Arthur, and rode like a bird. Except hurdles, however, which had been put up in the Green Drive, there was little jumping. But the Princess took the hurdles beautifully; she has simply no sense of nervousness. Returning from the hunting after dark, riding through the woods where these hurdles were, she leapt them again, although both the Prince and Stafford had avoided them.

In the next term at Cambridge I found my old friend Professor Sedgwick delighted to hear of the Princess being such a plucky

horsewoman, saying that "her courage and nerve came from the grand old Norse breed, that blood that made such grand pirates." "It would be difficult to say what a charm the Princess has, both in looks and manner; she is so entirely free from affectation, and so easy to get on with."

Early in March died "our grand old Master," as Professor Lightfoot so justly termed him in a sermon he delivered shortly after Dr. Whewell's death. His death was caused by a fall from his horse, which caused concussion of the brain. "A great gloom has been cast over the place by this loss," I wrote the day we heard of the Master's death. Coming out of Hall at 5.30, when his death had been announced, I saw all the shutters of the Lodge closed, and the blinds throughout the College drawn down half-way. In a letter to my mother I write on this subject:— "Whewell died this afternoon (March 6) soon after four. He had been in an unconscious state for some days. It has come upon people here very suddenly, and it is difficult to realise that the fine, strong, upright old man, who looked and who was so full of health and strength not more than a week ago, should now be dead!" I saw him on the night of the 9th, as he lay in his coffin at the foot of his bed, the face uncovered, very fine and composed and peaceful, although quite waxen in colour. There had been a *post-mortem*, and oddly enough the brain was found to weigh below the average—forty-nine ounces. Dr. Humphreys said that had Whewell not met with his fatal accident, he would, from signs in the brain, have had a fit or a stroke in less than five months. At the funeral "we assembled in the Hall at 10.30 A.M.; probably over 400 undergraduates were there, not including the Fellows and friends. We left the Hall at eleven, three deep, a long line of mourners, that looked like some great snake creeping out of the Hall, over the court, and into the chapel doors. The coffin was brought up to the chapel entrance on a kind of half barrow, half car. We filed up in the same order through the ante-chapel past the yawning vault, with the trestles and the ropes ready by the side to lower the body. The catafalque was placed in the centre of the choir facing the altar. The service was choral and

very fine, ending with that most glorious of marches, that in Saul. "Professor Lightfoot" (since raised to the Episcopate) "preached the funeral sermon on the following Sunday in the chapel, 'a fine *oraison funèbre*.' He alluded with touching eloquence to our late Master's pride for Trinity, and recalled his saying that he thought the sky never looked so blue as when framed in by the walls and turrets of the Old Court—of his having, when on his death-bed, asked that the window-blinds of his windows should be drawn up, to see once more the Old Court he loved so well."

It is something to remember such a Master as Whewell, and to recall that it was under his reign that I was an undergraduate at Trinity.

"I got a place under the Speaker's Gallery on the night of April 12, to hear the debate on Grosvenor's amendment to the Liberal Reform Bill. The whole House was as full as it could be. About five o'clock Gladstone began his speech, which lasted an hour and a half. His voice was as rich, clear, and beautiful as ever. Very temperate was the tone of his speech till he spoke about Lowe, whom he freely bespattered. Lowe made a good and a very indignant defence of his policy. About seven Grosvenor rose, and throughout his speech, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, he was frequently and loudly cheered by the Opposition. He spoke extremely well, with great coolness and clearness. He brought in Bright's remark of 'the dirty conspiracy' with effect. Afterwards Bright came and told him that he never intended to include him (Grosvenor) in that category. When Grosvenor said that Gladstone had evaded the question in his speech, Gladstone turned round and gave him a tremendous look."

On returning to Cambridge that month a new Master was installed at Trinity—Dr. Thompson. "The ceremony (of installation), if it can be called one, took place soon after noon. Some of us waited in the Old Court, near the great gate, to see the new Master arrive. Professor Lightfoot, with old Martin, followed by the other dons, received the Master at the gate as he entered. I believe the Master and the porter have some

conversation before the former is admitted. The new Master knocks on the yet unopened gate, and the porter asks, 'Who knocks?' On the response of 'The Master of Trinity,' the doors are thrown open, and in walks Dr. Thompson. We were not near enough to hear this short but satisfactory conversation. The Master is then escorted to the chapel to be sworn in and installed, after which a 'Te Deum' is sung, and then the porter takes possession of the Lodge. He was much cheered on his way from the chapel. He is a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man, with straight iron-grey hair, large dark eyes, a straight nose, and altogether looks like a gentleman. He has a look of quiet humour, of rather a satirical turn, which is, however, not unpleasant."

"I went," I wrote to my mother about this time, "to Professor Sedgwick's last night. Dr. Thompson (the new Master) was very pleasant. He asked much after Lorne, and seemed to have liked much what he had seen of him here. Did I tell you that he is very like Sydney Herbert? Poor old Sedgwick is getting very shaky; he is apt to introduce one to the same person at intervals during the evening, which is rather a bore."

In the middle of May I paid Lord and Lady Wensleydale a short visit at Ampthill. "The Baron had just finished a game of billiards, and was supporting himself on his cue, looking picturesque in a skull-cap. Lady Wensleydale took me out in the grounds. Some of the views are pretty, and there are some magnificent old trees. The house is not well placed nor comfortable, the ground-floor rooms being used as passages. The Baron and I had some games of billiards, which he seemed to like, although often missing his ball. Little Mary Lowther's governess, Mdlle. Corinne, reminded me of ancient times, and made me feel as old as the Wensleydales. After dinner, and after looking over some admirable drawings by George Howard and Mrs. W. Lowther, we played at *vingt-et-un* till 11.30. The Baron's memory very remarkable; he quoted during dinner long passages out of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' To hear him talk with such clearness of recollection of Brougham's early married

days, and of Sydney Smith and Lady Holland, was very entertaining."

At the end of that May term the A. D. C. gave "The Overland Route," in which I had the humble part of the widow, Mrs. Rabbits, to perform, and the farce, "My Dress Boots." Among the old members of our theatrical club who assisted us on that occasion were Finch, C. Hall, and A. Bankes; and last, but certainly not least, the great Burnand, the creator of our society and club, was present during one of the performances, and I solemnly recorded that "he said that all the parts were well acted!"

That summer, at the Queen's request, my mother had placed Cliveden at Her Majesty's disposal; there the Queen remained about a fortnight. On June 13, after being up all night at a ball at Marlborough House until half-past three the next morning, it is not a matter of surprise that I failed to be in time for the 8.30 train at King's Cross Station, by which I was to start that morning with a clergyman tutor for a fortnight's tour in Normandy. Later in the day we crossed over from Newhaven to Dieppe, arriving at Rouen the same evening. My impressions of this and the other towns and places we saw in our expedition are hardly of sufficient interest for detail. Suffice it to say that we went on the next day to Havre, from which place we visited the ruins of Tancarville, "most picturesque, situated on a woody cliff overlooking the Seine, which makes a great curve beneath the castle walls. Sketched the castle, which is very dilapidated, as is also a last-century house, built, perhaps, and certainly inhabited, by John Law of Lauriston, the famous South Sea Bubble schemer. A solitary marble chimney-piece is the sign of former splendours. The building, with its creaking shutters and broken marble floors, looks the very embodiment of a haunted house." From Havre we crossed over to Honfleur, and then went on by rail to Falaise. "The old castle looks worthy of having been the cradle of our Norman kings." From Falaise we went to Caen, and thence to Bayeux. There, as a matter of course, we inspected the famous tapestry, and also a dead bishop, whose

body was lying in state in a chapel adjoining the Cathedral—"rather unpleasant; the cheeks were 'rouged!'"

On June 21 we went by diligence to Granville, and on to Avranches, from whence we posted to Mont St. Michel.

Writing that night to my mother from St. Michel, I say of it, "This place is by far the most interesting and striking we have yet seen. Nothing can be more picturesque than the Mount itself. The sunset this evening and the moon on the sea to-night looked quite Dunrobinish. We are in a clean little inn placed against one of the portcullis gates.

"The drive from Avranches is charming. We passed one field all ablaze with poppies, which made me long for you; but I feel this longing always whenever anything very lovely is to be seen.

"There is a gem of a cloister here, with such a view of the sea from it! Our driver from Avranches amused us by his detestation of the priests; '*ils sont une canaille*,' &c. Lane, as he invariably does, said, '*Oh—oui!*'"

Next morning we walked across the sands some five miles to Pontorson, and from there by rail to Dol and to Angers, a pleasant place with a capital hotel (d'Anjou). We visited Tours, Amboise, and Chenonceau. Of the latter I write in my diary—"This château was the one my mother has always longed to see, and we were nearly returning by Tours from Vichy last year in order to see it, but poor Penson's illness prevented it. It is a perfect little gem of a castle, in parts like Dunrobin, and built of the same coloured stone. Passing through the entrance-hall, which is hung round with armour, and which has a handsome stone carved ceiling, one enters a fine old gallery—built across the river—full of old chairs and furniture, covered with F's and double D's (the cognisances of Francis I. and Diana of Poitiers), and hung with portraits of personages of the courts of Francis I., Henri II., Henri III., and Louis XIV. The view from the windows on either side of this gallery is delightful, the River Cher running below, between beautiful banks and among islands. One of the rooms is like that in my mother's turret at Dunrobin,

but fitted up with books, with a beautifully-carved walnut-wood ceiling; also a winding stone staircase, with double balustrade in carved stone; and a little chapel with good stained glass and a beautifully-carved confessional of the time of Francis I. Chenonceau, besides its architectural beauty and historic interest, is remarkable as being one of the few castles that escaped sack and plunder during the great Revolution, thanks to the respect in which Madame Dupin, its owner in 1793, was held by the people around."

Our next visits were to stately Blois and grandiose Chambord.

"The sculptures in the interior and the great double staircase, up which a carriage can be driven, are most striking; but the interior was much spoilt by Louis XIV., who cut up the place with floors. Here Molière's 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' was acted before him and his court."

The next day we reached Paris, after a very pleasant trip, which I would strongly recommend to any lover of art. To visit Mont St. Michel is alone worth the expedition.

In Paris Mr. Lane and I parted; he returning to his clerical duties, while I, full of enthusiasm for the Italian war against Austria, which had recently begun, had made up my mind to see what I could of it. I only announced my intention the afternoon of the day I left Paris (June 28), writing home on that day, having some misgiving that the powers that be would see fit to stop my contemplated journey.

"The following day I crossed Mont Cenis in the diligence; as I could not get an outside place, I had to put up with an inside one. A little Frenchman and a huge Southern American, with a head like A. Dumas *père*, were my fellow-passengers. Passing through Turin, I reached Milan on the 30th. Driving through the town, I met quantities of Garibaldian Volunteers, some in red shirts, but the majority just as they had come from the South of Italy. Many were mere boys, and few looked over five-and-twenty. A great number of Italian tricoloured banners were waving from the windows, and one even on the top of the Cathedral. The whole town was in a ferment of excitement,

supplements to the war telegrams being incessantly shouted in the crowded streets. The fruit shops were full of portraits of Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, and his sons—the latter grotesquely like the King; and they seem to have inherited his courage as well as his features, for both fought well at Custozza, and Prince Amadeo is still on sick-leave from a wound he received there.

"Great uncertainty prevails about the place where Garibaldi is. He is generally supposed to be still at Desenzano, at the end of the Lake of Garda. He is said to have 40,000 Volunteers with him, and to be gradually coming up the shores of the lake into the Tyrol. The King's army is near Volta. Of course nobody can tell whether it is likely that they will make another attack. The Austrians appear to be quite prepared to receive them. I called on the English Consul, Mr. Colnaghi, in order to find out whether one could get into the line of the King's army. He thinks it possible, and said that as long as one does not come across La Marmora one is civilly treated."

I left Milan at dawn on July 2. The train stopped at a small station a little way beyond Brescia, Monte St. Marco, and here, as the rails had been taken up, we had to leave the train. With a good deal of difficulty, not speaking a word of Italian, I got a peasant to produce a little broken-down chaise, to which he fastened a pony, and in this vehicle we started off in the direction of Lonato. We had not jogged on for more than ten minutes when we were stopped by a stampede of peasants, some on foot, others in carts and on horseback, who shouted as they passed us, "*I Tedeschi!*" at the top of their voices. It was impossible to induce my driver to proceed. He, too, was convinced that the Austrians were close upon us, and, to my infinite disgust, we had to return to the place which we had so recently left. A diligence —there being no fresh reports of the enemy—was at length induced to start for Lonato; but there a fresh delay ensued—an officer of the Garibaldian army would not let me proceed until he had seen my passport. Reaching at length Lonato, I drove on to a village about eight miles distant from Salo, where I had another long wait until the diligence for Brescia started; and

in this, after twelve hours' travelling from Milan, I at length reached my destination Salo, where were Garibaldi's head-quarters.

Salo is delightfully placed on the shores of the Lake of Garda. To its right stretches out a long promontory, beyond which, as one descends the hills above the town, a thin white line is visible, this being Peschiera. Salo had been shelled by the Austrian gunboats a few hours before I arrived there, and we could see these vessels looking like dark spots on the deep blue of the lake. The whole country was literally alive with Garibaldians. The effect of their red shirts and blue-grey trousers was picturesque, and nothing could be imagined prettier than the narrow, ill-paved streets of Salo teeming on all sides with these Volunteers. Beyond lay the lovely lake, framed in by a background of soft-swelling hills, its waters dotted all over with numberless boats, filled with the Garibaldians, looking like poppies on an azure field.

I was unsuccessful in seeing Garibaldi that night. His head-quarters were in a large house, approached by a very dirty lane.

The lower court was full of soldiers. Here I was stopped, and one of the men went in to inquire if I could be admitted. Passing up some steps, I was led into a large room, in the midst of which stood a table covered with papers, at which a secretary was writing. This room was also filled with soldiers. At the other end of it a door opened on to a balcony, on which general officers stood. The General, I was informed, was then too much occupied to be seen that evening. Very much so he must have been, as this was the evening before his unfortunate attack on the Austrians at Monte Caffraro, near Rocco d'Anfo. So I had nothing for it but to stroll about the dirty, picturesque place till it was time to turn into my inn. As the night fell, the scene, so impressive in day-light, became a thousand times more so. It reminded me much of some panorama, or rather of one of those military pyrotechnic spectacles at Cremorne or Vauxhall in old days. The effect of the lake illuminated by countless lights from hundreds of boats of every size and craft, and by the distant gunboats of the enemy; the ceaseless hum of the soldiers and peasants disembarking; the

patriotic shouts and songs; Garibaldi's Hymn, intoned by hundreds of voices; the quaint old town and its narrow streets; and, above all this confusion and noise, the still purple vault of the glorious summer-night sky of Italy—made up a picture that I certainly can no more forget than I can hope to describe it.

I was up and about early next morning, July 3. Hearing from one of the officers that I was likely to see the General if I called at nine, I was at his headquarters by that hour; but he had already left four hours before. It was on this day that the affair near Rocco d'Anfo took place; and although I spoke to many people who were likely to know what was going on, none had an idea that anything like so decided an attack would take place. Few even had any idea in which direction the General had gone. It was not till the afternoon of that day, when I met Ricciotti Garibaldi—who was one of the guides—that I heard where Garibaldi probably was, for even Ricciotti did not know positively. Another acquaintance I met was Colonel Chambers, who had been with Garibaldi at Cliveden. We were the only two Englishmen in the place. As I had business in Milan, and expected to find letters there, I left Salo that evening and went by diligence to Brescia, where I got a bed at the Hotel de Firenze. Here, as elsewhere, the place swarmed with Garibaldians; and the arcades and streets, and even the churches, were full of the red shirts, adding much to the picturesque effect of the old town. By nine the next morning I was again at Milan, buying things which I thought I should require when following Garibaldi. However, the next day brought bad news. Garibaldi had been wounded in the fight on the 3rd—news which made me bitterly regret having left Salo. From that place I heard from Chambers, but he could give me little more information than that, to judge by the people's looks there, the wound was a serious one. Later that day came the news of an armistice, and of the proposal of the Emperor of Austria to cede Venetia to Napoleon. The streets were alive with people discussing the news. Great crowds formed, especially about the Place de la Scala. Popular feeling was strongly opposed to the cession, and the dislike to the French

Emperor was very marked. The day was made hideous by the cries of the newspaper vendors.

I returned the same evening to Brescia, and next day—July 5—was off at 6 A.M. in the diligence back to Salo. That place seemed as full as ever of Garibaldians, although since I had left it two regiments had departed for the front. I had expected to find a horse at Salo, procured by Colonel Chambers; but on inquiry I heard, much to my disgust, that the gallant Colonel had ridden off on it himself to Rocco d'Anfo! Here was a pretty business. There were no means of getting into that place but by the diligence, which only left late in the day, and I had to kick my heels in the dirty streets of Salo all that long summer's day. The day was, however, not quite a barren one, for, chancing to light on a French guide-book of the place and its environs, I was tempted by an account of the neighbouring Palazzo Martinengo, to go and inspect that scene of departed splendour. Of this "Palazzo" Lady M. W. Montagu writes ecstatically to her friend, Lady Bute; and although the place is now a ruin, and therefore it is difficult to judge what it was like in Lady Mary's day, the house being now turned into a barrack by the Garibaldians, and in a most tumble-down condition, the situation of the palace is eminently beautiful, surrounded by orange-tree orchards, with the hills behind and the lovely lake in front. Three huge ugly marble statues, which Lady Mary makes mention of as crowning the terraced gardens, now lie in pieces at the edge of the lake; and in the ruined fountains in front of the Palace (where Lady Mary enjoyed feeding the fish—"*L'eau est si claire*," she writes, "*qu'on y voit les nombreux poissons qui l'habitent, et c'est un grand plaisir pour moi de jeter du pain à ceux qui paraissent à la surface et qui mangent avec une grande voracité*"), Garibaldians were fishing to their hearts' content. It took six hours by diligence to get from Salo to Rocco d'Anfo; but the drive is superbly beautiful, and the farther one penetrates the wilds the more picturesque becomes the road. Within a few miles of Rocco d'Anfo the scenery is as fine as anything I know in Switzerland. Rocco d'Anfo is a mere mountain village in a gorge of the Italian

Tyrol, on the shores of the Lago d'Idro. We passed many who had been wounded in the fight of the 3rd. One poor fellow lay in an ambulance, with hardly anything on him, evidently suffering greatly—he was shot in the legs. Reaching Rocco d'Anfo after dark, it was not very pleasant to find that such a thing as an inn or a room to let was quite unknown there, and that food was not to be got. However, a Garibaldian officer was humane enough to show one of my fellow-passengers—an old Italian from Salo—and myself a house, where we found shelter for the night, and did not fare so badly as I had at first expected to do. We shared supper with some of the red-shirts who were quartered in this house, which consisted of a sort of black macaroni and some cheese. The only light in the room was from a candle stuck in the top of an old bottle. For a bed there was some straw and an old blanket in the garret over our dining-room. I was lucky in my bedfellow, viz., the old gentleman from Salo, for he snored not. The soldiers were very civil and obliging, as I have invariably found them—capital good fellows; they evidently like the English. A bear-fight took place at Rocco d'Anfo that night. One of our Garibaldian friends, of a jocose frame of mind, insisted that I was a "donna" in disguise—my face was then guileless of any hair—and it was not until I had wielded with some effect a broom which I luckily found in the garret that I convinced him of his mistake. By dawn the following morning I called at Garibaldi's quarters, which were in a small house built on the road, at the base of a fine cliff—the Rocco, from which the wild little place takes its name.

It was not seven o'clock yet, but knowing the General's early habits, I knew I could not be too early. Entering a kind of open-air guardroom, from which a fine view is had over the lake beneath, I got one of the soldiers to ask if I could see the General. In half a minute he returned and asked me to follow him. The moment I had looked forward to so much for so long a time had at length arrived, and, as it sometimes happens when some much-wished-for event has at length come to hand, a feeling of almost wishing it delayed came upon me. Following my soldier,

I passed from the outer sunshine into the darkness of a wretched little room, lighted by a solitary window, the shutters of which were half closed. The room was so small that there was hardly space enough to walk round the little trestle-bed placed in the centre of it—a bed of the shabbiest description—on which lay the wounded General in his red shirt, a counterpane thrown over his legs. I thought he never looked so noble as he did lying there wounded in this wretched, dark little room, with but a ray of light from the solitary window falling on that grandest of heads. He held a large roll of paper in his hand, which, as I entered, he handed to the sentry who had shown me in. He then told me to sit by his side. The window being at my back, I could study his face closely. It was indeed well worth a study, for the effect of such a head as his in this Rembrandt-like light and shadow was superb. What struck me especially was the look of excessive sadness his face wore, a look of intense chagrin and keenest disappointment. This is easily accounted for, for he had just received a serious check in his first engagement with the enemy. He had been wounded, and the news of the expected armistice and cession of the Italian territory through the mediation of Napoleon had but lately reached him. Asking him in French of his wound, he said, "*Oh, ce n'est rien;*" only he added that he minded it much, as it prevented him from taking the field. Evidently not wishing to dwell on himself or to speak of the war (he had said he hoped that the armistice would not take place), he asked about the changes in our Ministry; whether "Mons. Derby" was not the Premier in Lord Russell's place. During the short time I was with the General—not more than five minutes—people were continually coming in with orders and despatches. A secretary, too, kept writing away busily in the corner of the room, which not a little bothered one. When I rose to leave, he again shook my hand, and thanked me for having come from England to see him. That he did not recall me or remember having seen me in England I cannot be surprised at; and I felt that it was not a moment, amidst so much care and anxiety on his shoulders, to recall old days in England.

So far as the Garibaldians were concerned, there seemed an end of the war; for even were the General to recover from his wound soon, the chances were that before he could get out of that awkward little room under the Castle Rock the war would have to come to a close—that peace, or at any rate an armistice, would have been concluded; at any rate this was the general impression. Without the excitement of actual warfare, there was nothing to induce me to remain on at Rocco d'Anfo, alone among strangers, without even a bed to sleep in, and with some prospect of being starved into the bargain. I do not think, under the circumstances, my readers will be surprised to hear that on getting an offer from an officer to drive me back to Salo I was glad to accept it; and after a last meal at Rocco d'Anfo, consisting of a dish called "*a brodo*," and which may be described as dirty bread in tepid water, we drove away. As we passed along the road among the mountains, a thunderstorm broke over them, the loud claps of the thunder echoing grandly among the mountains. The road was covered with Garibaldians. Among a thousand picturesque scenes was that of a cart full of wine-casks and drawn by oxen, upon which some dozens of the red-shirts were standing and sitting in the most unstudied but most graceful attitudes. Salo seemed fuller than ever of these soldiers. The churches in which they bivouacked were full of admirable studies, and I tried to make a few sketches before leaving at night by diligence for Brescia.

That night's drive was one to be remembered. All along the road vedettes were stationed, and the watch-cry of "Italia" never ceased along the road. Hundreds of Garibaldians passed us on their way to the front, and long caravans of carts for fodder, ammunition, and provisions, drawn by oxen, covered the road. The watch-fires on either side the road made a scene such as G. P. R. James would have loved to dwell on. We drove through the night, reaching Brescia at dawn on the morning of July 7. Its streets were deserted, as the Garibaldians had moved on the next day by rail to Treviglio and on to Cremona. Here I had the good luck to fall in with an Italian officer of the King's army,

A. Piccioli. He spoke excellent English, which was, after my miserable attempts to get on with Italian, a real comfort. The same evening I was back again at Milan, and here the news of the defeat of the Austrians at Königgratz reached me, and that probably the King of Prussia would accept an armistice, which Italy would also have to do. This created great discontent there. At Cremona, Piccioli said "that not only he, but many other officers, would sooner break their swords than accept such a disgrace as the occupation of Venetia by France." In fact, from what I have seen and heard, the cession of Venetia to France would almost produce a revolution in this part of Italy.

It was now my intention to see what I could of the King's army, and accordingly I left Milan on the evening of July 9 for Cremona. It was a lovely evening, and there was a glorious red sunset, the cypresses and the high campanile towers of Cremona standing out with great effect against a glowing sky. The following morning I hired an open carriage, and by nine o'clock was on my way to Della Marmora's headquarters. These were at the old Castle of Torre Malamberti, some eighteen miles south of Cremona. I was unmolested by sentries, perhaps from having a couple of not ill-looking nags to my carriage, and drove right in, just as if I had been one of Della Marmora's staff, to the courtyard of the old building, which has a half-Italian, half-Moorish look, and is flanked with huge square towers and by two large wings connected with the central building. Several cavalry officers were lounging about the steps leading up to the principal entrance. I asked one of these for the quarters of the Duca di San Arpino, a Neapolitan gentleman, now Duca di San Trodoro. I was shown into one of the wings of the building, into a room on the ground-floor, where some officers were at breakfast. One of these, a tall, thin, good-featured man, in a dark-blue and silver uniform, was the person I was in quest of. The Duke was civility and courtesy itself. He took me over the stables and pointed out his horses with justifiable pride. His room—the best in the place, he said—was but a sorry one, and the place was in a most decayed state. He was very keen to have a brush with the Austrians.

Custozza has been a terrible disappointment to the Italians. They were unprepared for an attack; they had been on the march several days before, and they had barely any food. The Duke came up too late to take part in the battle. The army, from the princes downwards, fought magnificently. Most of the King's army had moved on to Cialdini's *corps d'armée* the previous day, and by next day the old, decayed Torre Malamberti would resume its ordinary quiet, as the cavalry were to leave. I managed to get myself arrested before leaving. While waiting for the carriage I whiled the time away by sketching some of the oxen that were about the inn-yard. A gendarme requested me to show him my pass; this I had left in the carriage, and I might have been kept in durance vile at Torre Malamberti had not an officer who had seen me at the headquarters obtained my release. The same night I was back again at Milan. The day after was devoted to art, and I visited the Gallery of the Brera, &c. In the evening I found the Duchess of San Arpino and her mother, Mrs. Lock, waiting at the station for news from the army. Here ended what I saw of the war in Italy.

Although I had not done what I had hoped, I had seen enough to make me not regret having made what had been a pleasant and interesting expedition—one which has left a picture in my memory that I shall retain as long as I live.

I returned to England by Genoa. Genoa altogether is, I think, a horrid place—the streets narrow, many of them perpendicular, and the population disagreeable. However, in justice to Genoa, which the Italians have dubbed "the Superb," I must add that I did not visit the beautiful surroundings of the "City of Palaces;" but I felt amply repaid for the drawbacks of the perpendicular streets and unpleasant population when standing before the superb Vandycks in the Brignole Sale and the Doria Palaces. Alexandre Dumas *père* was in the same train by which I went from Lyons to Paris. I had a good look at this odd figure at the station in Paris. His curly hair was getting grey. Next to Dickens, I believe Dumas has given more innocent amusement than any author of our time, so that even a passing

glimpse and recollection of such an individuality is worth recalling.

Paris was stewing in all its summer heat; but the theatres were, in spite of the heat, crowded. Three pieces drew all the town; the most famous was "La Belle Hélène," in which Hortense Schneider was then at her zenith. The wondrous *féerie* of "Cendrillon" was the other; and the third was the clever lampoon on the bourgeois class of the Second Empire, "La Famille Benoiton." After having regaled myself by seeing all these plays, I left for England, arriving at Chiswick on July 18.

My mother gave a beautiful *fête* there two days after my return, at which many of the royalties were present. "It began at five, and it was three the next morning before all had left. The gardens were lit up by coloured lamps and lights of various hues, which brought out the fine old cedars to great advantage."

The close of that month saw the riots in Hyde Park. I dearly loved what is called "a row"—who does not, at twenty at any rate? Meeting with a congenial spirit in Francis Knollys, we saw what we could of the riot on July 23 in Hyde Park. What the origin of the row or riot was I hardly remember—something to do with Reform, I think. "On reaching the Marble Arch we found the place surrounded by a yelling mob of several hundreds, who were pulling down the iron rails on either side of the Arch. In a short time they had got about three hundred yards of this railing down, and then the mob poured into the Park like a dirty torrent Stafford and Lord Ruthven joined us. There was some sharpish fighting going on, and two men were said to have been killed by the police. Sir Richard Mayne kept riding about, and was much groaned at and hooted by the mob. About half-past six some of the Foot Guards—a ridiculously small number—appeared on the scene, followed shortly after by seven troops of Horse Guards, who, as they trotted down the Park, scattering the mob on either side, were cheered loudly. Albert, who was then in the 2nd Life Guards, stopped in front of our little party, his horse's hind legs in unpleasant proximity to us. The most amusing

part of the affair was when the mounted police charged the crowd. This they did rather indiscriminately, and our party had to fly before them, along with tag, rag, and bobtail. The mob was of the very lowest sort, demonstrative but cowardly. 'Gladstone and Reform!' 'Gladstone for ever!' and such cries, were roared *ad libitum*."

Early in August I went to Inveraray to assist at Lorne's "coming of age." I had entered my twenty-first year on the 2nd of that month, but younger sons, as is well known, do not "come of age"—they only become one-and-twenty; but, of course, the eldest son of a duke's "coming of age" is quite a different thing, and must be attended with much ceremony, great expense as a rule, and general rejoicings; as if he had gained a victory or distinguished himself greatly by being presumably the son of his father, and the inheritor of his wealth, estates, and ailments.

Everything at my Scotch nephew's "coming of age" was eminently propitious, with the exception of the weather. The west coast of Scotland is not remarkable for its dryness; that of Argyllshire is not proverbial for long periods of drought; and at Lorne's "coming of age" the rain never ceased falling during the week the "coming of age" lasted. "Coming of ages" are much of a muchness. The difference between them in the two countries is, that in Scotland more agility, in the form of athletic sports, is shown, and more whisky and less beer consumed than in England. In spite of the incessant rain, Highland games were maintained on every day of the week with great vigour. At night we danced in a long wooden pavilion that had been erected near the castle—reels and "houlachans"—until four in the morning. One evening we retired early, leaving more space and liberty for the household and their friends to enjoy themselves in. We were right in thinking that these could get on without our company. That we were not much missed was evident by the howls and dance-shouts—no reel is complete without them—that made the night and early morn of the next day hideous. Nobody, however, we were informed at breakfast that morning, had been "fou!"

At the end of that week's rejoicings some Glasgow volunteers who were about to return were seen to enter the steamer that was to take them home on Loch Fyne in the following order. Their first line entirely ignored the plank that had been placed between the vessel and the pier, and walked boldly and bodily into the waters of the loch; the rest of the company did likewise. When recovered they must have been not only internally but outwardly damp! But this is doubtless an invention of the Saxon.

In the following month I passed some weeks at Dunrobin, and visited a shooting-lodge in the heart of the deer-forest. I have never understood why what is nearly invariably a treeless plain, or consists of mountains, moor, and fell, should be termed a "forest;" but that is one of our customs in Scotland. A deer-desert would be a much truer rendering of such wastes. This lodge is named Ben Armin. A more desolate place cannot be imagined. A mountain stream named the Blackwater rushes by it, and in front rises the long weird range of hill and rock called the Black. The evening of the day I first saw it, the gloaming had nearly turned into night, and the moon lighted a solitude that would have done well for Macbeth's interview with the weird sisters. "A solitary star glimmered on the edge of the Black Rock, while we heard the dark waters rushing below. The lodge itself is a mere cottage, with the walls and ceilings of deal. On my way from Dunrobin across the hills to Ben Armin, I had shot a fine stag with a head of ten points. There is no greater pleasure in life than, after a long day's stalking, tired, and wet to the skin, to find, on coming in from the outer darkness, a bright warm peat-fire burning, and to have placed before one a dish of grouse soup, with which we (Leo Ellis and I) opened our dinner that evening at Ben Armin."

The Prince and Princess of Wales came that autumn for the first time to Sutherland. "The arrival was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The night was a glorious one, a full moon flooding the castle and the sea with its pure beams of light, making a fine contrast with the bonfire, or rather beacon, that

glowed from the top of Ben a Phraggie. A short time before they arrived, hundreds of blue-lights and torches were lighted. The whole effect was magical. The next day the Prince unveiled a statue of my father by Noble. Volunteer reviews and Highland games followed. In the latter Lord Spencer distinguished himself, winning a race with Henry Wellesley on his back."

Leaving Dunrobin at the beginning of October by sea, our party met with what might have been rather an awkward accident. The party consisted of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Noble the sculptor, F. Grant (son of Sir Francis Grant), Colonel Keppel, and myself. We embarked on my brother's yacht, bound for Burghead, from whence the line of railway could be got at quicker than by going first to Inverness, the railway not being then open farther north than Bonar Bridge. "We left early. It had been very rough—so much so that Prince Edward and I were the only two of the passengers who ventured upon breakfast on board, and which proved but a short meal. About ten o'clock a sudden shock and a grating noise made us hurry up on deck, where it was at once evident that we had struck on a rock. Luckily Burghead was in sight; we could see the hill above the town looming through the sea-haze. All the party were soon on deck. We had a few anxious moments; but the tide, rising, lifted us off the rock, and we heard that no harm had been done. The rapidity with which some fishing-smacks came out from Burghead to our assistance did credit to the natives; but we could have done without them, as the cutter was in readiness to take us bag and baggage ashore. When we landed, all Burghead seemed to have turned out of doors to see who were the nearly shipwrecked crew. Poor Sir Edwin, who had been in more than one bad accident, was much alarmed at the time; but I never saw any one relish an accident more than did H.S.H. of Saxe-Weimar."

After passing a few days at Cliveden and Chiswick with my mother, I returned to Cambridge, where two new Fellows, both of whom I liked extremely, had come up for residence. Both

now are dead. The one was Gerald Bridgeman; the other Alfred Charteris. My chief companion had, however, left Cambridge, Lorne having decided to give up returning to "Alma Mater," and to go to Germany to attend a course of lectures at Berlin. But he turned up again for a day that term, as I find in my notes, and "we passed a long last pleasant day together at Trinity, finishing it in my room, Lorne, Jocelyn, and I sitting up talking before the fire till two o'clock in the morning." The next day we had to bid farewell, he leaving shortly for Germany. "Very sorry was I to lose him; there is certainly nobody to compare to him."

During that term I drove over several times to see another friend who is also gone—Eliot Yorke, then the handsomest and gayest of youths—at his parents' home, Wimpole. "The house in the ugly style of George I.'s reign. There are some good pictures there, especially a grand portrait of Ben Jonson, and one of the Lord Warwick of Cromwell's time."

Eheu fugaces! the kind old lord is in the family vault at Wimpole; his bright, handsome boy, of whom he was so proud, is dead; and even the pictures at Wimpole, the portraits of "rare Ben Jonson" and others, have been sold and scattered.

CHAPTER XIV

CHISWICK HOUSE[1]

CHISWICK, as all Londoners know, is the name of a parish situated on the left bank of the Thames, five miles west of Hyde Park Corner. It contains in its old churchyard, as all antiquaries and lovers of English art know, the "honour'd dust" of our greatest national painter, William Hogarth, and also the villa known as Chiswick House.

Lord Hervey's witticism about this house is well known. After seeing it when much smaller than it is at present, he said, "The house is too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch." My Lord Hervey, not content with this criticism of Lord Burlington's villa, imitated Martial's lines, beginning "Quam bene non habitas," as follows :—

> "Possess'd of one great hall for state,
> Without one room to sleep or eat ;
> How well you build let flattery tell,
> And all mankind how ill you dwell."

But Chiswick House has long ago grown out of the original villa, a copy made by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, of a Palladian building at Vicenza. Two commodious wings, as ugly as they were useful, were added to the classic villa at the close of last century. Although I have been brought up in houses famed for comfort, I know none more comfortable and habitable than Chiswick. This place had always been a favourite with my mother. Here and at Castle Howard the happiest hours of her childhood were passed. In those days London had no flowers

[1] Chiswick was sold by the Duke of Devonshire to Dr. Tuke, and it is now (1894) a private asylum for the insane.

in its parks, and few were ever seen even within its wealthiest houses. But my mother had always a passion for flowers, and without them she felt like a bird without sunshine. I well remember her telling me of her delight when she was a child at seeing some crocuses in a London window. In some notes of her earliest recollections she writes of "my passionate love of wild-flowers, and the longing I felt to be amongst them when I saw primroses." Here at Chiswick, away from then flowerless London, my mother and her sisters were in the very paradise of flowers. She has written, too, of her love of this place—of "the happy days at Chiswick, which no crossness of our governess could spoil—the country in the spring—the smell of the jessamines after the rain—the cedars, with their cones sitting so grandly upon them—the birds' nests, which we never took—the wild strawberries, which have disappeared—the lilacs, breaking with their load—the vision of the Duke walking amongst the trees with my mother, he bending towards her, for this dear uncle was deaf. Well, too, I recollect his coming to the foot of the old stairs at the old house at Chiswick, and telling us of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and our excitement."

I can understand my mother's affection for Chiswick, for there is an indescribable charm in Lord Burlington's house that no other place possesses. It has good claims to be reckoned one of the historic buildings of the country; it is indeed classic ground. Pope often came across the water from his villa at Twickenham to visit Lord Burlington; so late as 1813 an old ferryman in the neighbourhood remembered the poet. When a lad he had helped his father to row Pope across the Thames from Twickenham to Chiswick; on landing he was met by Lord Burlington's servants, who brought down a chair on wheels, in which the inspired cripple was drawn up from the river's edge to the Palladian villa. This old Charon of the Thames was once questioned whether he had ever rowed Pope to any other place. "Yes, often," he answered, "across to Mrs. Blount's; she was his favourite madam."—"Was she a beauty?"—"She was comely," quoth Charon; "but, dear! they all made such a fuss with Mr. Pope

and his writing; it was a company of them that did it, and not he alone." The above anecdote of Pope and his ferryman is given in an account of Chiswick written by Elizabeth Forster, who, after the death of her friend, "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," married her widower.

Another poet besides Alexander Pope was often a welcome guest at Chiswick. This was Gay, who sang of the place and its gardens, and of how

> "In Chiswick's bowers Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
> The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach."

"Season" Thomson, too, sings of this spot as being one of those

> "Sylvan scenes, where art alone pretends
> To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms."

Horace Walpole, too, loved to wander among the Vandycks and curios of which the rooms are full—rooms rather too heavy, but splendid in decoration, little altered since Pope and Gay, Walpole and Thomson, passed through them. About them there seems still to linger an old-world perfume; they are full of memories of that too-refined age of powder and patches. In the silence of those chambers, through which so many of the most famous wits, courtiers, statesmen, and poets of the last century have wandered, one might fancy, in the hush of the rooms of state, that one heard the whisper of Sir Plume as he gently taps his amber snuff-box lid, or the rustle of Belinda's robe.

Much of poor Georgiana Devonshire's chequered life was passed here. In spite of all her popularity, and for all her hosts of admirers, she was not a happy woman. She was gifted with an intensely strong power of giving and getting affection; but she was tied to a husband without heart or soul, a mere lump of aristocratic clay, who only lived for his rubber of whist at his club, and the devilled fowl he consumed after it; a man so utterly phlegmatic, that, on being roused in his sleep by the news that the house he was in (Chatsworth) was on fire, he merely turned himself in bed, and said he hoped they would put it out;

a man so utterly unworthy of the generous, high-minded, glorious woman that fortune and the fact of his having been born a duke had given him to wife, that his gallantries were notorious; and he had not even the ordinary decency of the commonest of libertines —that of keeping his mistresses out of his wife's home. It is hardly to be wondered at that, perhaps in order to try and forget all this, his wife took to gambling, in order to forget in the excitement of play her injuries and indignities. The result was that in a few years the Duchess became terribly embarrassed; she lost immensely, and feared to acknowledge her losses to the Duke. It is said that she was reduced to such a pitch that even when living in Devonshire House she had to make a dash across the hall to her carriage, for fear of being seized under her own doorway by the bailiffs. Beneath this strain of mind her health declined, her beauty faded, then completely forsook her, and she died comparatively young, but worn-out with what seemed to the eye of the world a very splendid and brilliant, but which was doubtless in reality a very miserable, existence. Had she been the wife of a better and humbler individual than it was her fate to wed, she might have attained rank as a poet. Her talents in the poetic line have been borne witness to by Coleridge himself; all know his lines addressed to her, of which the refrain is so happy—

> "O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Whence learnt you that heroic measure?"

The following couplets, addressed to Lady Elizabeth Forster (her successor as Duchess of Devonshire), have never, I think, been published:—

> "Untutor'd in the pencil's art,
> My tints I gather from my heart,
> Where truth and love together trace
> The various beauties of thy face.
> Thy form, acknowledged fair and fine,
> Thy brow, where sense and sweetness join,
> Thy smile, the antidote to pain,
> Thy voice, that never spoke in vain;

As diamonds on the crystal trace
In lines no efforts can efface.
To please for ever is thy lot,
Once seen, once loved, and ne'er forgot."

Another eminent literary character of the last century whom Chiswick House has seen was Jean Jacques Rousseau. The author of the "Confessions" lived at Chiswick, then a village far from London town. Oddly enough the cicerone of this writer, who was to contribute to bring on the ruin of Church and State in his own country, was a bishop, my Lord of Peterborough. It is said that when Rousseau stood before the portrait of Charles I. (now no longer at Chiswick, but at Chatsworth) he paused and murmured half aloud, "*Il a l'air du malheur!*" Whether the most favoured of Chiswick worthies, William Hogarth, ever was inside Chiswick House or not I have not been able to ascertain. One would like to think that "the great painter of mankind," as Garrick calls him, and whose "honour'd dust" lies within a few yards of the gates of Chiswick House, had been an honoured guest in these walls. But certainly Garrick and his delightful wife were often here, for the Burlingtons and the Garricks were fast friends. It has even been whispered that Mrs. Garrick was a relation, perhaps a daughter, of Lord Burlington. Among portraits in "pastelles" of Corks and Boyles and Cavendishes on a staircase in this house are two excellent likenesses of David Garrick and his wife—he in a sky-blue coat, with his sparkling keen brown eyes looking out full at the spectator; she all in soft lace, with the prettiest cap imaginable over her comely face and powdered hair. Among these portraits is one which, for the inscription it bears, deserves notice. "Lady Dorothy Boyle," it reads, "once the comfort, the joy, the pride of her parents, the admiration of all who saw her, the delight of all who knew her. Born May 19, 1724. Married (alas!) October 10, 1741, and delivered from extreme misery May 2, 1742. This was taken from a picture drawn seven weeks after her death (from memory) by her most afflicted mother, Dorothy Burlington." Poor Dorothy Boyle! her marriage to Lord Euston was apparently as unhappy

as it was short. It was through the sister of this unhappy lady that Chiswick House, as well as Burlington House, now the home of the Royal Academy and of the London University, besides great properties in Ireland, came into the possession of the Cavendishes; Lady Charlotte Boyle (Lady Euston's sister) having married Lord Hartington, and by him becoming the mother of the fifth Duke of Devonshire and of Lords Richard and George Cavendish, and of a daughter who became Duchess of Portland.

I can remember this old Lady Hartington's grandson, the sixth and late Duke of Devonshire, a "grand seigneur," if there ever was one. He was a Duke among dukes—magnificent in his hospitality, living like an emperor, the friend of Nicholas of Russia, and the intimate companion of George IV. Perhaps he had too much regard for the splendour of this life, too much affection for the "lust of the eye and the pride of life." But he was almost adored by his kin, was universally popular, and liked by all who came near him. Even as I remember him, a mere wreck of his former self—deaf, old, and unable to move out of his Bath-chair—I can recall the charm of his manner and the kindliness of his look, and a peculiar heartiness of greeting which we seek in vain among his class in these unmannerly days. The Duke belonged to that now extinct type of humanity of which the old royal dukes of the House of Guelph were not the most refined specimens, and among whom he must have felt himself more than an equal. He had all their *bonhomie* and heartiness of manner; but he was therewith refined and polished—a man who loved art and music. These he was enabled by his vast wealth to help, although he never made use of his influence and position to play the merely vulgar part of art patron, or to invest his money on works of art he could not appreciate or understand. He was not only the patron of Landseer and Paxton and Dickens, but their friend and helper.

My mother and her uncle had much in common in their tastes and feelings. Never, I believe, had two people more pleasure

in opening their gardens and galleries to those who could appreciate such things. One would wish there were more nobles nowadays like William George, sixth Duke of Devonshire.

More than a century and a half has passed since Horace Walpole thus wrote of the gardens of Chiswick House. "They are," he said, "in the Italian taste, but divested of conceits, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements." They have suffered little change since Walpole's day. In and about them is quite a museum of antique busts and marbles, of sculptured lions and weird quadrupeds by Scheemakers; and among them are the damaged remnants of antique marbles, fragments of the once-famed Arundel House collection, the best of which are now at Oxford. Immediately on the right of the garden side of the house is a splendid bit of masonry—a rusticated gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, which formerly stood at Beaufort House, Chelsea, where it had been placed in 1625 by Lord Treasurer Middlesex. Within the house at Chiswick died two of England's greatest statesmen—Charles James Fox in 1806, and George Canning twenty-one years after. In Lord Russell's life of the former is told how fondly the dying statesman gazed from his room on a mountain ash that grew near the window. "Every morning he returned to look at it. . . . His last look on that mountain ash was his last look on nature." The room—a mere recess out of a saloon named the Italian—where Fox is said to have expired is little altered since that September of 1806. It is adorned in that massively rich form of decoration which was the fashion of the Italian palaces of the seventeenth century. The room in which the great bed is now placed opens on a portico, which leads by a double flight of stone steps to the entrance-yard. It is depressing, dark, and gloomy. I imagine Fox died in the larger of these two rooms. In Lord Dalling's "Historical Characters" Canning is reported to have died in the same apartment; but this is an error. Canning died in a far brighter and more airy room in an upper storey of the left wing. Venerable and large as the great cedars on the lawn look, these trees are comparatively modern, not quite a

century and a half old. In spite of their height and their breadth, in spite of their great sweeping branches that so proudly seem to kiss the turf beneath, they were only transplanted here from Sutton Court in the reign of George II.; and in old views of Chiswick Gardens as they appeared in that monarch's reign, these trees are quite small and insignificant. There are glades with velvet-like turf, trim old-fashioned walks, hedged in by closely-clipped laurel and box hedgerows. In any of these one would hardly be surprised to encounter little Alexander Pope hobbling along in velvet with lace ruffles, surrounded by an admiring bevy of ladies in "sacques" and Watteau-like costumes; or to find David Garrick and his lively wife enjoying a dish of tea with Lord and Lady Burlington in that classic-looking temple, half hidden by trees, on the banks of that little lake; or to meet beneath the shade of the great bowling-alley, surrounded by old stone pines, Georgiana Devonshire, attended by George, Prince of Wales, and followed by stout Charles Fox and jovial red-faced Sheridan. Who, placed in this pleasant wilderness, could imagine that Hyde Park Gate is but five miles off, or that nothing but chimney-tops and houses lie between all this greenery within half a mile of these pleasant glades?

There are many art treasures within doors. In the drawing-room (a bright and most livable room, with great windows overlooking the gardens on one side, on the other the approach. Here the cedar-trees seem anxious to come in at the window, so near do some of the branches come) are Albanos and Claudes, and the walls are lined with priceless miniatures behind glass screens. Here, too, hangs a Holy Family, by Domenichino, which has a tale attached to it. The Blessed Mother in this painting is of that red-nosed type which Domenichino bestowed on his Sibyls and his Muses, his Madonnas and his Cupids. It might be put up for auction at Christie's, and be knocked down for twenty or even twenty-five guineas; but Pope's Lord Burlington was so enamoured of this Mother and Child when he saw it in a nunnery in Rome, that, in order to obtain it, he exchanged for it a complete set of marble columns. The Reverend Sisters had, I

imagine, the best of the bargain. In one of the bedrooms hangs an unfinished head by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Duchess Georgiana. It was given to the late Duke by Reynolds' niece, Lady Thomond, and is one of the very few portraits that give one any idea of what the charm and vivacity of that face must have been. The mouth, that most difficult feature to portray, is painted as only a great master could paint it, and looks ready to break into a smile. It was a lovely mouth ; I forget who it was said it looked like a beautiful flower.

In some notes about Chiswick House, addressed to his sister Lady Carlisle, the late Duke of Devonshire writes on the subject of the room that witnessed the death of Fox :—"In the room corresponding to that where Dorothy Savile lived and died is a curious picture of Pope over one of the doors ; the other two circular heads are called Lady Ranelagh and Lady Thanet. In this room—for here the bed used to stand—died Charles Fox, in the spring of 1806. You (Lady Carlisle) told me once that he had talked a great deal about our mother here a few days before his death, and had pointed out the pictures and books as evidences of her taste, and you wrote to somebody, I forget who now—

> 'The friend she loved, the statesman she admired,
> Mourned o'er her loss, and as he mourned expired,
> And even seemed by love and pity moved
> To choose in death the spot that she had loved.'

"In later years," the Duke adds, "when another statesman sought retirement and repose here, I was asked if the omen did not alarm me. Too soon another room above stairs witnessed his last moments. I feel glad not to have seen him during his residence here. My recollections of him, which are those of deep attachment and boundless admiration, are not saddened by the image of his decay." And I must also quote a charming page devoted to the Duke's early recollections of society here and of his beautiful mother, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire :—"Your recollections of this the drawing-room must be equal to mine, and mine reproduce a motley throng, of which the earliest

figures are shoals of French *émigrés* surrounding Monsieur (Charles X.), all of whom I hated with an ardour that arose from my persuasion that they were our national enemies—Latour du Pin's, Polastron's, &c., &c., who kissed me with their rouged faces, and I believed firmly that one and all were called Madame de Pompadour. In those days our mother found here a distraction from the cares and anxieties that beset her. Her loss of health and of beauty did not make her less the most remarkable and admired person of the time she lived in; but her money distresses, which she unfortunately never found courage to avow, embittered her existence, and at Chiswick alone she escaped from the pressure of their annoyances. Chiswick, her poor, her minerals, her books, and devotion to you, these form my prominent remembrance of her." And this reference to the death of his old nurse while some amateur theatricals were going on at Chiswick shows the kind, affectionate nature of the man who wrote it:—"Chequered with sorrow were these theatricals, like all life. On the day of the play I followed to the grave Mary Brown, the faithful old nurse, who lived here, till she was past eighty, in what is called the Old House, in her own room looking into the flower garden, permitted to stay by immense indulgence before my time, and during it for my own satisfaction; and tenderly attached was I to her. On the stage myself as Prologue, I remember feeling vexatious at seeing her fellow-servants amongst the audience, as if the example was not that of the mountebank before them."

CHAPTER XV

LAST DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE—THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION—GARIBALDI AT HOME

MY last term at Cambridge had arrived. On February 1 I was back in my old rooms in the great court at Trinity—alas, for the last time! It was now necessary that something should be determined as to my future career, and some profession had to be selected. This choice of a profession is not an easy matter when, as a rule, the Church, the Army, the Bar, or the Diplomatic Service are almost the only four professions open to a young fellow with "a handle to his name." It was not then the fashion for younger sons of peers to become City clerks, or for younger sons of dukes to be stockbrokers or bankers. The Church did not attract me. Perhaps had I been born a century earlier and in the pale of the Church of Rome I might have aspired to become a cardinal with artistic tastes, with a palace in Rome full of art treasures; but even the possibility of being raised to the Bench of Bishops in the House of Lords never filled my mind with anything approaching enthusiasm. Besides, a bishop is expected to be the husband of one wife, and even then the idea of matrimony was far from my mind. The Army I often thought I could have liked; but it was against my mother's wish that a third son of hers should enter it. She had lost one in it, and that was enough, and too much. For the Bar I had no more inclination than for the Church. Thus there remained but one profession open to me, namely, the Diplomatic Service. For some time previously to the time of which I am writing I expected that my fate would be diplomacy, beginning by the Foreign Office. However, a visit to an old friend of my father's

changed all my views and settled my immediate future. This visit took place in February, and was paid to Sir David Dundas, then Member of Parliament for the county of Sutherland.

"*February* 23.—To the Temple, where I found Sir David, *en robe de chambre*, in a charming library-like room at the end of King's Bench Walk, looking on the river. He told me he contemplated resigning his seat in the House of Commons, and that his wish was that I should succeed him. This he confided to me, he added, '*sub rosa*;' for the present at least it was to be a secret between us." As far as I was concerned, I was most willing to meet Sir David's wishes, feeling at the same time that there were many others infinitely more competent to fill the place, both from age and experience. It was not definitely settled till two months had passed after calling at the Temple that I was to write M.P. at the end of my name. However, that visit put an end to all trouble about the choice of a profession. Sir David Dundas was of a type of Scottish gentleman that is becoming very uncommon. Of a fine presence and with a somewhat pompous manner, he was a delightful companion, and for at least two days —he is said never to have paid a longer visit in the country—his fund of anecdote was inexhaustible. His features recalled the portraits of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the wisest-looking man of his generation. He had the same o'erbeetling eyebrows, that gave a look of severity as well as of profound wisdom to his countenance. He dressed in the fashion of 1830, wearing a very high collar and gills which mounted up to his cheek-bones. He had known all the most illustrious of the society of Edinburgh, when "Auld Reekie" deserved the epithet of the Modern Athens, when Sir Walter was yet writing his marvellous fictions, and Jeffrey his pungent reviews. He had all but succeeded in obtaining the highest post among the lawyers of his day, and for a short time filled the office of Judge-Advocate and Solicitor-General under the Liberal administration. But Sir David loved his books better than law or politics, and in later years he almost buried himself among them, either in his pleasant retreat near Stirling or his cosy rooms in the Temple.

Before coming to the House of Commons, I will return once more in my story to dear old Trinity. I disliked Eton, but Trinity I adored. What pleasant friends I met there; what warm and fervent companions! It is also something to remember having been at Trinity College when Whewell was Master, and to have known and been on friendly terms with such men as Professor Sedgwick and Canon Kingsley. I did little work, nor did I try to take a degree. As I was not going into the Church or the Army, a degree would have been of no service. Had I a son, I should think thrice before sending him to an English public school, and he certainly should not go to Eton or Harrow; but I should feel, did he not go to either one of the great English Universities, that he had missed the happiest days of his youth. Nothing in after-life, however successful or happy that after-life may be, can come up to the happiness of being at Oxford or Cambridge. There for the first time a man finds himself his own master, able to choose amongst his fellow-collegians those whose characters and tastes agree with his own. School friendships are but myths, lightly made and lightly lost; but at college are made some of the friendships, even attachments, which endure for life. Although the greatest friendship I ever felt for another dated long after my college days were gone, it was there that commenced first the deep, life-lasting friendships of early manhood, often stronger and more enduring than the vicious or virtuous alliances generally formed in later life.

A few days after having bid Cambridge farewell, I paid the Wensleydales another visit at Ampthill. They had a party to celebrate their golden wedding-day. "There was a dance in the Long Room, several neighbours present—Mrs. Wilson-Patten and a very pretty Miss Harvey amongst others—besides a house party, consisting of my uncle Charles Howard, his son George, my sister E. Argyll and her eldest daughter Edith, Lady Egerton of Tatton, and some of the Ridleys." In May it was definitely settled that I should take my seat as Member for Sutherland. My brother Albert, whose seniority made it fitting that he should succeed Sir D. Dundas, gave way in his usual generous and unselfish way;

and in the middle of that month I paid my future electors a visit. My canvassing, if such an expression can be applied in this case, was of the pleasantest and easiest description, and consisted in calling at the houses of my brother's neighbours and tenants, all of whom I knew more or less well, and by whom I was received with the kindness and warmth of manner which the Scotch show to those with whom they have any ties of blood or of local interest and connection. I could never have endured the usual mode of canvassing, when so often the candidate for the votes of a constituency has never seen his hoped-for electors before he seeks their suffrages, and has to humbug himself and them into the belief that he has always evinced the deepest interest in their welfare, to admire and caress squalling infants, and to wriggle himself as far as possible into the goodwill of strangers.

In Sutherland one had but to call on those remembered from infancy. My first visit was to a charming old lady—Mrs. Housten —of eighty-five, who could remember the father of the Duchess-Countess, Earl William. It would be but of local interest to give the names of people on whom I called, and the places I visited, in my first election tour. If cordiality could spoil one, one would run much risk of being spoiled among such warm-hearted partisans as those Sutherland electors. Although the electors are few, the distances are great. On one of these days I began my visits at ten in the morning, and only got back to Dunrobin at ten that night. Not only had the electors of the east coast to be called on, but also those on the west and the north. This had to be done posting, and took between ten days and a fortnight; so that, as regards time, my electioneering tour was by no means a sinecure. At length arrived the day of the election. The hustings were placed in the capital of the county, Dornoch—a town of little more than one wide street, with a population under 700 souls; but then there is a large church, generally named a cathedral, which was a fine building once, but has been grievously mauled by my grandfather, whose bones lie within. In front of this church the hustings stood, and here I delivered myself of an

oration. Then came the ceremony in the court-house of being girt with a sword, and of signing a writ as a duly-elected Member of Parliament for the county of Sutherland.

On the 30th I took my seat in the House of Commons. My uncle, Charles Howard, and my cousin, F. L. Gower, introduced me into that august Chamber. I could not have been between two stouter Liberals. By the way, I have forgotten to say that my politics, like those of my house, are and have been Liberal—not in the Radical but in the Whig sense of that comprehensive term. Now that aristo-Liberals vote often with Conservatives, it is worth remembering that in the year 1862 and half a dozen succeeding years this was rare.

In my journal I write:—"*June* 30.—The last two weeks have not been interesting in the House, the technicalities of the Reform Bill being entered into at great length. I have voted in about half a dozen divisions; only in one with the Government, about 'Corrupt Votes.' I cannot say I have attended very regularly, the debates having been most uninteresting, and I have had a great many engagements." The engagements which prevented more regular attendance in Parliament were dinners, balls, and parties—pleasures without which, as Sir G. Lewis said, the world would be pleasant enough. But at one-and-twenty every ball is a delight, every dinner a feast, at least when I was that age, and when the gilded youth were not so terribly *blasés* as they are now. Balls at the Palace and elsewhere, dinners and parties at the houses of Lady Waldegrave, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Derby, Lady Molesworth, amongst others.

There was a gay party at Cliveden that year for Ascot. Royal persons and others drove over daily to the races. Parties and festivities took place at the Crystal Palace, and long afternoons were passed at Lord's watching the Eton and Harrow boys or the Universities at their cricket contests. That year the French actors Ravel and Deschamps played in London, another of the thousand-and-one dissipations of the day. Holland House, too, threw wide its grand old gates, and "breakfasts," as we foolishly call those sub-rural, out-of-door parties which commence at four

and end at seven, often took place; and what was still pleasanter than meeting all the world of London in those historic gardens were the small dinners in that marvel of a dining-room upstairs, among Sir Joshua and Watts' portraits, with half a dozen of the pleasantest diners-out in town round the table, and the most delightful of hostesses at the head of it; and then the cigarette smoked beneath the old elms, and the charm of that long gallery of a library—oh! rare Holland House!

Besides balls at Montagu House and other of the few great houses that seem to be aware that the possession of a great fortune and a great house in London ought to entail more hospitality than they generally disburse, Stafford House in those days now and then lit its great hall and staircase, its galleries and banqueting-hall, in a way that recalled its past glories. That season my brother entertained the Viceroy of Egypt, then the guest of Lord Dudley; and later on, the Sultan Abdul Aziz. The review of the fleet held by the Queen in that monarch's honour was the finest sight of the season. The *Ripon* had been told off to take on board the Members of Parliament to see the naval *fête;* and if the weather had been more propitious, doubtless both the Sultan and the Members of the Houses of Parliament would have enjoyed it. This review was soon followed by a ball given at the India Office to the Sultan, and, I believe, paid for by the people of India. It was probably the finest ball ever given in London; but the awfully sudden death of the wife of the Turkish Ambassador threw a gloom over it. Thus passed the London season.

Early in September, in company with my friend Jocelyn, I visited the International Exhibition of Paris. It was the apogee of the Second Empire—of the Empire that smelt half of gunpowder and half of patchouli. Maximilian's tragic death at Queretaro was not yet known at the Tuileries, and that Palace saw in its rooms that summer a succession of kings and emperors. Napoleon III. was then host to all the sovereigns of the Continent; and yet within three short years all was in the dust.

After visiting Sutherland that autumn, I paid the first of a succession of pleasant visits to Lady Cowper. The friendship between us begun in that year continued until her death in 1880. Wrest, in Bedfordshire, was her home; here she received her friends during the summer and autumn months. The house and gardens have a very French air about them. The gardens are splendid, and the green walks and "*charmilles*" worthy of being compared to Versailles or Belle Œuil. "We breakfast," I wrote, "a party of twenty, at round tables in our hostess's bright morning-room, gay with flowers, china, pictures, and miniatures, crammed full of every kind of art-treasure. This room looks out on the lovely terrace garden, and opens into a conservatory ablaze with all the colours of the rainbow, and beyond can be seen the stately double avenue of gigantic elms that form the approach to this fairy-like place." The beautiful Lady de Grey on the mother's side was Irish, and Lady Cowper had a rich vein of mother-wit through this descent. An incessant talker, she never for a second became wearisome; and although seeing people and things from a sarcastic point, she never said an ill-natured or unkind word. Her fun was of that best and rarest kind which is perfectly unforced, and she enjoyed a laugh against herself as much as if it had concerned another. During all her long years of widowhood she always wore a plain black gown and widow's cap, and although so homely in outward appearance, one could not—even did one not know that she was a lineal descendant of the Greys, Dukes of Kent, and that some of the best blood of England flowed in her veins—be with her for any time without discovering in this plain, modestly-attired lady that she was thoroughly *grande dame*. I also visited Chatsworth that autumn for the first time. "The party, as usual, is nearly entirely composed from the families of Cavendish, Egerton, and Lascelles. The only people here who are not cousins are the Baths, the Spencers, Lord Barrington, and Napier Sturt, the most amusing and impudent of men. My room is charming, looking out on the entrance-court, on the same floor, and within a few yards of the Sketch Gallery, which,

of all the beautiful things in the place, mostly interests me, and where I have passed nearly the whole of the last days of my visit." I visited the newly-restored church of Edensor, where my great-uncle, the late Duke, rests in the open churchyard under a plain stone slab without a single letter engraven on it. Standing before that nameless stone, the old adage comes to one's mind with significance—after life's fitful fever, all that the world could give in wealth, rank, earthly possessions, end with six feet of narrow earth. I have before now alluded to the charm of this Duke of Devonshire. That he would have written delightfully is proved by two privately-printed accounts he wrote of Chatsworth and Hardwicke. I will quote two passages out of the former in which he alludes to old times—passages which make one regret that he did not write more. They are worthy of Horace Walpole.

Of the billiard-room at Chatsworth he says :—"When I think about this room, so many recollections crowd upon me that I know not how to begin. Here Charles Fox, Hare, Lord John Townshend, Fish Crawford, and many other celebrities conversed; and there was a constant war with Hare, who did not spare the ladies of the party. Him I remember well, tall, the thinnest man I ever saw, his face like a surprised cockatoo and as white. Sheridan said that on horseback Hare was like the shadow of Marcus Aurelius. I knew and loved Lord John Townshend; but illness, almost incessant, must have greatly changed him. The others scarcely can I recollect, only the heated features of Sheridan and the ghostly ones of the Fish!" About the gardens and some of their denizens in the old days, the Duke writes of a very consequential old gardener in a cocked hat and striped stockings and gold shoe-buckles, wearing powder and a long pigtail—"I am sure of the pigtail. It was impossible not to be amused by his favourite story about the King of Denmark, the son-in-law, I suppose, of George II., who made a tour in England, and appears to have been a *Roi sans gêne*. 'The King of Denmark, as Mr. Travis related, came to see Chatsworth in the absence of the family, but many of the neighbouring gentry and others were

assembled on the lawn, in the hope of contemplating Majesty at the windows. In this they were soon more than gratified, for having come out on the steps, to Mr. Travis's amazement, the Majesty of Denmark walked down them, and did——But as to telling you what he did, that is quite impossible.' "

Beyond seeing Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket completely burned on December 6, and being sworn as special constable on the 20th of that month, nothing of further interest happened to me in the year 1867. The special constables were called upon, owing to the Fenian scare that winter, and certainly the sight of the blown-down wall at Clerkenwell Prison was enough to give even London some feeling of alarm. "It was a pitiable sight to see the poor people's furniture and homely goods and chattels exposed to-day in the houses whose fronts had been destroyed by the dastardly attempt to blow up the prison."

"Death has," I write, "visited the young of our family cruelly this last year. First poor Constance's little child Blanche, aged two, died suddenly at Chiswick, and was soon after followed by an infant brother. Then the Kildares lost their eldest daughter Geraldine, the most attached of daughters and the most perfect of sisters, last November at Carton, from scarlet fever. It has been a very changeful year for me. When it commenced I was still at Cambridge, but before the summer came I was in the House of Commons. Short as my time there has been, it has made me feel more conscious of many defects, and gives me greater admiration for the qualities of others. I echo Lord Palmerston's remark that six months passed in the House give more experience than two years passed out of it."

I had not yet done with Garibaldi. I wished to see him at his island home at Caprera, and early in January I left London for Marseilles on my way thither. "From Nice I went by diligence to Genoa. I think the night and day which I spent on this *malle poste* on the Corniche the most unpleasant I have ever passed when travelling. At first I got a place on the *banquette*. This was comparatively comfortable, for by my side sat a pleasant old Italian who spoke French. In the

morning I had to relinquish my seat on the *banquette* and go inside the carriage—a change as from purgatory to a worse place. The *malle poste* was literally an old box mounted on huge wheels, in which two persons would have been uncomfortable; but I found four insiders, and before our journey was over there were six. These included a French lady, rather well-looking, and with her a most repulsive-looking Britisher. A fat Frenchman and two very dirty Italians formed the rest of the party. To add to this discomfort, I had to sit 'bodkin.' It poured without ceasing. At Savona, which we reached in the evening, we got at length a breath of fresh air. After a miserable journey, during the latter part of which the entire machine seemed to threaten to fall into pieces, we arrived five hours late at Genoa. The following night I embarked on board the steamer *La Sardaigna*. We steamed for La Maddalena, leaving Genoa under a clear sky, the sea calm. Our first stoppage was at Leghorn, which we reached the following morning, January 13. There were but three other passengers on board Captain Siziar's vessel—one of these a Calabrian tobacco-planter, also bound for Caprera. We made Bastia at six that evening. The moon rose clear and bright, lighting up the rugged coast of Corsica as we ran along it. Early next morning we anchored off La Maddalena. The view of the town and its harbour, its irregular houses and fishing-boats drawn up on the beach, is very picturesque. In front of La Maddalena lies the little isle of Caprera, with a bold outline of rock, and down below, close by the sea, a small strip of white is visible. This is the home of Garibaldi. To the right stretches out seawards a long line of rocky isles, bounded by the grand blue range of the Sardinian mountains. On landing I found the General's sons, Menotti and Ricciotti. They had come to La Maddalena the evening before for a ball. My scanty luggage was soon placed in a boat, and, with Garibaldi's sons, I was soon on the strand of Caprera. The General's house is about a quarter of a mile from the sea; a rough stony road leads up to it. The house has two storeys; its architecture

is of a very irregular description. You enter the house through a court, half farm-yard, half poultry-yard—a *basse-cour* in fact. The General was out, and Ricciotti led me to where he guessed he would be—among his orange-trees, of which he is justly proud. We found him in consultation with his gardener. Since I had last seen him in July he has much aged, his hair nearly grey. He walks on crutches, and seems to have only the use of one leg, so crippled is he by rheumatism. He wore the *camicia rossa*, and over it a cloak thrown over his shoulders in Stuart tartan. A smartly-embroidered smoking-cap was placed jauntily on one side of his fine old lionlike head; round his waist was a belt, with a knife, light-box, &c., attached; "*souvenir magnifique*," he told me, "*de Lady Shaftesbury.*" He greeted me not only kindly but affectionately, and recalled my visit to him at Rocco d'Anfo. After showing me his orange-trees, which are, as well as all the trees in the island, his own planting, we visited some flour-mills which he is now building near his house. He limped slowly along, his left leg quite useless. His flour-mills are a great interest to him, and he thinks he has discovered a new system by which he will be able to add increased force to their motive power. He has already built three of these mills, and one is in construction that is to bear double iron sails. He spoke of his intention of joining the insurrection in Candia if the Greeks were willing to fight, but that in his present state of health a campaign in a mountainous country would be out of the question for him. He showed me all over the house—his own room, large and comfortable, but all the furniture of the simplest and most farmhouse-like kind. The room he destined for me is at the end of the building, opening out of the sitting-room—a room hardly ever used, as is the case in farm-houses of the kind. My window commands a splendid view of the hills of Sardinia. A stone balcony in front of this window is a most enjoyable place in which to sit and enjoy this panorama of mountain, sky, and sea. The General deputed his body-servant, Maurizio, to attend on me, and said I was to consider myself while under his roof as at

home. Maurizio soon announced that the *pranzo* was ready in the dining-room. A large oblong table was well spread with meats, principally sausages, and many bottles of white and red wine. A few plain wooden chairs, a sofa, and a piano made up the furniture of the room. I sat between the General and Ricciotti. Garibaldi's daughter, Signora Canzio, and her husband were also there. She is pretty, with light-brown hair and fine dark eyes, *retroussé* nose and rather a wide mouth. Habitually silent, she now and then brightened up and became animated. Her husband wore what may be called his father-in-law's uniform, the red shirt. Garibaldi, however, had discarded his for the nonce, and was in plain clothes. The Canzios have a family of four children—three boys and a girl, Anita, named after her maternal grandmother, who was a heroine if ever there was one. The General insisted upon helping me to everything himself, and was never satisfied unless both my glasses were full, one with red, the other with white wine, both Caprera vintages, which would not be appreciated at the Traveller's or White's Clubs. The meal, which consisted of a mixture of fruit, fish, and meat, was plentiful, but it abounded in garlic. We were eleven at table, and Maurizio had to do all the waiting single-handed. The dessert consisted of raisins, dried figs, and a slice of a hard cake made of almonds. The General talked much on the subject of farming. Unless I was alone with him, he never alluded to politics. After dinner I strolled about the island with Ricciotti. He led me to a pretty valley surrounded by rocks. The *cena* was at five, and alike in all respects to the *pranzo*. Tea, that tasted like *quatre fleurs*, followed. Garibaldi was in great talk, and recited some French poetry, including an ode on 'Imagination' by Delille. The plot consists of a person lost in the Catacombs. Signora Canzio played and sang a good deal out of her father's favourite opera, 'Il Barbiere.' Rossini is his favourite composer. Soon after eight the General retired to rest, but the music was kept up for more than an hour after he had left us.

"The view from my balcony of the sea and hills bathed in moonlight was marvellously beautiful.

"Next morning at nine I found Garibaldi among his orange-trees. There are no tubs at Caprera, but the General showed me the way to a little bay near which his English yacht is moored. Menotti was fishing close by, accompanied by a man in the red shirt of the place, the reflection of which in the blue waters recalled the Garibaldians on the Lake of Garda. The island is curiously like some parts of the west coast of Sutherland, and were it not for the deep azure of the sea and the rich colouring of the lichen-covered rocks, I could, while bathing in this creek, have fancied myself back at dear old Lochinver. I strolled later over the island. While scrambling over the rocks I lost some sketches, dropping them on our way to the highest point in the island, from whence one has almost a bird's-eye view of the surrounding island of La Maddalena and the Straits of Bonifacio, looking like rocky lands on *papier-maché* raised maps. While seated on the summit wild goats gambolled beneath us. Many of these are piebald, black and white. Two stork-like birds flew over us in wide circles; these birds came from Africa, and are called here, after their cry, 'yaks.' A vulture was also near us, seated motionless on a rock. That night it blew a hurricane. Next day I went to La Maddalena with Garibaldi's sons. The storm still raged, and in order to get across the Maddalena to catch the steamer for Genoa, I shortened my stay at Caprera, and wished the General farewell early in the morning. I found him writing in his bedroom a most voluminous correspondence, which Ricciotti took over to La Maddalena, no less than twenty-seven letters, which he put on board the packet. One of these letters, the General told me, was for my mother. He gave me several of his photographs, writing his name beneath each, and a bundle of cigars. He wished me to prolong my visit, to stop as long as I could, and said, '*C'est un bonheur de vous avoir ici.*' But I had to go. 'At any rate,' he said, 'do not let this be your only visit to us.' He fondly thought Caprera might be good for my mother's health, little knowing how impossible such a journey would be for her. As I was leaving the house he came out of his room and again bade me 'God-speed.' While

waiting for the steamer that was to take me from Porta Torres to Genoa, Ricciotti introduced me to an old English sea-captain, Roberts, a resident at La Maddalena. Captain Roberts is apparently between eighty and ninety years of age; he fought at Trafalgar, and was a friend of Byron and Shelley—the former he accompanied to Greece. He made us dine with him; and after dinner mixed us a capital punch with some whisky that he had from the *Ondine*, my brother's yacht, obtained the year before.

"A heavy snowstorm came over the island in the afternoon, to the evident amazement of the natives, who, picking up the snow, handed it round as something rare and strange. I went on board the steamer that evening, and we left Maddalena at midnight."

CHAPTER XVI

1868: *FOREIGN TRAVEL—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—MY MOTHER'S DEATH*

JANUARY saw me back again in Paris. It was a hard winter, and all the gay world was skating in the Bois de Boulogne—Madame de Metternich, plain, with the exception of fine roguish eyes, and always beautifully dressed; Madame de Gallifet, with whose looks I was disappointed; and many smart young American ladies, who skated better than all the Parisians put together. Thanks to the kindness of some French friends—the Boyers—I saw a ball at the Tuileries, without the trouble of a presentation to their Imperial Majesties. I merely wished to see one of those balls at the Tuileries as one would go to see a *bal masqué* or a *fête* on the ice in the frozen Bois de Boulogne. Now that the Tuileries has perished as completely as the Second Empire, or the Palace of the Cæsars in Rome, anything relating to it is of interest. "As a sight, the ball was interesting, unlike any other court ball that I have seen. Perhaps the most striking sight was the double file of *Cent Gardes*, in their gorgeous pale-blue and silver uniforms, lining the state entrance and staircase, and standing sentry at the doors. After passing the *Salon de Diane*, and struggling through a crowd principally composed of officers, I got a good place in front of the daïs on which the Emperor and Empress were seated. The Empress was all in white, and looked strikingly handsome; the Emperor did not appear to advantage in his white silk tights and stockings, and he seemed tired and bored. During and between the dances he walked across the open space formed in front of the daïs, and conversed with some of the officers and diplomats. He was a long time in conversation

with a fat general, who I was told was Lebœuf. The supper was admirably managed; piles of *truffes en serviette* abounded, and here there was less of a crowd than at Buckingham Palace. Walking through these brilliantly lit rooms, glittering with uniforms and gala dresses, made one think of the changes they had witnessed, of the different courts and courtiers that had passed through them, of the Grand Monarque here in his youth, of 'Louis the Martyr' and his queen, prisoners here in the early days of the Revolution; of Robespierre and his sanguinary councils, of the First Empire, of the Restored Monarchy, of Charles X. and the Bourgeois King, of the mob twice gutting this palace so full of reminiscences. To-night the great preponderance of American women was remarkable; there would have been but few ladies present but for our American cousins, who delight in appearing at this gay court. They are eagerly welcomed by their Imperial Majesties, *faute de mieux* —I am told that little of good society, except officials and their wives, come to these balls." Looking back on that night, it seems to me like a dream to recall that mixed crowd, the glare and the glitter within those historic rooms, the Empress looking like another *Reine Blanche*, all in white from head to foot, the Emperor already dragging his feet with difficulty, and with the look of fate and disaster on his worn, expressionless face; Lebœuf and the shoal of generals with the prestige and medals of Crimean and Italian victories on them; the military band playing the gayest of Offenbach's quadrilles and Strauss's valses; the older generals, some of whom could recall Moscow and Waterloo, intently engaged at whist in that long gallery set apart for the card-players; the extravagant and splendid supper; the servants in their green and gold liveries; the handsome giants lining the stairs and doorways—all, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," vanished and dispersed; the dancers dead and scattered; the palace (in front of which all that night burned huge fires in the *Place de Carrousel*, around which the footmen of the guests were warming themselves) now a scorched shell, the very walls eaten away by the fierce petroleum-fed flames of the Commune.

From Paris I went to Mentone, where the Grosvenors were then staying; and at the end of the month we made a little tour together in Italy. We posted along the Corniche Road. I am not going to attempt to describe the Corniche; it is too well known to require any further description, and I should fail utterly if I attempted to describe it. Suffice it, then, to say that among all the crowd of picturesque towns and villages San Maurizio pleased us the most. The first night we slept at Oneglia, in a bad and unfragrant inn. The second at Savona, at nearly as bad an inn as that of Oneglia. The third evening we reached Genoa. "From Genoa we went on to Spezzia, the drive very mountainous and picturesque. From Spezzia we went on by rail to Pisa. The Campo Santo is the most remarkable thing at Pisa, so full of sacred quiet and perfect peace; it is a spot in which one would wish to rest for ever—to moulder into dust in that hallowed soil."

The day after we reached Rome. Our hotel there was the "Europa," in the Piazza d'Espagna. Owing to circumstances, our stay in the Eternal City was limited to a day—one day to see a place that it takes a lifetime to visit!

"Having but one day to see anything of Rome, I was out early, and before eight had visited St. Peter's. How can any one be disappointed with that glorious temple? Not I, for one; and although expecting much, what I beheld far surpassed those expectations."

Of what we did and what we saw during that day I will only give a list, merely noting what most struck me. "We began by the Pantheon; a screen hid Raffaelle's tomb. We then scampered through the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, which in itself is a prodigious art gallery, a monument to Michael Angelo's genius. Raffaelle's 'Transfiguration' I thought magnificent in colour as well as in composition, and the drawing unapproachable, especially that of the foreshortening, and the head and foot of the foremost figure on the right. We had a beautiful afternoon for seeing the Coliseum—vaster than I expected. From the top the view of the city and of the Campagna, bathed in a rich

sunset, was glorious. As we were leaving the Coliseum an escort of soldiers galloped past, followed by a couple of coaches. In the first was the Pope; in the second a cardinal—Antonelli, I think, to judge by his sallow, Jesuit-like face. Pio Nono looked on us benignly, and as he passed blessed us with uplifted fingers. We also visited St. John of Lateran; and the next morning, before leaving for Naples, I paid my respects to Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' and also visited the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

"At Naples we hoped to see an eruption of Vesuvius, which had been announced by the newspapers, an annual falsehood got up to attract the unwary to that extremely unsavoury, unhealthy, and over-rated town. Like all tourists, we duly rode up the mount; but the eruption was only of a slight scorbutic kind, and not deserving the grandly sounding name the papers had bestowed on it. Pompeii, too, we duly visited."

My parliamentary duties called me back to London, and at Naples I parted with the Grosvenors, returning home—to Marseilles by sea, thence to England through France. "I left Naples on a calm evening; Vesuvius wore round its summit a great pillar of smoke, which was tinted of a rosy hue by the setting sun. Capri lay in the sea all in a purple haze, and the bright, gay town made up a picture beyond the dreams of painters."

London, the London of club-land, was all in a tumult of political excitement when I returned there. A great change had taken place in the world of politics. The last week of February had been politically a very eventful one. "I came up to town from Chiswick on the 25th, and met Gladstone in Regent Street about two that afternoon. He told me that Lord Derby had resigned the Premiership, and that at that moment Disraeli was forming his new Government. Every one you met or passed was either talking of the new Premier, or else of the Speke mystery."

Lorne had been elected member for Argyleshire on March 3rd, and took his seat on the 5th. Charles Howard, his great-uncle, and I were his introducers on that solemn occasion

"After the swearing-in had been gone through, the Speaker told him that just before he (Lorne) entered the House a member, who had been making a speech about tramways, had quoted a passage from Lorne's book relating to his travels in America, and that the opinion quoted from that book had turned the scale against the bill which was then under discussion. This little episode seemed to me of good augury for his parliamentary career. The clan Campbell had mustered in large numbers to see Lorne take his seat. MacCullum More appeared in the peers' gallery, and my sister and Edith Campbell were aloft in the ladies' cage. I feel certain that here begins a useful and distinguished career for MacCullum Beg. His danger is that he may be tempted to begin to speak too soon. Much abler and more experienced M.P.'s than myself have advised him to wait, and not to attempt to address the House for some time." The advice of the elder and more experienced members of Parliament was followed.

"Not only the Houses of Lords and Commons, but even the lobbies and Westminster Hall itself were crowded that afternoon, it being the day of Disraeli's first appearance in the House since his elevation to the Premiership. As to the warmth of his reception, there have been various opinions, but it seemed to me all but enthusiastic. When he entered the House of Commons John Stuart Mill was on his legs; but he had to interrupt his speech for several minutes on account of the ringing cheers that Disraeli's appearance evoked. The hero of the hour looked as impassible as ever, and, with the exception of the low bow he made the Speaker as he reached his seat, he appeared as he always does."

What a difference Lorne's being in the House made to me I cannot say. It only wanted such a companionship to take away the feeling of loneliness that I formerly felt among so many older people than myself; and our walks and drives from and to the House were charming. Then follows in my record of daily events a dinner with the Speaker (Denison). "I sat next the Speaker, who was agreeable, full of talk, and in great spirits. The

dinner very long, and I was only too glad to be able to get away shortly after we left the dining-room. Philips's picture (of the House of Commons) looked very well, placed in the Speaker's drawing-room opposite the portrait by the same artist of the Princess of Wales in her bridal dress; and although this picture has faults, it has great merits. Some of the likenesses, notably those of Lord Palmerston and Sir G. C. Lewis, are admirable portraits."

"The Irish debate lasted till March 16, and it gave rise to four very remarkable speeches: Lowe's on the 12th, which was of course clever and racy; Bright's on the 13th—a magnificent oration, people said one of his very finest; Gladstone on the 16th; and Disraeli on the same night—a clever but a laboured speech. Of the four, Bright's bore the palm. The House was crammed from floor to ladies' gallery, but the stillness was deathlike; and when he ceased there was a universal cheer. Such a voice, such language, and such eloquence! The night of the 13th was also full of interest in the House of Lords. Argyll attacked Dizzy's policy in a fiery speech; the Lord Chancellor (Cairns) stigmatised this speech as partaking of 'personal rating,' a remark which caused the Government to roar again with delight."

About this time I paid an interesting visit, with Lorne, to the American Minister (Adams), who was shortly going to give up his Excellencyship, and to return to America. "Adams is a short, bald, gentlemanlike man, with a pleasing manner, and with but little twang. The conversation was principally confined to the subject of the President's impeachment. Adams said the Tenure of Office Bill diminished the power of the President more than anything else could do."

We called afterwards on old Lord Hardwicke. "I had not seen him since Cambridge days at Wimpole. He is very antipathetic to Dizzy, and spoke with great admiration of Bright. This, for such a Tory of the old school as 'Old Blowhard,' is certainly a sign of the times."

To return to the House of Commons.

"The Irish Church debate began on Monday, March 30, and

was by far the most brilliant that I had yet heard, or that I am likely to hear, in the House of Commons. The first night was the most interesting. Lord Stanley opened the ball with a speech not worthy of his reputation. He seemed conscious of the disadvantage of having to defend his amendment. The following night was different, when Gathorne Hardy made a very telling 'no surrender' speech. The Conservatives cheered him to the echo: at any rate, his was a straightforward and a manly policy, and the Government were delighted to have at length discovered that great rarity, a Tory of the Old Rock. Goschen then took up his parable, and we all went to dinner; Lorne and I, as usual, dining together at the St. James's Club" (then in Grafton Street), "'my club,' as I used to call it—as the two others I belonged to, Pratt's and Egerton's, were but night clubs. When we returned to the House, Bright was up delivering one of his dignified and temperate speeches. At midnight the debate was adjourned by Roebuck. Next day, April 1, I met the once peerless Lady Waterford—still wonderfully handsome—her profile one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. She was pleasant and unaffected —at a dinner at Lord Foley's."

Next day the debate on the Irish Church was resumed. Both Lowe and Bernal Osborne made clever speeches. "The latter has perhaps too much of the buffoon to impress, but no one can deny his cleverness." "On the following day (April 3) the debate ended. I had been to Beaufort House, seeing again some of the old familiar Cambridge friends' faces at the University Sports being held there; but, in order to secure a place in the House on such an important day, had to hurry away early, for it was necessary to be in the House of Commons by half-past three. Even then it was difficult to secure a seat.

"A merry party dined with me at the St. James's Club, consisting of Jocelyn and two other old Cambridge friends, Gerald Bridgeman and Alfred Charteris." (All these are now dead!) "Lorne dined with us, and with him I returned to the House in time to hear the beginning of Dizzy's 'heated imagination' speech. He commenced at 10.30, and at one o'clock in the morning the

long, rambling, and discursive oration finished, not without frequent signs of impatience throughout the House, cries of "'Vide, 'vide!' at times almost interrupting the Speaker.

"Then uprose Gladstone, and in a speech remarkable for its clearness and its point, brought the debate to an end. The House was then cleared of strangers, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. Two divisions followed one upon the other closely. Both would have given us a majority of sixty had it not been for the mistake made by two of our party, owing to which mistake in the second division we had only a majority of fifty-eight. The cheering both within and in Westminster Hall was prodigious. As Lorne and I left the House we saw the cheering crowd before us, closely following Gladstone up Parliament Street; he was on foot, accompanied by two of his younger sons. Thus came the beginning of the end of that most unjust Establishment, the English Church in Ireland."

In a letter written to my mother the day after his triumph Mr. Gladstone says: "This is a day of excitement—almost of exultation. We have made a step, nay, a stride, and this stride is on the pathway of justice, and of peace, and of national honour and renown."

That last summer passed at Chiswick was a bountiful and a rare one; a summer crowned with all her flowers; the air rich with the perfume of the lilacs and laburnums that clothed the stately villa of Lord Burlington. "Everything here is bright, and fresh, and lovely; the only take-off to being perfectly happy is the state of my dearest mother's health—now, alas! laid up; but so patient, and even cheerful, in the midst of cruel sufferings; so delighted with the beauty of the fresh spring foliage, which she can watch shooting forth from the trees from out her bedroom windows."

That summer I paid a visit to Lord Cowper's place in Hertfordshire—Panshanger. "The house is built in a bad, modern, Strawberry-hill Gothic; but the interior is comfort itself. The picture-gallery contains some splendid works—two Raffaelles,

many fine portraits by Andrea del Sarto, and a masterly life-size equestrian picture, by Rembrandt, of Turenne.

"We are a large party. Lord Shrewsbury and his daughters, Lady Brownlow and Lady G. Talbot, Hyde, Jocelyn, Julian Fane, the Dangans, and others. The grass walks by the clear streams that meander through the park are delightful; the woods carpeted with hyacinths, 'like heaven upspringing through the earth.' Panshanger is just the place one would like to show a foreigner in summer; it makes one proud of old England."

I was back again in the House of Commons on the night of May 1. At 10.30 Walpole was winding up a heavy speech. Elcho followed him in one of his most egotistical speeches. His unpopularity in the House was very apparent; the noise that our side kept up throughout his speech almost silenced him. But with great pluck and apparent good-humour he continued, and finished what he had to say. Then ensued a dead silence. All eyes were fixed on Dizzy, who, however, sat motionless, looking as plastic as ever. Gladstone then rose. His speech was long and loudly cheered, particularly towards its close, and especially when he said that he would not take the word of command from the House of Lords. The cheering rose, and fell, and rose again. Lorne and I were sitting together, and contributed no little to the general applause. The division that immediately followed gave us a majority of sixty-four. Dizzy then announced that this division had altered the footing of the Government with the present House of Commons, and he adjourned the debate till the following day, May 4."

On May 2 Chiswick was full of guests—the Speaker and Lady C. Denison, the Gladstones, Argylls, and many others. "The Speaker seemed rather disconcerted about the state of political affairs, and Gladstone would only discuss the Academy Exhibition, and would not talk of politics. Everything, as to even the immediate future, was conjecture; but the Speaker credited a report to the effect that the Queen had stipulated with Dizzy that he should, in view of the recent defeat of the Government, tender his resignation, and that Her Majesty would refuse it.

Panizzi came in the afternoon; since his recent illness he had let grow a shaggy, stubbly grey beard. Poor old man, he seemed half paralysed, but lamented more the uncouthness of his beard than his illness."

The Irish Church Bill still formed the war-horse on which Government and Opposition fought during the nights of that lovely month of May. Although pretty regular in my attendance, I find I missed, by dining with the Argylls at distant Camden Hill to meet the Dufferins, an exciting scene on the night of the 7th—"a tremendous row, in which Dizzy, Bright, and Gladstone attacked each other violently. John Hay, who was present, said he had never heard anything like it in the House before. Dizzy, they said, quite lost his temper, and shook his fist at Bright. Another such night, and an immediate dissolution is inevitable." Then followed the news of the fall of Magdala, "undoubtedly the finest feat of arms we have performed since the quenching of the Indian Mutiny." Thursday, May 28, was the day on which I made—with some success, I believe—my first (and last) speech in the House of Commons. "The Scotch Reform Bill had been brought forward; part of this new Scotch Reform Bill affected my seat. There were a number of notices in the Parliamentary Papers relating to the representation of Sutherland; some suggesting that it should be amalgamated with the neighbouring counties of Ross and Cromarty, or with Caithness. Sir David Dundas had taken up the case of Sutherland as warmly as if he still sat for that county in Parliament. I conferred with him on this subject, and also with Mr. Gladstone. The latter advised me to speak only if the representation of Sutherland were attacked, and most kindly promised to stand by me in its defence. I was early in the House that afternoon, and secured a place on the third row of benches in a line with Gladstone. Mr. Laing, member for the Northern Boroughs, opened the discussion by attacking in the most acrimonious manner the representation of Sutherland. He said that it was not only a job, 'but that it stank in the nostrils of the people of Scotland;' and made, in

short, a most vindictive attack against it. About nine that night the eleventh clause—'that the county of Sutherland shall be added to the adjoining counties of Ross and Cromarty, for the purpose of returning jointly one member to serve in future Parliaments'—was proposed. This amendment was amended by striking out the words 'Ross and Cromarty,' and inserting the word 'Caithness.' I then rose; but I will spare my reader the speech; if he wants to see it he can doubtless discover it in 'Hansard,' or in the papers of May 29, 1869.

"My peroration (!) consisted of a couple of lines out of 'Macbeth,' that I had laid my hand on that morning. You have but to open your Shakespeare, like Virgil, to find something appropriate for the occasion, be it what it may. These lines are to the effect that it should never be said that one was willing 'to throw away the dearest thing he owned, as if it were a careless trifle.' My relief when I sat down after delivering this specimen of oratory is not to be expressed, and the conviction that I had done my best was pleasant. People were most kind and cordial, and came round me full of pretty speeches and compliments. It would be impossible to express what I felt while speaking; my own voice sounded so strange then, and I felt a kind of reckless sensation on seeing Dizzy spying at me through his eye-glass. I believe I addressed the House principally as 'Gentlemen,' instead of 'Sir,' or 'Mr. Dodson' (the Deputy Speaker then in the chair), as I should by rights have done. But both sides of the House encouraged and cheered me. A member of the Government, Sir W. Maxwell, was good enough to say that I had made a spirited and graceful defence of my county. Both Gladstone and Dizzy voted against grouping Sutherland with another county or counties in the division that ensued. Just as this division was being taken I espied Lowe walking into the lobby to vote against us, but I promptly collared him, and he was one of the noble majority of ninety-two who maintained the present representation of Sutherland. '*Io triumphe.*'"

In spite of a not entirely unnatural elation at the success of

my maiden speech, I was fully aware that, unless Government had not intended to spare Sutherland, the result of that night's division would have been a very different one. However, it was pleasant to read in the *Times*, of the next day, that one had made "a spirited and effective speech." It flattered one's foolish vanity to see recorded in a leading article in that journal, that "this spirited speech had turned the scale of the division." By far the greatest pleasure my success gave me was the pleasure it was to my dearest mother to hear me praised. She received many letters on the subject, and I, too, got several. Here is a short and pleasant note from Sir David Dundas. "My dear Ronald Gower," he writes from the Temple on May 29, "you have done gloriously, and saved your county. God bless you.—Yours heartily, D. D."

A few evenings after this debate on the Scotch Reform Bill, at a ball at Marlborough House, Disraeli came up to me, and after saying something complimentary about my "speech," as he was good enough to call it, on Sutherland, introduced me to his wife. I naturally expressed my gratitude to him for the line he had taken regarding Sutherland; to which he replied, "Yes, I helped you, but you never help me." I have, I feel, dwelt far too long on this episode of my short parliamentary career; but doubtless had Single-Speech Hamilton written his recollections, he would have concentrated at least as much space to that unique event in his life; and we are on an equal footing as regards the number of our orations.

In June I paid Lady Waldegrave a visit at Strawberry Hill, which, thanks to her perseverance and good taste, had, in spite of the sale and dispersal of Horace Walpole's curios, gimcracks, and expensive toys, recovered much of its former contents; and she had greatly improved and enlarged the building. Some of the rooms—the library, for instance—had resumed the appearance it bore when "Horry" had his printing-press there, and when that rich virtuoso and model of English correspondents dabbled here with his books and his miniatures, his china, and relics of defunct kings and cardinals. The party in that sugar-candy cake-like

house of wits was a small one, and not interesting. It consisted chiefly of a few neighbours of Strawberry assembled there for a dance given by the Duc d'Aumale at neighbouring Orleans House. "The pleasantest of the guests were Lady Molesworth and Lord Torrington. The dance at Orleans House was dull, and no wonder, as there were more French Royalists present than any one else, and French royalty is not a very lively description of company. But I enjoyed seeing the Duke's fine collection of paintings, chiefly of the modern French school. He has some fine Greuzes. There I made the acquaintance of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a most agreeable old gentleman, still extremely handsome. He told me he was a great sufferer from gout, but enjoys his present life of quiet and repose. Like so many others, he at first took me for Lorne."

A night or two after this dance at Orleans House I met two pleasant old dames at dinner at Lord Fortescue's—Lady Galloway and the Dowager Lady Clinton: the latter could remember the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. "It was quite touching to hear how all those who have known my mother, however slightly, speak of her. The more I see of people in society, the more am I struck by the love and admiration in which she is so justly held."

Then followed the ordeal of a public dinner for the Newspaper Press Fund. "Lord Houghton presided, flanked by the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian. The two things worth recalling of this dinner were seeing for the first time Gustave Doré, a short thick-set young man, with a striking but handsome face; and having to propose the health of the *artistes* who had warbled and carolled to us during that wearisome repast. Later I went to a party at the Gladstones'. He told me that he had been severely attacked by Scotch Radicals for his defence of what Paddy Green would call 'my poor and distracted country.'"

That summer Longfellow was in England. I met him at a garden party at the Argylls'. It was a bitter disappointment to my mother that she was then too ill to see the poet, for whom she entertained the very loftiest admiration.

Thus, with the House of Commons, with dinners, and dances, and parties, that summer wore away, and at the end of June I recorded, "Now ends another month of this racketing and useless life!" But "racketing and useless" as I felt my life to be, I was in a kind of groove, from out of which I could not easily rise; and the following month of July commenced with another of the large and endless dinners, which I disliked the more I saw of them. "It is the same thing over and over again," I write in my diary, "with so little real enjoyment to make up for so much loss of time and boresomeness. If only I could have been more in the society in which Lorne and I breakfasted one morning this month, my life would be much more enjoyable and interesting. This was a breakfast at F. Leighton's, where was present another and a far greater brother artist, Watts. We passed two pleasant hours in Leighton's newly-finished house, close by Little Holland House. He has built himself a fine studio; his house is full of art treasures. His own sketches in Greece and Italy are not the least interesting contents of that house. What an existence that man has! —with such a house in London for the summer, and passing the winter in Italy and the South!" But perhaps, had I been then more behind the scenes, I might have discovered that even a fashionable painter's life is not all rose colour, and that skeletons as well as lay figures haunt the handsomest of studios and Queen Anne houses.

More garden parties followed, Holland House throwing open its splendid old rooms and gardens to society. There, one afternoon in July, I again met Longfellow, and pitied the great man, for Lord H. was doing the honours of Charles Fox's old home. Holland House was to me one of the most, if not *the* most, attractive of London houses to visit, and its kind mistress has been one of the truest and most constant friends of my life.

That summer I paid Strawberry Hill another visit. A large party were there, but with the exception—the very great exception—of Mr. Gladstone, it was an uninteresting one. The

season was brought to a close by a ball at Spencer House, when some of us remained till St. James's Street and Pall Mall were made glorious by sunshine. On this final dissipation my London season of 1868 dropped its curtain.

London society had only migrated from town to country. "Here are some pleasant people," I write in July from Wrest, "the Dufferins, Carnarvons, Halifaxes, Henry Greville, Lady Abercorn and her daughters, and among others, a very remarkable French lady, Mrs. Craven, the authoress of some most excellent but rather goody-goody books — such, for instance, as 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' which I have in vain tried to read. She had a handsome, Dante-like face. Lady Cowper is in her wonted flow of talk and spirits; she told me of her early friendship for my mother; they were of the same age. She remembers her a slim young girl. On one occasion my mother insisted on playing at being a governess and a naughty child, Lady Cowper having to perform the *rôle* of the latter." Before leaving London for Scotland I paid Watts a visit at Little Holland House. "He was hard at work, so hard that he began painting at five in the morning. He showed me some good portraits of Lady Bath and the Ladies Talbot. His bust of Clytie he insisted on wetting with a sponge, which he thinks improves the appearance of the marble. Millais and Prinsep (a rising young artist) were playing at billiards in that charming little, suburban, old-fashioned villa."

In September I was at Dunrobin visiting my constituents, having very unwillingly left my mother at Chiswick in a most suffering condition. At Dunrobin the news reached me of my sister Evelyn Blantyre's sad loss, that of her youngest child. She was named Blanche, "a name that had already been an unlucky one in my mother's family; for her sister Blanche, Lady Burlington, had died in the prime of life. My mother, too, had lost a daughter named, after her sister, Blanche, and two grandchildren, both Blanches."

That year at Dunrobin I first met my dear friend, W. H. Russell, the founder of the profession of war correspondents,

the prince of good fellows and good companions, the wittiest, kindest, merriest, most unselfish of men. "Napier Sturt and he were as good as a play—both full of anecdote; and their arguments together were as amusing as they were endless."

I also paid the Grosvenors a visit at their shooting quarters on the west coast of the county. "Nothing can be imagined more charming than Loch More, the house, and the whole place. I had seen it in passing from Scourie to Lairg last year, but it was then uninhabited. They have now made it comfort itself; and even the offices, such as the stables, keepers' houses, larders, &c., are perfection. The drawing and dining rooms are remarkably pretty. In the latter the walls are panelled with most effective chalk drawings by Wolff, representing Scottish game and fish. The dining-room is made cheerful with the walls panelled by polished deal, as in old Cheshire houses, and, with its bright Turkey carpets and gay chintzes and flowers all about, is as pretty a room as one can wish for."

Returning early in October to Chiswick, I found my mother much worse than when I left her. From that time she daily lost strength, and gradually sunk under the cruel and protracted sufferings which she bore with unquenchable courage and resignation. On October 8 we left Chiswick for Stafford House. My mother's state of health made it necessary for her to be nearer her London doctors, and therefore we bade adieu to Chiswick for ever. My poor mother had to be carried from her room and placed in an invalid carriage, in which she was driven to London. That was a most unhappy day; but infinitely worse were in store, for now no change could avail. Her condition daily, hourly, got worse. The Argylls and my eldest brother were telegraphed for from Scotland. On November 26 we lost the best and kindest of mothers. Her last thoughts were not of herself, but of others. A few hours before the end she said, "I wish my maids and nurses to be remembered." Her last words, spoken to me as I held her hand and supported my darling's head, were, "I think I shall sleep now, I am so tired."

If ever a face in death conveyed the idea of the departed

spirit's perfect peace, it was hers. There was on that beloved face a look of indescribable serenity and calm unearthly joy and gladness.

A few days before our bereavement Mr. Gladstone wrote thus about my mother to a near relative :—"I know enough to conceive with what feelings those who stand much nearer to her must contemplate what is coming, for I feel that even to me the removal of that noble and tender spirit from the world will leave a blank place in life, not to be filled up. What all should now specially pray and study in her behalf is that she may not be over-distracted by pain. 'Suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee.' May this chastening hand, then, be lightened upon her, and may the beauty of her life find an end in peace!"

In a letter written to me by Mrs. Norton, a few days after our irreparable loss, I find the following words about my beloved mother, that then did, and still do, touch me deeply :—"If," she writes, "to have loved and admired your dear mother more than any one I ever met out of my own home circle, more than any one I ever knew except my sister Helen [Lady Dufferin], could give me a place in her children's remembrances, I can lay claim to such recollections, even at this mournful and sacred time. However often one may have seen, however well one may have known, a dear and familiar friend, I think there is always one occasion in which the face and form become, as it were, more visible to memory, as if the picture were taken then. I see for ever, in thinking of her, the sweet picture of her pitying face smilingly looking down on my boy, who was trying to thank her for all her goodness to me; and as she stood drawing off a ring from her finger, which she gave to him, the very ideal of grace and beauty, of loving-kindness of soul. I think of you all. I think especially of the dear Duchess of Argyll; I knew her best. I know what this blank in life must be, though surely no children of any mother that ever lived and died amongst them could feel more blessed assurance that home on earth was exchanged for home 'eternal in the heavens.'"

But it was, as Mrs. Norton said, the "blank" that my mother's death caused that was so fearful, so overwhelming. I will not dwell further on this. There are things that cannot be written, feelings that no words can express. After her death existence seemed to me a blank, and life lost for ever what makes life most precious and worth having.

CHAPTER XVII

1869: *IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD*

DURING the next few months, and indeed until the middle of the year 1870, I kept no diary. A few scattered notes and memoranda are all I have to build up a notice of that time. I had not the heart to keep a continuous diary, as formerly, and I can only now wonder how I lived through those weary months and the winter after that desolation that had fallen on me.

A kind of restless spirit seemed to compel me to go from one country place to another during the next twelve months. I visited in succession Dunrobin, where, indeed, I was obliged to go in the month of November 1868 to be re-elected, returning by Inveraray; from there Lorne came south with me. We interrupted our journey at Naworth, that fine old border fortress that had belonged to my mother's ancestors since the days of "Belted Will." Nothing to me could exceed in interest this grand old Border castle; all is genuinely old there, and association and history march together. "In the castle court still flourishes the aged jessamine tree sung by my uncle Morpeth. The great hall boasts of a huge fireplace flanked by heraldic supporters. 'Belted Will's' rooms are in the same state as when he lived and died within them three hundred years ago. Naworth is Haddon revivified."

The newly-elected House of Commons met on December 10; but I ceased to feel any interest in it or in politics. All that I cared now for was to see the progress my friend, the sculptor Matthew Noble, was making with a beautiful recumbent monument of my mother, destined for the church at Trentham; and I never missed a day in visiting his studio in Mount Street. On the 23rd of that month my niece, Edith Campbell, married Lord

Percy. I congratulated her on having the rare good fortune of finding a burial-place in Westminster Abbey!

At the end of the year I left England, with Jocelyn, for Italy. We crossed the Mont Cenis on the Fell Railway, and I had the curiosity to make the ascent and descent on the engine. From Venice we went to Vienna, and from Vienna to Buda-Pesth. Passing through Munich I saw Kaulbach, who was then drawing on a large scale the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet;" then on to Augsburg, Nuremburg, and Stuttgardt, and so back to England, early in the month of February 1869. But it was no longer the "home" of former days. That year was additionally saddened by the death at Nice, in the autumn, of my sister, Evelyn Blantyre; her health had broken down under the incessant labour and anxiety of nursing my mother during the last year of her life, and her heart seemed to have been broken by the death of her little child, Blanche, at Chiswick, in the autumn of the previous year. It was some consolation to be with my poor nieces at that sad time.

After leaving Nice I went on to Rome, where all the Roman clerical world was collected to attend the Œcumenical Council. There I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Lecky, and to be ciceroned over Rome by no less an authority than the author of the "History of Rationalism;" but the Council then holding its sittings in St. Peter's was the most interesting of any that Rome then contained. "Imagine all the figures in all the pictures of churches, countries, cities, villages, by all the Italian and Dutch artists, walking out of their frames just as they are, and you have the crowd in which I found myself wandering at the opening ceremony of the Council, like a mote in a sunbeam. I lived that day in company with Raffaelle, Titian, Paul Veronese, and Teniers, for I never saw more beautiful dresses, never more quaint, never more savage and uncouth." [1]

No pen can do justice to or exaggerate the wonderful picturesqueness of St. Peter's on that Wednesday afternoon. Perhaps the most remarkable of a hundred deeply striking scenes was

[1] From an article in the *Times*.

the procession of bishops, in their white mitres, walking up the great aisle of the vast cathedral on the morning of December 20. It looked like some great serpent winding its way among the innumerable throng within that gorgeous basilica; and who then present can ever forget the impression that the singing of the "Te Deum" by thousands of voices made beneath the great golden dome of the church? Any one with a spark of feeling or of sentiment in his nature must have been thrilled to the quick by that sound of universal worship swelling around him, beneath the frieze round which the solemn words are inscribed, "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam; et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum."

I made some pleasant acquaintances then in Rome, clerical and military, and among the latter I found in the Papal Zouaves some pleasant fellows.

Of the Roman clericals, I knew best Monsignors Howard, Capel, and Stonor. The delightful Irish Bishop Moriarty I had made friends with on board the steamer coming from Genoa to Civita Vecchia. Besides these I was introduced to the Bishops of Clifton and Northampton, and at Bute's I several times met Cardinal Manning; and with George Fox, paid the head of the Jesuits, Father French, a visit. Lorne intended to join me in Rome, but had to give up his journey to Italy owing to the sudden illness of his mother. The accounts of her state were so anxious that I shortened my stay in the Eternal City, and returned to England in the latter part of December, going north to Inveraray, to find my sister out of danger.

During that year I visited a good many country houses, principally at my kind friend Lady Cowper's, but also paying short visits to Panshanger and Highclere, the Carnarvons' beautiful place in Berkshire.

Latimer, the home of the Cheshams, and Brockett, then belonging to Lady Palmerston, also saw me that summer; and from Wilton, where Lady Herbert of Lea then kept house, and where I met the Gladstones in that stately old home of the Herberts, we made excursions to the great sights in the neighbour-

hood—Salisbury Cathedral and Stonehenge, Longleat, Wardour, and Longford, the latter rich with superb works by Holbein and Titian.

In June I made a pleasant cruise in Pembroke's yacht, the *Gem*, from Cowes to Dartmouth. A few years later this pretty yacht came to most signal mishap among the South Sea Isles; but it was owing to that disaster that we have one of the most delightful of recent books of travel, the Earl and the Doctor's "South Sea Bubbles," so that one selfishly cannot regret that the yacht went down. The "Doctor" was an old acquaintance of ours, for many years ago Dr. Kingsley accompanied my father in his yacht to Dunrobin.

That autumn, on making my annual tour round Sutherland, I pushed on to the Orkneys, and returning to England, passed the anniversary of my mother's death at Trentham, where for several successive years I had the comfort of spending that saddest of anniversaries alone. Writing in my diary at this time, I find the following:—

"Since this season last year, time has passed but sadly with me. I have lost what really made life worth living; there was always the knowledge that she would enter into whatever one did or felt, whether in sorrow or in joy. Her sympathy was always near, always ready, even in the most trivial matters, such, I remember, as a woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* of the Castle of Pau, that delighted her a few days only before her death. A wild flower—anything, in short, 'that was lovely and of good report,' would give and be welcomed with pleasure and that never-to-be-forgotten smile."

On October 29 Lord Derby was buried at Knowsley. I never met him but once, on the night when a great reception was held at Stafford House in honour of Garibaldi. I remember, after dinner, Lorne and I were standing together in the gallery, when Argyll came up to us with Lord Derby, and presented Lorne to him. Lord Derby expressed much surprise at seeing so big a boy. He appeared to regard Argyll as being much too juvenile to have a son already in his teens. It recalled to me his remark

during a speech after he had been rather violently attacked by Argyll. "Why," said Lord Derby, "don't you hit a man of your own size?"

I had been fortunate that year in hearing Lord Derby's last speech in the House of Lords. It was on one of those great nights during the debate on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. "Being determined to hear Lord Derby to the best advantage, I smuggled myself on to the steps of the throne (as a rule only allowed to be the vantage-ground for Cabinet Ministers or the eldest sons of peers), and there I remained throughout that evening braving a host of officials, who, having discovered that I was not a peer's eldest son, tried their best to dislodge me and make me take a lower place, but in vain. Although Lord Derby's voice was weak that night, and although it was evidently a painful effort for him to speak, his speech gave me a great idea of what a splendid orator he must have been in his younger days, when he was the Rupert of debate! Very impressive and solemn were both voice and manner as he quoted the curse of 'Meg Merrilees;' and still more impressive and solemn his concluding sentence, when, at the close of his speech, he said, 'My Lords, I am an old man,' and expressed his conviction that he was then for the last time addressing his peers."

"Years ago, when I was reading for Cambridge at Colchester with Mr. Owen (a staunch Conservative and a great admirer of Lord Derby), at the time Lord Derby's translation of Homer appeared, Mr. Owen wrote and asked him for a copy of that work. A few days later the book appeared, accompanied by a kind note from the author. If the latter had known Mr. Owen, I should not have been surprised at this mark of attention on his part; but Mr. Owen had never spoken to Lord Derby in his life, which made the kind action all the more gracious." *Apropos* of Mr. Owen, I have always thought him one of the best and kindest of men, a model parson—almost a nineteenth-century Vicar of Wakefield.

At Dunrobin, in September, I heard of the death of Lady Palmerston. "Owing to an accident which laid up Jocelyn for so many weeks this year in Lady Palmerston's house in Park

Lane, I had had the good fortune to see much of this remarkable old lady," I write on hearing of her death. "Her great kindness of manner, and the charm of it, have left a deep impression on me. She had a peculiar way of shaking hands, always giving her left hand. It was very pretty to watch her with her grandson Jocelyn, of whom she was doatingly fond. One morning I found her seated by his side on the very lowest of stools. She was in great force this summer, and Jocelyn told me she would often come between eleven and twelve at night to the room he occupied, bringing with her the *Times* or some other newspaper, and would read to him long speeches, without spectacles and with only a candle or two near her, though she was in her eightieth year. Lady Palmerston was very keen about the Irish Church Bill, and very greatly opposed to the abolition of that Church. One morning we had a long talk about it, she standing all the time, and talking with all the fire and energy of a young woman of twenty. Her laugh was of the cheeriest, much like that of her daughter, Lady Shaftesbury, but more musical and softer. Lady Palmerston was certainly one of the handsomest old ladies ever seen, and that in spite of a very evident wig. Her eyes were of a bright blue. After dinner she would indulge in a nap, often speaking aloud when but half awake. During one of these half-conscious siestas she said to Jocelyn, 'Me dear, you are cutting me leather case!' She always pronounced gold, 'gould,' and china 'cheeney,' and of course lilac 'laloc.'

"It was quite a picture to see her with her lovely little great-granddaughter, Mabel Gore, Lady Sudley's eldest child, a little girl of three years old, with great round brown eyes. The funeral takes place to-day (September 12) in Westminster Abbey. When I was at Brockett last May, Lady Palmerston was not there —only the Jocelyns and the Sudleys. In the drawing-room hangs a very pleasing portrait of Lady Palmerston in her youth, by Lawrence; her hair dressed out in great auburn curls, and her pretty mouth—a lovely laughing one. But the portrait that gives more the impression of the great charm she always had is at Panshanger, painted, I think, by Jackson. As Lord Shaftes-

bury said to me this year in London, 'When my mother-in-law dies, there will not be a *grande dame* left; she is the last of the race.'" Not a dozen years have passed, but since then nearly all those who surrounded the last of the *grandes dames* that autumn at Brockett have followed her to the grave. Her children, and even grandchildren, have gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns;" and even the house in Park Lane, where I saw Lady Palmerston so often, has ceased to exist. If a theme is wanted to show the instability of all earthly things, surely it is shown here.

CHAPTER XVIII

1870: *FRANCE IN WAR TIME*

FRANCE threw down the glove on June 15, 1870, and declared war with Prussia. "On the 19th I left London with W. H. Russell. We crossed from Dover to Ostend, and reached Berlin at noon on the 21st. At Cologne the Queen of Prussia joined our train, and as she entered it she was enthusiastically cheered. At Potsdam, where the Crown Prince was waiting for her, another warm demonstration was made by the crowd of soldiers and civilians. We lost no time in calling on Lord A. Loftus at the Embassy; Russell had letters for him, and was anxious to find out whether he would be able to follow one of the German *corps d'armée* as correspondent to the *Times*. He had at first intended going to the war with the French army, but the Emperor politely but firmly declined his doing so. Another would-be correspondent of the French host—Louis Wingfield—turned up while we were at Berlin. He had even started for Strasburg in company with the artists, Yvon and Meissonier, when he was obliged to return. He had arrived baggageless at Berlin, and with little prospect of seeing much of the coming war.

"The following day we went to Potsdam (by 'we' I always mean Russell and myself). We were most graciously received by the Crown Princess at the New Palace, where I had passed a pleasant couple of days with my mother six years before. The Princess received us in the garden, and alluded touchingly to my mother's visit here in 1864. 'I never,' she said, 'go into the room she occupied here without thinking of her.' The Princess expressed almost terror at the idea of the war, and was deeply affected at the sufferings it must bring with it. She feared the

brutality of Bazaine and his soldiers, should they invade Germany. Her manner is as kind and as full of charm as ever.

"While we were talking, two fine lads ran up to the Princess, dressed in knickerbockers. These were her eldest sons.

"When we returned to Berlin we found 'Kit' Pemberton. He had come out as a correspondent. Another acquaintance of Russell's, The O'Gorman Mahon, haunted us during these few feverish days of our stay at Berlin. What a character for Thackeray! Since I was last in Berlin death has been busy with its celebrities. Cornelius, the painter, is gone; so also is the sculptor, Kiss, author of the 'Amazon' in front of the Museum, and of the 'St. George' in one of the courts of the King's palace.

"We now looked about us for that indispensable article in all campaigns, namely, a horse. Thanks to Mr. O'Connor—one of the English *attachés*—we found where to procure two. Russell purchased a bay gelding for £75; in time of peace £20 would have been too much for him. I also had to give an extravagant sum for another. Russell has been to see Bismarck, and has returned enchanted with him." The following day (June 24) we were again at Potsdam, having received invitations to attend a royal christening in the palace of the Crown Prince. "The special train that took us down was filled with people all *en grande tenue*. At the Potsdam station carriages were in waiting, in which the guests were conveyed to the New Palace. It was interesting to watch some of the throng waiting in the Apollo Hall. There stood Bismarck in his uniform of major of dragoons—a very conspicuous and gigantic figure. There, too, old Field-Marshal Wrangel, now in his eighty-ninth year, attracted much attention. He wore a white uniform covered with decorations. At the battle of Leipzig—that battle of the kings—he had carried the colours of his regiment.

"The christening of the daughter of the Crown Princess took place in an adjoining room to the Apollo Hall, lighted with candles. The ceremony was a long one, and the infant cried lustily. During the christening the Crown Prince stood a little behind the King, the Queen close by the baby. The room was

crowded, and the heat intense. A luncheon followed, served in a long and over-decorated (in the *rococo* French taste of the Great Frederic) gallery. There Lord A. Loftus presented me to Bismarck. The man of blood and iron was affability itself, and conversed with me for a few moments in very fluent English. The King, to whom I had also the honour of being presented, spoke in French. Both their Majesties held a kind of court in a low hall, like a large grotto, called the Hall of the Shells, from the walls and ceiling being decorated with shells and rockery. The King told me how well he remembered my father, and of his friendship with his family. The Queen, too, was eminently gracious, and spoke, with tears in her eyes and voice, of my mother, and of her last interview with her at Chiswick, which her Majesty at first called Kew. I was struck by the profound obeisances that the German courtiers made; but the English military *attaché*, Colonel Walker, far exceeded in his genuflections any of the Prussian soldiers and courtiers; indeed, 'he ducked as low as any barefoot friar.'"

The next day news arrived of the first skirmish between the belligerent armies, and of the capture of seven French officers. For two or three days it was uncertain whether I should be allowed by the Minister of War to accompany Russell with the army. A Sutherland man, Mr. Mackay, attached to the establishment of the Crown Princess, was instant with suggestion and advice as to the best method of getting this permission; but a letter from Baron Kevdel dashed my hopes by saying that the Foreign Office could not permit me a place at the King's headquarters. But having telegraphed to the Crown Princess, I at length obtained an order to follow one of the *corps d'armée*, thanks to the Princess's most kind intervention with the King. On the 29th the King inspected, in front of his palace, a regiment of his guards, and presented them with new colours, and on the night of the day after he left the capital to join the army. An immense and enthusiastic crowd assembled to see the grand old monarch leave Berlin; Moltke, Bismarck, and Von Roon were also greatly cheered. The Queen received Russell and

myself on the 30th. "God bless you!" she said as, after a short but cordial interview, we took leave of her Majesty.

At length my permit from the War Office arrived, and on August 1, Russell, Pemberton, and myself left Berlin in the military train, crowded with soldiers and horses. A heavy storm of thunder and lightning broke over the town as we steamed out of it. On the following day we arrived at Cologne, and reached Bingen on the morning of the 3rd. There we heard of the engagement at Saarbrück. Thence we pushed on to Mayence, where the King's headquarters were. I attended a very impressive service at the cathedral that evening, where a solemn prayer was read for the souls of those who were to fall in the war. Pemberton left us the next morning to join the staff of Frederic Charles, and we saw him no more. At Mayence occurred a ludicrous mistake, owing to Russell's love of heraldry; for the German soldiers, seeing the goat of all the Russells, with the motto "*Che sarà sarà*" inscribed beneath, were extremely wroth when they found that in the waggon were only two English grooms and some baggage. The goat or "bock," it ought to be explained, is commonly used in Germany as the sign over a beer-tavern.

Here our troubles commenced. We were refused permission to go on to Speyer in a military train, and consequently we had to post the sixty miles that lay between us and that town. We hired an open carriage, in which we had barely room to sit. The grooms and our horses we sent on before us. That evening at six we reached Worms, after a drive of half-a-dozen hours, and put up at the hotel of the "Alter Kaiser." The Cathedral of Worms recalled to me that of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys.

Next morning, August 5, we left Worms early. I rode as far as Mutten, some three hours out of Worms. The heat was great, and none of us were in good condition to fight against it. All day we passed by long trains of ambulances, foreshadowing the near approach of the miseries of war. Passing through the village of Oggenheim, where a fair was being held in the market-place, we noticed the traces of the last great war between France and Germany on the old gates of the town, pitted and

torn with shot. At Mütterstadt we heard that a great battle had taken place yesterday at Wissenburg, and that the French had been thoroughly beaten. As we now knew the Crown Prince had left Speyer, we settled to push on direct to Neustadt, where we arrived that afternoon at two. There we had to make a halt, and bait our tired horses and ourselves.

We had already had a long and fatiguing day, but the worst part of it was still to come. Great excitement prevailed at Neustadt, for there was no doubt that the French had met with a disaster; and already the French wounded and prisoners were coming into that town, which teemed with soldiers. Whenever we arrived, our first question always was, "Where is the Crown Prince?" but we never succeeded in getting a satisfactory answer. About five that afternoon we jolted out of the streets of Neustadt. Probably few travellers in recent years have had two as disagreeable hours as we now had to pass. Towards dusk we reached the fortress-like town of Landau; here no Crown Prince was to be found. To obtain information as to his whereabouts we went to the railway station, crowded with wounded French prisoners. We found that, owing to the blocked state of the line, we could not get on to Wissenburg by train; there was, therefore, nothing to be done but to drive on, for at Landau there was not an inch of room. Our horses and baggage were we knew not how far in our rear; but our object was, by hook or crook, to get up to the headquarters of the Crown Prince, wherever they might be. We met with extreme civility from the Prussian officers whom we troubled with our questions; a General Von Gotsch was particularly obliging. We had barely time to drive out of Landau before the gates closed, which would have compelled us to remain till the following morning in that fortress.

As the darkness gathered, a great storm of thunder and lightning burst over the country, with heavy rain. The scene was a weird one as we drove along under this downpour, passing thousands of Hessians, Bavarians, and Badeners marching along through the storm, the endless columns of these troops

suddenly appearing as distinct in the night as by daylight, illuminated for a few seconds by the brilliant lightning which played all around. Our miserable little carriage was soon soaked through, and we had little protection within. About midnight we crossed the frontier.

With the greatest difficulty we got into Wissenburg, for the gates were closed; and it was only by the almost superhuman efforts of our courier, Harpes, that we succeeded.

The storm had never ceased for an instant; at one moment we seemed on the brink of the town fosse, and would probably have driven down it had not one of the vivid flashes of lightning revealed the danger to our driver. Things did not look much brighter for us within Wissenburg than they had appeared without. The only inn in the place was choked full of soldiers, and in the little courtyard of the Hôtel de l'Ange, we were compelled to pass the remainder of the night in our dismal little carriage, wet through, and covered with mud.

We had scarcely become half unconscious of mundane affairs, and of our most discomfortable state, when we were summoned by a corporal and his guard to explain what we wanted in Wissenburg, and to show our papers. Again we attempted to court repose, when Harpes, in a state of great excitement, declared that he had been arrested, and that our carriage and ourselves were also placed under a guard. The poor man was marched off and kept in the courtyard till morning, under the eye and rifle of a Bavarian. In my companion's account of this campaign ("The Last Great War"), he says that we were taken by these Bavarian soldiers for French spies, and that I was even supposed to be a Frenchwoman in male attire. But in this instance I think the author made a mistake; whatever we were supposed to be—spies, or Frenchwomen, or what—we were prisoners that night in Wissenburg, and only at dawn of the following day, August 6, were we released and allowed to proceed on our journey. Wretchedly uncomfortable as that night had been, we should not have minded passing such another could we only have seen our grooms and horses; but alas! they

were miles in our rear, and the prospect of seeing anything of a campaign without a horse to mount was not a likely one.

Soon after leaving Wissenburg, traces of the battle were apparent. As we jogged along through the miry roads to Soultz-les-Forêts, all the impedimenta of soldiers' uniforms lined our way. The road was almost impassable, owing to the long trains of artillery, ammunition, baggage, and provision waggons that covered it for miles. Here and there parties of men belonging to the Geneva Convention were burying the dead, killed in the action two days before.

Suddenly the experienced ear of my companion detected the dull, heavy sound of cannon—for all the world like beaten carpets—from the west. We now knew that our goal was not distant. The dull boom of the distant firing lessened, then ceased, and again recommenced with redoubled energy. At a picturesque village named Reidselz were further traces of the battle of the 4th—shot and shell marks in the walls of one of the streets, where a desperate stand had been made by the French, eloquent of the fierce fight that had been so lately waged. At length Soultz-les-Forêts was reached, and to our great relief we heard from Count Seckendorff, who was the first person we ran against in the village, that the Crown Prince's headquarters were here.

In a little house over a baker's shop the great Colonel Walker had his quarters, and here we managed to get a small room, but no bed in it. Russell slept on the most uncomfortable of sofas that ever was made, and I on straw. We heard that General Douay, who commanded the French at Wissenburg, was killed by the first shell fired, that his men were quite unprepared for an attack, and were completely routed, losing all their baggage, twenty officers killed, and eight hundred prisoners captured. The Germans, too, lost heavily—forty officers killed; they fought splendidly, and reserved their fire till within two hundred yards of the French, when they poured it in with tremendous effect; the French, on the contrary, shot high.

The sound of cannon again commenced, and, as the day waxed, increased in intensity, till the windows of the little house we were

in rattled again. The sharper sound of musketry, too, was heard at intervals. It was then that our miserable, helpless state, from having no horses, was most keenly felt, especially when Walker, who had four horses in his stables, mounted and rode off. It never seemed to occur to him that it would have been only civil to offer Russell a mount; but the Colonel was not a man to step aside unnecessarily to do a kind action. Our driver was deaf to our entreaties to put the horses to the carriage we had come in; in fact, they were dead beat, and could not have taken us a mile in their then condition. My poor companion was too ill to walk, and returned to our lodgings in a most unhappy frame of mind and body. After trying to get information at headquarters, where I found the Prince and staff had already been away all the morning, I walked out some miles towards the field of battle. Several stragglers passed me. That a great engagement was going on was evident, and some of these men had been under fire, but they gave me little hope of getting to the scene of the fight on foot. I walked on notwithstanding; but the sound of firing gradually became less distinct, and, discouraged, I returned to our quarters, to find Russell in all the agony of composition, having to write his letter to the *Times*, which probably for the first time in a long career gave his readers disappointment. However, it was not his fault that he had missed seeing the battle of Woerth. The village was in a state all this time of great excitement, the poor people in a state of terror, and evidently of hope that the day was going against their invaders.

At length, and when too late, our grooms and horses appeared, and soon after Colonel Walker, who, to judge from his account, had had no little hand in the success of the Germans and the defeat of Macmahon. At ten that night the Crown Prince returned to Soultz. The victory had been a very complete one—thirty-six French generals prisoners, three eagles captured, and six mitrailleuses. The battle commenced about four on the 5th, and paused at six, and recommenced again at eleven the following morning, and ended at five. The French are supposed to have fallen back on Reichshoffen. "All night long the prisoners

kept coming into Soultz, and at the station, from which I have just returned, are twelve waggons full of them. We are going on to Nancy, leaving Hagenau on the left and Metz on the right. The lower part of the house we are in is full of French wounded, one poor fellow with both legs off. It looks like a shambles where these poor fellows are, and this sight alone is enough to make one loathe war. Already four thousand prisoners have been brought in here, and there are thousands still to come. While writing these notes, files of Sisters of Mercy are passing through the street, walking two and two. With them are many of the *Krankenträger*."

The day after the battle of Woerth was a Sunday, and a day of peace after the noise and confusion of the two preceding ones, when the din of battle was almost incessant. We had the honour of having luncheon with the Crown Prince, whose headquarters were in a pretty little modern château, a little way out of the village of Soultz. About thirty officers were present, among them General Blumenthal, who occupies here the same position as Moltke does in the King's army—a most benevolent-looking oldish gentleman, whom, out of his uniform, one would take for a doctor or a clergyman, certainly not one of the most distinguished officers in the Prussian service. Here, too, was Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern (whose candidature for the Spanish throne had been made the excuse for this war by the French Emperor), and many other high-mightinesses who had followed the Crown Prince in this campaign. The dining-room we had luncheon in opens on a garden with an avenue of elms, under which were encamped a detachment of the Guards. Our repast was a hurried one, for the table had to be relaid for the French officers—prisoners, of course.

We rode later to see a large encampment a little to the west of the village, entirely formed of the captured Zouaves, Turcos, and others. The poor fellows seemed to bear their captivity very lightly, and were chatting like monkeys over their fires, where they were cooking their scanty dinners on the damp ground. Russell guessed that they numbered about four thousand.

The clarions sounded betimes the following morning. Soultz-les-Forêts was all agog to see the departure of the victorious invaders as, by their thousands, they tramped through the little town westwards. In front of the Crown Prince's quarters we had a long wait on our horses, and at length, in pouring rain, we rode away with the Prince's large staff of some hundred and fifty officers and princes. It was a relief to leave our little quarters in which so many poor fellows were suffering tortures, and we felt that some of the poor wounded must have envied their companions when death relieved them from such horrible anguish as they were enduring on the ground-floor of that baker's house.

Some nine miles out of Soultz we rode by the extreme left of the field of battle, that of Woerth—or Reichshoffen, as the French call it—and past the village of Gunstedt. Here, and in an adjoining village, were some two thousand of the wounded French. On either side, in the fields and among the vines, lay many a dead Zouave and Turco, rigid, and still maintaining in death the position which they had held when struck, some with uplifted arms which had grasped the rifle. Here and there, newly turned-up earth marked the last resting-place of hundreds of soldiers; dead horses, too, lay about, already hideously swollen; one hillside was covered with the bodies of these poor brutes. It was down that hillside and among those vineyards that the French cuirassiers made their splendid but ineffectual charges in the teeth of the Prussian shot and shell, and where they were literally annihilated. Hundreds of helmets and cuirasses lay heaped in piles on either side of the road, and before the cottages at Gunstedt large pools of blood covered the road. It was such a sight as my companion said he had never looked on before, and he has seen more of blood and carnage than most men. For miles the signs of fierce fight and hurried panic flight were visible. We remarked that hardly any of these quantities of cuirasses bore marks of bullets; they must have been torn off so as not to impede the flight of their owners.

We reached Merzwiller at noon, and had no little difficulty

there in finding quarters; but, thanks to Count Eulenberg, we found at last a shelter in a cottage nearly opposite a house occupied by the Crown Prince. A kind, civil old Alsacian couple lived in our cottage, named Egerter. These honest old souls, with their son and daughter, received us as if we had been old friends.

At seven the next morning we bade our hosts farewell, and rode on again after the Crown Prince. Our march lay through a picturesque and smiling champaign; and among those prettily tree-dotted hills one could hardly realise that we formed part of a vast host of invaders. About one o'clock we reached Obermorden. Here our quarters were vile—in a cottage owned by a dirty old peasant, Michel Reichert; the room we shared was foul with dirt, and smelt intolerably. On old Michel the dirt of generations seemed to have accumulated. A pile of moderately clean straw formed our couch. It was some time before we could persuade old Michel that his company was unnecessary; he would stand over us while we ate a scanty and unpalatable meal. The wine tasted like highly-corked cider full of rancid cheese. The smell of that room was like unto Egyptian darkness—dense, palpable, and could have been cut with a knife. The climax was reached when the unsavoury Michel declared it to be his intention to remain all night in that den. Luckily, here Harpes again came to our assistance. He was equal to the occasion, and kindly but firmly turned the dreadful old man out. After that we breathed more freely. Meeting the Crown Prince that afternoon, he told me, with his wonted courtesy and kindness, how sorry he felt, in consequence of the largeness of his already too numerous staff, how difficult it was to keep even one additional person on it; and that he had been obliged to refuse many applications from even some of the German princes, anxious, like myself, to see the campaign. I told the Crown Prince how much I regretted being in anybody's way, but that as I had come so far I trusted to be allowed to remain on his Royal Highness's staff, at least till an action had taken place; and to this the Prince at once gave his con-

sent. That afternoon we saw the flames and heard the firing of an attack made by the Prussians on the tall fortress of Lichtenberg. In the evening, while dining with the Crown Prince, the news of the fall of this fort was announced. Another fortress has also been taken, that of Petit-Pierre. We dined that afternoon in the open, at the back of the curé's house, in a half-field, half-garden.

Our next day's ride, after leaving Obermorden, lay through some of the loveliest scenery of Eastern France. We were now in the midst of the valleys and woods of the Vosges. At noon we halted at the lately taken fort of Petit-Pierre. The French had left it very precipitately on the previous day. It stands, commanding a fine view, at the top of a hill clothed with woods, principally of beech. This is the Erckmann-Chatrian's country. Phalsburg—the scene of the earliest and best of those romances of the great Napoleonic wars, "The Conscript"—was at this moment undergoing all the horrors of a siege. That night our quarters were at Löhr. Here on the following day a halt was made (August 11). We ignored the cause. We rode to Peterbach for news. There we were told that Phalsburg is making a stubborn defence, and is now being cannonaded. The garrison consists of only one thousand men; fifteen hundred Prussians are left to observe it.

August 12 was a bright, cheerful day. We again rode to Peterbach, where are the headquarters; and hearing the sound of a cannonade, we pushed on in the direction of Phalsburg, but we were unable to get there that day. Next morning we rode out of Löhr betimes. Our way lay through a well-wooded country. After passing a village called Lixheim, we struck across country, and came on one of those endless "sentiers"—the everlasting outstretched dusty road, fringed with the long lines of poplars. Here the clouds of dust that the escorts raised in front and around were so dense that we were entirely buried in them. After a long and weary ride we reached our quarters at Saarburg. We slept that night in a little inn near the station.

Next day, being determined to see what we could of the

bombardment of the heroic little town of Phalsburg, we rode out before eight, passing through Lixheim. As we approached Phalsburg the sound of the cannonade increased—as in "The Conscript," "*le canon tonnait toujours.*" We were repeatedly obliged to stop and show our passes to various German officers and soldiers. Luckily Russell had provided himself with a special pass for this expedition, which enabled us to approach the German guns; and after a ride of three hours we got a capital view of the scene of operations from the crest of a hill. Phalsburg lay below, the shells bursting over the town, and returning the fire of the Prussian and Bavarian batteries placed on our front and to our left. The town was on fire in several places. It was a curiously entrancing sight, and a difficult one to leave; but we had a long ride that afternoon before us, and after watching heroic little Phalsburg for about an hour, we turned our horses' heads in the direction of Blamont, which place we reached at six in the evening. We had ridden some thirty-six miles, and our poor steeds seemed almost knocked up when we arrived.

"*At Mons. Keller's house, in Luneville, August* 15.—We are here in the most luxurious of quarters, in great contrast to some which we have been in lately; instead of being crowded in a small, ill-smelling room, with perhaps a bed in a cupboard, or a sofa, and a shake-down of straw, as at Soultz or at Obermorden, we have here separate rooms. Russell's looks out on a beautiful garden, and on a bosquet of fine old horse-chestnuts, which remind one of the gardens of the Tuileries. The house we are in might, in fact, be in the Faubourg St. Germain, so stately are its saloons and its decorations *à la* Louis XVI. But Mons. Keller's house has already been turned into something like a barrack, having been full of German officers yesterday, and will probably be as full of them again to-night. For the first time since our arrival at Soultz we drove instead of riding here from Blamont yesterday—most of the way in a small machine which we had hired there. This we had to do in order to give our horses a rest after our thirty-six miles ride of the previous day.

"As we were leaving Blamont, a short, swarthy young Englishman wearing glasses came up to us. He turned out to be Lord Adair, who, after coming out all this way, is refused leave to proceed with the Crown Prince." (He, however, saw a good deal later on of the war, and described what he saw with great success.) "It seems an odd proceeding, arriving here and walking into a strange gentleman's house, and asking, as if it were a matter of daily occurrence, first where the stables are, and then for our rooms! But I think the proprietor prefers us to the German officers that he has had to see so much of lately."

As far as one can observe, the Prussians seem treating the people with great humanity and kindness. Of course there must be black sheep in this as in any other army, and often those who least deserve it get the credit of the deeds of these ne'er-do-weels.

As we passed through several villages between Blamont and Luneville the bells of the churches were ringing merry peals, it being the Emperor's *fête* day—"*une triste fête*," as our coachman remarked, for Napoleon and the French people. France, Mons. Keller says, cannot recover the effects of this war for ten years to come; ruin is all round already. At the first approach of the Prussians, nearly all those at Luneville who held official positions fled; even the head of the hospital department disappeared. Mons. Keller is now obliged, with the help of some of the townspeople, to fill their places. He said the conduct of the Prussian "intendant" of the army of the Crown Prince was quite brutal; he threatened the mayor with death if in three hours a very large sum—I forget the figure—was not forthcoming. A deputation waited later on the Crown Prince, who greatly lessened the sum demanded. Le Bœuf, Mons. Keller considers the most to blame of the French officers, having convinced the French that they were quite prepared for this war. The Emperor he considers quite done for; he is reported to have said that he would only return to Paris as a conqueror. If he were to go back there now, he would, thinks Mons. Keller, be "*mis en pièces*." He thinks the Prussians are determined to seize Alsace and Lorraine. The French papers appear to expect the Prussians

soon before Paris, as that city is actively engaged in preparations for its defence. A *levée en masse* has been proclaimed, which is to increase the Garde Mobile to three millions of men of between twenty and thirty years of age, and three millions more between the ages of thirty and forty. The French papers attribute their armies' defeats to the overwhelming forces of the Germans. General de Failly is severely blamed for not having come up to the relief of Macmahon at Woerth; and Mons. Keller told us that some of De Failly's sub-officers who had passed through Luneville a few days ago are indignant with him for not having been up in time to help Macmahon, and compare his conduct to that of Grouchy at Waterloo.

We passed the following days quietly enough at our present quarters. "Our host is in a fearful state of indignation at the perquisitions of the Prussians; '*C'est une armée de voleurs*,' he cried. Mons. Keller had during that day to send two of his best horses and a smart open carriage to the Germans, which he never expects to see again—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

"We left Luneville early on the morning of the 17th, after having tried to express to Mons. Keller how much we felt indebted to him for his kindness and the hospitality he had shown us. But I fear there will be but little chance of repaying him. A more thoroughly gentlemanlike enriched manufacturer I never met; he is a great contrast to many of our English *nouveaux riches*, entirely devoid of any kind of self-complacency or snobbishness. We drove again that day, in order to save our still jaded steeds. Passing out of Luneville near the fine double-towered cathedral, by the gate of St. Christophe des Ports, we drove along for miles on a monotonous and sandy high-road, by thousands of Bavarians and Wurtemberg troops, plodding along in the dust under the glare and heat of an August sun. At noon we reached the old capital of Lorraine; there our quarters were in a *cul-de-sac* yclept *L'Impasse des Ecoles*, in a dirty, narrow kind of court; but the interior of the little house we lodged in was clean and tidy, kept by a nice old dame, Madame Houillot: she keeps house with an antique relic of womanhood, her mother, an old crone over

ninety. This ancient dame is a fine specimen of an old *paysanne*, as she proudly calls herself."

We had time and leisure to see most of the sights of Nancy. "Few towns not capitals are better worth seeing than this fair city, full of historical memories and artistic remains. The tapestries which adorned the pavilion of Charles the Bold, and which were taken at the battle of Nancy by the men of Lorraine, would alone repay the visit of the antiquary or the artist; these are preserved in a noble building, now the museum, and formerly the ducal palace." (This splendid pile was almost entirely destroyed by a conflagration in 1871.)

"The air is full of rumours of battle and of victory; the great battle before Metz has resulted in another defeat of the already greatly beaten French, who have lost thousands of prisoners and numerous eagles. Prussia is triumphant along all the line of contest. One wonders, indeed, what has become of the military genius of this people. Auberon Herbert and Sir Charles Dilke turned up at Nancy in the train of some Bavarian Johanniters (a kind of male Sisters of Charity). Another member of Parliament, Mr. Winterbotham, is with them, so we are now quite a little band of M.P.'s here."

After two days at Nancy we left it before seven in the morning of August 20. "We had a long ride—a double day's march, as the Germans call it, by an unpronounceably long name. Before we reached our quarters that night at Vaucouleurs we were some forty miles nearer Paris. Our horses were again the worse for the fatigue. As in hunting, so in following an army, a second horse is almost a necessity. The country we rode through is beautiful, the Moselle here flowing between prettily wooded banks. We crossed that river over a wooden bridge opposite the village of Pièvre-le-Chêne; here the look of the Moselle reminded me a little of the Thames at Cliveden. A little beyond this bridge we came in sight of the town of Toul, crowned by two grand cathedral towers, not unlike those of Nôtre Dame in Paris. We gave Toul a wide berth, it being still in the hands of the French; but the Bavarian and Prussian batteries are preparing to

open fire on it. The garrison had been repulsed in a sortie from the town two days ago with heavy loss, which was the cause of our delay at Nancy." It was an interesting day's march, for we were now in the very heart of the enemy's country, with Toul on our left, Bazaine perhaps at that moment fighting his way from Metz on our right, and Macmahon somewhere in our front. "We reached Vaucouleurs, associated with Joan of Arc, at two that afternoon. By no means an interesting or attractive townlet is the birthplace of the immortal maid, but it boasts of a pretentious little Hôtel de Ville, opening on a 'Grande Rue,' where we have our quarters at a Mons. François', a grocer's. Over the door is chalked 'Für Engländer.' It is rather a quaint old building, with a 'corkscrew' staircase, and to judge by the figure of St. Francis carved in stone, holding a skull in his hand, was in olden times a religious house of some kind." Here we passed two days.

"Our hosts, Mons. and Madame François, did the best they could to make us tolerably comfortable. One evening these good people insisted on getting us some beef for supper, although they themselves had had no meat that day. '*Nous ne pouvons pas, il y a quelque chose là*' (pointing to their hearts) '*qui nous empêche de manger.*' Poor Mons. François is in great alarm of being forced to march against Paris with the Prussians. We have done our best to reassure him." A still more serious thing that befell us there than having little to eat was the fact that dysentery, or something very like it, had followed us, and some of us were already suffering from that most distressing of maladies. Russell had recovered; but my English groom whom I had taken from Berlin got very ill here, and it became a serious question whether he could come on any farther. No one who has not suffered from this curse of armies can imagine the misery it entails. I shall never forget the magnificent way in which Russell first divided and then subdivided his last minute homœopathic anti-dysentery pill. Sir Philip Sidney's generosity to the wounded soldier at Lützen surely pales before Russell's quartered pilule at Vaucouleurs.

My time, alas! with this kindest and most generous of friends and companions was nearly over, for the tidings reached us that Macmahon had retreated from Châlons, and that consequently there was no likelihood of a battle for some time—weeks perhaps. I felt that after what the Crown Prince had said to me I could not encroach more on his kindness. It was accordingly agreed between Russell and myself that on the first opportunity I should leave. Our last ride together was a very wet one. We left Vaucouleurs at six in the morning of August 23, and rode through drenching rain to Ligny, which we reached at noon. The scenery of the first part of that day's ride was dull and uninteresting, and not improved by being seen through such rain as fell that day; but on approaching Ligny it became more varied; undulating hills framed in the landscape; on our right on a hill could still be seen the traces of a Roman encampment. Near here took place the great military movements of the Prussian armies after the campaign of 1814–15; and here Wellington used to come to take part in these field-days, held by the then King of Prussia—so, at least, we were informed by a venerable old curé (Larcher), in whose house in the Rue des Valeries we found quarters. He could remember that occupation by the grandfather of the Crown Prince as well as if it had happened a year ago; and he told us that the famous Russian General Diebitsch had occupied at that time the room in which Russell lodged in his house.

After our quarters at Vaucouleurs, this good old curé's house, which is kept in order by an old maid, seems a perfect oasis of comfort and cleanliness. We had a long chat with the curé, who told us of his seeing the Russians and Prussians marching through Ligny in 1812 and 1814; and of witnessing the *Grande Armée*, in all its pride and immensity, on its way to Russia in the former year—of the miserable remains as the relics of that vast host returned back again from the most disastrous of expeditions. The first news of Waterloo that reached Ligny came five days after the battle was fought; the man who bore the tidings was almost torn in pieces by the people here; but five

days later the Prussians were in occupation of the place. There is not much of interest to see here, beyond an old church built by the English in the early part of the fifteenth century, and a fine old machicolated tower, all that remains of the old castle of the dukes of Luxemburg.

Ligny, August 24, 2 P.M.—Ever since eight o'clock this morning one continuous stream of troops has been passing under Russell's windows, apparently the main part of the Bavarian army—artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Among them in an open carriage drove by Bismarck, with his everlasting cigar in his mouth, and a look of calm confidence and satisfaction on his rugged face. The Crown Prince, who is quartered a few houses up the street, in the house which his grandfather occupied under almost similar circumstances some half a century ago, has been inspecting some of these Bavarians. They are on their way to Bar le Duc. Already about thirty thousand have passed through this place to-day. "Next day the report of Macmahon having retired on Paris was confirmed, and reluctantly I determined to leave Russell, and see what I could of the other side of the great drama on which the eyes of the whole world were now gazing intently. We heard from Count Seckendorff that a King's messenger would leave in the evening (of August 25) Bar le Duc *en route* to Berlin, and I settled to accompany him as far as the frontier. I was obliged to go to Bar le Duc to arrange this matter with the messenger, whom I found there, and who very civilly promised me, as well as my groom, a place in his carriage. At Bar le Duc I saw the King on the balcony of a house in the principal street of the town. How easy it would have been for a Frenchman, ready to sacrifice his life, to have fired a shot that afternoon and changed the history of the war, of Germany, and of the world!" Two English correspondents I found there; one Mr. Holt White, who has come out for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and who has seen all the engagements before Metz; his horse's leg was broken by a shot or shell in one.

Reports at Bar le Duc to the effect that Napoleon is at St.

Cloud, and Thiers Dictator in Paris! Left Bar le Duc at ten that night. We were packed in a small open half-carriage, half-cart, which just contained our three selves—the King's messenger, the groom, and myself. We reached Commercy in the early dawn of the 26th. There we had some trouble in rousing up the mayor, and in getting him (poor worried official) to order another conveyance to get us on to Pont-à-Mousson. While this was being seen to, we turned into a room in the *mairie* on the ground-floor, which we found full of soldiers asleep littered over the floor. Some of these turned out at five, which gave us room for an hour's sleep on the straw they had occupied. At six we were off again, this time in a little open cart, in which there was barely room for us, and the groom had to sit bodkin. At Beaumont we halted, and broke our fast with a bit of bread and a cup of coffee; and this, with some bread that we got later at Pont-à-Mousson, was all the food we had that day. Pont-à-Mousson was reached at eleven that morning. Here we got an open cart lined with straw. Driving out of Pont-à-Mousson a fine church is passed on the left hand, with noble towers, crested with a kind of open-work stone coronal. The cart was a wretched specimen of an open box on wheels, and we were unmercifully jolted along the road. To increase our discomfort a deluge of rain came on, and this soaked through everything. A couple of miles out of Remilly we came upon a long line of carts full of wounded French, escorted by Prussian Dragoons, and a few yards beyond, a cart filled with a ghastly freight—a load of corpses. A curé walked a few paces in front, chanting the office for the repose of the dead. The stench was horrible and sickening.

We found Remilly crowded with more wounded French. During the two hours we had to wait there cartloads of disabled and dying soldiers kept coming into the town in one continuous and horrible train. A large shed had been roughly thrown up near the railway station, and here those for whom there was no room within the station and other buildings were placed, and their wounds dressed by the Sisters of Mercy and Johanniters (Red Cross Corps), who here were luckily in great numbers; but

many as there were, there were barely enough for the work they had before them. Among the latter was a young woman dressed like a man; she took a most active part in the ghastly but merciful work. Here we saw the horrors of war—of that most ugly, miserable curse that humanity has inflicted upon itself—in all its ghastliness. In the same compartment of the train as I was in—a train mostly composed of carriages fitted up as ambulances, most admirably arranged, and in which the wounded were slung in hammocks, even kitchens being attached—were two French officers, both badly wounded. We had a long and wearied journey to Saarbrück, which was only reached by this hospital train at four next morning, August 27. It had taken us all night to go the forty miles between that place and Remilly; for at every station the train stopped half-an-hour at least, and at every station were more wounded to be attended to; in every one the waiting-rooms and the platforms were covered with these poor fellows, and lined with long wooden tables, on which coffee, bread, and hot wine were being supplied to the wounded. I shall never forget some of these. The stations were overcrowded with them; hundreds had to be attended to in front of the railway carriages on the platform. Anything more awful than some of their wounds it would be impossible to imagine. I afterwards heard that all these French soldiers had been engaged in the battle of Gravelotte (or Görtz) on the 18th, an engagement which is supposed to have been the bloodiest of the whole war. At Saarbrück the *Feldzüger* and Chandler, my groom, left me on their way to Berlin, while I pushed on towards Belgium. In my carriage was a very loquacious little German, not unlike Albert Smith. He was fresh from the field of Gravelotte, and described the loss of life there on both sides as something enormous. In one grave alone he had seen fifty-two Prussian officers. The mitrailleuses had been terribly effective, mowing down the Germans like chaff.

Treves was reached that afternoon. Between Treves and Luxemburg there is a break in the line, so I had to post from Treves. Before starting I had time to visit the cathedral and the

grand old Roman "Black Gate"—the finest relic of the dominion of the Romans out of Italy, with the exception, perhaps, of the Pont du Gard. The quaint old inn, "Das Rothe Haus," with its picturesque old-world look within and without, made me grudge leaving Treves so soon; but I had to catch a train for Luxemburg. Driving along the banks of the Moselle, I reached Wasserbillick, and arrived at Luxemburg that evening at eight. The next day (August 28) I reached Spa, where I called, *en route* for Paris, to see an old friend.

Belgium was in a state of high excitement, with the war raging at its very frontier. At Liège, where I was obliged to wait half-a-dozen hours, all the services of the trains being out of gear, a regiment of small soldiers clattered into the station, on their way to Namur. All these little men, in shabby uniforms, were full of martial enthusiasm, and talked very big of what they would do should the neutrality of their country be infringed. The frontier at Beaumont was reached about six the next morning. Here our baggage and passports were carefully looked at. The French stations were full of *Gardes Mobiles;* most of these mere lads, wearing round hats adorned with a tricolour ribbon. The station at Creil was fortified; earthworks and palisades had been raised all around. Near St. Denis all the trees were cut down, and from there as far as the capital the lines were blocked with endless trains of provisions and ammunition waggons. On the forts men in the uniform of the *Garde Mobile* were posted as sentries. A few yards farther on a long train with waggons, crowded by the *Armée d'Afrique*, passed ours; and as we drew up in the Gare du Nord the whole of the vast station swarmed with infantry on the point of departure; all bound for Stenay, where Macmahon's headquarters were supposed to be.

September 2.—Except for the stir and bustle of troops about the stations, I have not yet seen much here in Paris that would enable a person unaware that war was raging so near to discover from the general look of this city that such tremendous scenes are now being enacted within a few days' march of the capital.

One is struck by the general determination of the Parisians that, *coûte que coûte*, they will not allow their city to fall into the hands of the Germans. Of the few persons—mostly of the bourgeois and shopkeeper class — that I have had any talk with, they one and all seem confident that Macmahon will yet defeat the Crown Prince and avenge Woerth. This cannot, however, be the belief of the authorities, or else why all the preparations that are being so rapidly pushed forward for a defence of the capital and for a state of siege? The shops are full, as I remember they were too in 1866, with maps of the seat of war, the contending armies marked by differently coloured headed pins. To judge by these pins, the French seem already to be surrounded by the German hosts.

In the evening I drove to the Bois de Boulogne. As one approached it great clouds of dust hung over it—dense, palpable. Passing with some difficulty countless numbers of vehicles of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, that were streaming in from the surrounding country, bearing the terrified peasantry, their goods and chattels, we come upon the new fortifications between the Avenue de Impératrice and the inner "enceinte"—long earthen mounds fortified with palisades and formidable-looking *chevaux de frise*. In places these newly thrown-up earthworks are about twenty feet high; guns are being rapidly mounted on them, of heavy calibre; these loomed ominously through the thick clouds of dust in which one was environed. On the left hand appeared a strange sight. Behind the iron gates of the Bois, now closed, one dimly distinguished endless herds of cattle, hundreds and hundreds of sheep and oxen, moving about in the dust like figures in a mist, among the stumps of trees. It is impossible to distinguish where the carriage-road leading to the lake used formerly to be, nor is a blade of grass visible. The lowing and bleating of the animals was prodigious; there was something weird and fantastic about this scene. Never can there have been a greater contrast between what the Bois de Boulogne now is and when I saw it last April, full of horses and carriages, and all the luxury and ostentation of the Second Empire. The houses in

the vicinity of the Porte Maillot are being pulled down on all sides; a sad sight to see some of the poor women, with their little ones, who have been thus suddenly turned out of their homes, sitting all about, the picture of desolation. The Parisians came out here to see these sights as to a show. The Boulevards were crowded this evening; with difficulty could one make one's way through the crowd. Round the newspaper kiosks the mob was densest, and the women who sell the papers are evidently making a roaring trade. The evening paper *Le Soir* was in greatest demand, and in one place a regular fight was going on over this paper; and two unfortunate old women who were selling it were nearly torn to pieces by the impatient crowd. These beldames did not improve the situation by alternately ejecting each other from their newspaper temple with loud imprecations.

It is intensely interesting to be present in this great city during one of the most momentous and extraordinary crises that it has ever seen. Not even in 1793 or in 1814 has Paris been in greater jeopardy than in this hour. I doubt if ever the population of Paris has been so entirely of one mind before, namely, to fight the enemy to the last extremity. What the effect on these people will be when they get a taste of the treatment now being undergone by their countrymen at Strasburg and at Phalsburg remains to be seen. This part of the capital (the Rue de la Paix and the neighbouring Boulevard des Capucines and des Italiens) has been too much thrown under the influence of luxury and wealth to withstand the effect of shot and shell.

I met a procession this morning (September 2) in the Rue Royale, which I took at first for a funeral, but it turned out to be a number of people collecting alms for the wounded. In front walked a man holding a bag placed at the end of a long pole, which he thrust at all whom he met. I was driving at the time, and my coachman tendered his offering. Up the Boulevard des Italiens passed a regiment—the 58th of the line, fine-looking fellows—on their way, probably, to one of the forts; they were not so fully equipped as another regiment I saw in the Rue de

Rivoli yesterday, every man having a long loaf of bread strapped behind his back. These soldiers were bound, they said, for Sedan.

"*September* 3.—To-day G. Sheffield, Lord Lyons' secretary, told me great, stupendous news, which, although it is still unknown to Paris, will before another day is over paralyse this city. The Emperor is a prisoner, Bazaine is about to capitulate, and Macmahon's army is completely routed. Already some of these astounding tidings have leaked out, although in the Chambers the worst of this intelligence was concealed. Paris seems to-night to have at last taken in what a catastrophe has occurred to France. The Boulevards were crowded by a most agitated crowd; a huge procession was parading near the Madelaine, shouting '*À la Chambre! à la Chambre!*'" Whether these people expected to find the Chamber sitting at close upon midnight did not appear; but the cry of "*À la Chambre*" did as well as any other.

This morning a great meeting of the National Guard was held in the Place Vendôme; the Guards formed two deep lines the whole of one side of that square. Coming down the Champs-Elysées, I met a long train of mitrailleuses. What the destination of these guns was I could not ascertain. The gardens of the Luxemburg, like the Bois de Boulogne, are crowded with sheep and oxen. In the Place de la Concorde a large crowd was gathered beneath one of those ugly statues representing the chief towns of France in the guise of fat women. Round the base of that named Strasburg huge wreaths of artificial flowers were being placed; the feet of Madame Strasburg, which rest on a gun, were also covered with these trophies. The defiant attitude of the statue thus honoured is not inappropriate to the occasion, and of the gallant defence that town is now making against the invaders of France.

At the Théâtre Français to-night the "Marseillaise" was sung by Mdlle. Agar, who held aloft in her right hand a huge tricolour flag. The audience listened intently, and vociferously applauded every verse. At the commencement of the last—"*Amour sacré de la patrie*"—Mdlle. Agar plumped down on her knees and folded the flag around her. Cries of "*Debout!*" were raised, and

the whole audience sprang to its feet, cheering at the same time, as if by this exhibition they were helping in driving back the Prussians across the Rhine! Poor people, there is already a look of great despondency on all their faces. What will it be to-morrow, or the day after, when the news of what has happened breaks upon them?

No words of indignation can be too strong for the manner in which these people have been hocussed and cheated by the Government into believing that all was going on well up to the very eve of this dreadful smash. A well-informed person said to me to-day, when I asked him if there had been any official news received lately, "*Nous n'aurons point de nouvelles officielles jusqu'à ce que le dernier Prussien soit tué, ou hors de la France.*" And this is what eight out of every ten people believe in Paris.

Sunday, September 4.—Paris awoke this fine morning to find itself on the brink of an abyss. It has proved worthy of itself by the conduct of its people to-day. I have just come in (6 P.M.), and since two o'clock this afternoon have been in the thickest of the crowds, first at the Corps Législatif, where I went at two, having a letter from Lord Lyons for the President (Schneider), in order to be able to hear the debate. This letter never reached its destination. Half of the Place de la Concorde was blocked by a dense crowd, all making for the bridge leading to the Chamber. With no little difficulty I pushed my way up to the front of that building, where I found another mob surging on its broad steps, facing the incoming crowd that were pouring over the bridge from the Place de la Concorde. The heat, the noise, the enthusiasm, were all intense. The Dragoons who had been placed by Trochu to guard the bridge had early disappeared, and as I approached the Corps Législatif, the guard that stood before it suddenly—at some concerted signal—reversed their rifles, placing the stock upwards, thus showing their sympathy with the people. Then from a hundred thousand throats rose one great shout—a very pæan of triumph—and the marrow-stirring "Marseillaise" rolled and surged, and rang all around. The air seemed to tremble under that tremendous diapason of mingled victory and revenge.

The people were triumphant; all resistance on the part of the military, those stocks once turned, was over. Suddenly in front of the building, standing on one of the upper steps close beside me—for I had made my way with a will—up started a short, fiery, black-bearded, stout man, with long hair thrown back from his forehead, gesticulating wildly, for the roar of the mob was like that of a great flood. At first one could not hear a word of his impassioned talk; but soon, even above that tumult, rang out loud and clear as the sound of a bell the voice of one who seemed a man equal to the occasion. "*C'est Gambetta!*" said some one to me. Those who then saw and heard him are not likely to forget Léon Gambetta. A little later I heard him speak again. This second time was when, after more squeezing and almost fighting one's way into the Chamber itself, out of which M. Schneider and the Deputies of the Right had levanted, Gambetta addressed the house from the floor. Within the Chamber the enthusiasm and shouting of "*Vive la République!*" was as great as without. The interior of the Chamber presented a most extraordinary spectacle. The outer mob filling this gilded and splendidly adorned hall reminded one of the accounts of similar scenes that had occurred in many of the great crises of the Great Revolution.

National Guards were sitting and sprawling in the most nonchalant manner on the benches where a few moments before the elected of the French nation had reposed. Next to me in the gallery was a man in a blouse, in a state of great excitement. "*Voilà*," he cried, "*la Troisième République, faut qu'elle dure;*" and, alluding to the newly-born Republic, "*C'est la Troisième, fondée sans une goutte de sang versé.*" My neighbour in the blouse seemed to forget how much blood had lately been shed in the east of France to have enabled Paris to make this fresh revolution and to inaugurate a new Republic.

"To-day at noon the tricolour still floated half-mast high from the central dome of the Tuileries; but at three it had disappeared. So, too, has the Empress, but whither?"

Long after these events I had a feeling of regret, almost of remorse, that one had not, after hearing of Sedan, and that the

Emperor was a prisoner, gone at once to the Tuileries to warn the Empress of her danger, and to entreat her to escape out of Paris before the news of the disaster had reached the people. Only lately have I been told that the Empress knew of Sedan on the morning of September 3, and that nothing could have then induced her to leave the Tuileries, for she had faith in the promise that Trochu had made her, that he would be responsible for her safety, whatever happened. It was not until the Empress saw the mob pouring into the gardens of the Tuileries on their way to the palace that she gave up all for lost and fled. The Empress has herself told me the details of that flight, to which I shall allude later on.

"After leaving the Corps Législatif I went to the Tuileries. The Place du Carrousel was densely thronged, as was also the space between it and the palace, until to-day always kept clear of people except those belonging to the palace. There was no privacy or privilege about the Tuileries to-day. With the mob I passed across the garden into the palace, through the principal gateway, the crowd intoning the 'Marseillaise' as they pushed their way into the home of so many of their former sovereigns." It seemed as if 1792 had come back. Here, behind, around, and in front of me, in the palace of the kings of France, where but a few moments before the Empress Regent had still believed that she was in safety, spikes and swords were carried by the rabble. Here and there the hideous red cap of liberty itself appeared in red baize, the symbol of death that had crowned so much blood-shed, so many cold-blooded murders. June 20, 1792, had surely returned, and poor helpless Louis XVI. would be found above drinking the health of the nation, with one of those red caps of liberty on his harmless powdered head; and beyond, Marie Antoinette, pale but courageous, would calmly stand for long hours facing all the ragamuffinism of Paris, protected from them by only the council-table in the embrasure of one of the palace windows. Had the Empress been found there and then, her life would have been not worth a moment's purchase. The mob among whom I formed a unit was good-tempered, with the good

temper of a spoilt child that is allowed to break and destroy what it pleases; for they had it all their own way, and this revolution was indeed what some one called it, *une révolution faite avec de l'eau de rose;* but had anything checked it, or had it found one of the causes or supposed causes of the war in their power, their good temper would have changed in a moment to wildbeast-like savageness, and the horrors of the massacres of September in 1793 would probably have been repeated, as they were during the Commune. "On the walls, in large letters, the words '*Mort aux voleurs!*' were chalked, as was the case when the Tuileries were sacked in 1848. The side staircases of the palace were guarded by National Guards, and I believe the mob did nothing more than pass through the entrance-hall and corridors of the Tuileries, and that no damage was done to the palace.

"I followed the crowd to the Hôtel de Ville, down the Rue de Rivoli. In front of the Hôtel de Ville all Paris seemed to have collected. The mob was gigantic; every inch was covered by humanity; every balcony, every window, and even roofs of the houses from which the Place de Grêve could be seen, were alive with people. Over the great clock, above the bas-relief of Henry IV. on horseback, the tricolour waved, crowned with the red cap of Liberty and Revolution. An open carriage slowly made its way through this living mass, and stopped in front of the principal entrance of the hotel. The mob danced and shouted round this carriage and its contents like maniacs, for seated in it were Trochu and Glaiz-Bizoin. The mob then forced its way into the huge building, and in a moment from every window heads and bodies appeared, and a shower of papers fell from out those open windows. They twisted and danced in the air above our heads like a myriad of white butterflies. These were municipal papers that had been found in the different apartments, and which the people, like the child it is, threw out like *confetti* in a Roman carnival. Then some one from one of the central windows proclaimed that the Republic, one and indivisible, is an accomplished fact, which produced yet greater shouting and enthusiasm in the crowd. Proclamations of the new Republic were then

scattered down, and eagerly scrambled for. It was nearly six; I had been among the mob for four hours, and getting into a cab, I hurried back to the hotel to send a letter of the events of the day to England. Driving by the barracks in the Rue de Rivoli, I found the soldiers quartered there, and who had been locked in, climbing out through the windows; this caused another ovation on the part of the jubilant mob."

That night I dined at the Embassy. "Lord Lyons was as agreeable as he always is. He thinks the Parisians have, in their exultation at having overthrown the Empire, forgotten all about the Prussians; and that, apparently, as far as matters have gone yet, they seem to think no government by far the best of governments. The Empress, Lord Lyons said, had left for Chimay at three this afternoon. The American and Belgian ministers came to the Embassy later in the evening. Late at night the Boulevards were again densely thronged—the people very orderly. Thus closed a very memorable day for Paris and for France.

"*September* 5.—This has been a day of comparative calm—a lull after the storm of yesterday. All the Imperial insignia over the shop-fronts have disappeared, and in this quarter (I was stopping at the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix) there is hardly a shop that has not a large blank space above the door, where a few hours ago the Imperial eagle or the cyphers of Napoleon and Eugenie appeared. Even the N.'s and E.'s which ran below the frieze of the front of the New Opera House are being taken down. Inside the theatres, too, all traces of the Empire have been removed, and tricolour flags cover the place where the Imperial bees and eagles formerly hung and swung. The people appear to wish to efface all external traces of the late Government, to which only three months ago they gave such an *immense* majority of votes in the *Plébiscite*. On every side great placards, headed with the words '*République française*,' stare one in the face, signed by the newly-appointed Government. Here, for instance, is one—'*Le Corps Législatif est dissous —Le Sénat est aboli.*' Then follow the names of the new Govern-

ment, headed by that of General Trochu (president); E. Arago (mayor of Paris); Crémieux, Jules Favre, Ferry, Gambetta, Garnier-Pagès, Glais-Bizoin, Pelletan, Picard, Rochefort, and Jules Simon. All these eleven, with the exception of Trochu, are Deputies of Paris.

"A large crowd composed of workmen, and headed by four or five men bearing tricolour flags, and followed by a rabble of women, came marching down the Rue de la Paix in tolerable good order this morning. Their object was apparently to clear away from the shop fronts any of the obnoxious emblems that remained relating to the Empire. Attracted by the eagles of Austria and Russia opposite Worth's shop in the Rue de la Paix, they halted, but when they found that these were not the loathed Imperial bird of France they left the others unmolested. Sheffield told me that the mob were beginning to pull down the royal arms of our Embassy, but some one having expostulated with them, and explained that these were the arms of England, both lion and unicorn were left in peace. The mob on leaving shouted, '*Vive l'Angleterre!*' Sheffield told me also that there was a report that the Belgians were inclined to adopt the French suggestion and proclaim a Republic; that the Belgians have fraternised most cordially with the French Republicans, and that the feeling in that country is most hostile to England. So much for conventions!

"In the streets the newspaper boys were shouting, '*Dernières nouvelles; Macmahon n'est pas tué.*'"

Nor was the day following of much interest. "There is a prospect, it appears, of terms of peace, or leading to peace by an armistice, being arrived at. Jules Favre is said to have started for the King of Prussia's headquarters. One may hope, then, that wiser counsels will prevail, and that what has been the talk of Paris during the last eight-and-forty hours—namely, a war of extermination—may yet be avoided. The Prussians were rapidly approaching, and may be before Paris in a week's time. I looked in at the Bourse, where a great deal of noise and shouting, but little actual business, was going on. *Rentes* have fallen two

francs to-day. On all sides one hears but one opinion regarding the Emperor; a very bitter judgment is meted out to the man they now call *l'homme de Sedan.* My bootmaker waxed eloquent in his wrath about Napoleon. '*Tiens,*' he said, '*voilà l'homme à qui nous avons donné cinquante millions par an—et qui nous a perdus. La France ne voulait pas la guerre, elle était assez grande, assez riche; mais vous verrez ces Allemands ne finiront pas ici! Ils ont dit qu'ils voulaient faire la guerre seulement à ce Napoléon; eh bien! ils l'ont—pourquoi faut-il qu'ils viennent ici nous ruiner, nous piller? Mais cela ne finira pas avec nous—après, ils vous feront la guerre—et puis ils prendront l'Autriche et l'Italie!*' And so on—and *da capo.*

"Many of the soldiers have returned to Paris from the seat of war. I saw several Zouaves surrounded by eager listeners, to whom they recounted the way they had been led to the slaughter, cursing the Emperor and the bad generalship which had ruined them. The advanced guard of the Prussians is said to be already at Fontainebleau. I again dined at the Embassy—only four *attachés* were at dinner besides Lord Lyons. My cousin, Frank Lascelles, was one. General Vinoy, with forty thousand men (?), is now quartered in the Avenue de la Grande-Armée. The Prince Imperial is reported to have arrived at Dover. The Danish Minister (Moltke), who, owing to his name, has had some trouble here, came into the Embassy later."

The following day, September 7th, it poured incessantly. "This must retard the advance of the Germans, who are expected at Meaux and at St. Denis to-morrow. My waiter, who always has a fine cock-and-bull story to bring in with my matutinal cup of coffee, swore that he distinctly heard the sound of the German guns early this morning.

"News has come of poor Kit Pemberton's death—killed during a battle—shot by the side of the Crown Prince of Saxony. Russell and I parted from him at Mayence, little thinking that we should never meet him again. On the *façade* of the new opera is, or rather was till this morning, an inscription in large bronze gilt letters, as follows:—'*Opéra Impérial de la Musique.*' The

'Imp.' has vanished, and 'Nat.' is substituted. Most of the shops are closed or closing; few of the jewellers, or shops where '*objets de luxe*' are sold, are now open in the Boulevard, or in the adjacent streets this evening. Barbedienne's splendid shop is, however, still full of gorgeous bronzes and enamels—what destruction a shell bursting there would make! The Boulevards are always densely full of promenaders, but the people are silent, and converse in whispers. A great dread has fallen on them, and a terrible fear has overwhelmed them. The only sounds one heard came from about the newspaper kiosks. There is hardly a carriage to be met in the streets. It is only too palpable that the time is near when this once gay city will have to make ready in grim earnest for God knows what trials and sufferings.

"*Thursday*, *September* 8.—Another peaceful day, bright and sunny, with beautiful great masses of white clouds, like angels' couches, spread against a deep-blue sky. I paid a visit to my sister Constance's old governess, Madame Dembinska. The old lady breathed fire and slaughter against the Emperor and his Government; she does not seem at all alarmed at the prospect of a Prussian bombardment or occupation of Paris. In the evening a great number of *Francs-tireurs* appeared on the Boulevards; they had come from Picardy; they marched at double-quick time on their way to garrison one of the forts; they seemed full of zeal. Garibaldi, with twenty thousand Italians, is expected here next week. The Orleans princes have been sent back to whence they came, after having been refused permission to fight for their native land.

"Next day rumours of an armistice arrived, an armistice to last for ten days, and which will be, in all probability, followed by peace. I shall start off for Dunrobin if this is the case. To-night no theatre was open in Paris, an event which, I believe, did not occur in the worst days of the Terror; another sign of the times is that *Galignani's Messenger* appeared to-day only half its ordinary size."

As operations now seemed to be rather at a standstill, and as

I had been asked to return as soon as I could to my duties in Sutherland, I left Paris for London, *en route* for Dunrobin, on September 10, little dreaming how soon the siege of Paris was to commence—a siege which, for many reasons, it is among the useless regrets of my life to have missed.

CHAPTER XIX

1871: *PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE AND AFTER THE COMMUNE*

I PAID Lord and Lady Russell a short visit at their pleasant lodge in Richmond Park early in February. "There I met the author of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' Henry Taylor, and Dr. Hooker of Kew Gardens. Lord Russell was in feeble health, and only appeared in the afternoon, when he received his guests in his dressing-room upstairs, dressed in an Inverness cape, and wearing on his head a small skull-cap. Although infirm and very deaf, he seemed apparently as mentally alive as ever. He talked much of the diary of my uncle Carlisle, which had recently been printed for private circulation by my aunt, Caroline Lascelles."

I saw something, too, that spring in London of "Poodle" Byng, another very ancient relic of a former generation, but of a different stamp to Lord Russell. His memory reached back as far as the halcyon days of Devonshire House, when my great-grandmother reigned there over the Whigs. "Her Grace's parties," he said, "were terribly dull. One sat playing cards at little round tables, and spoke always in a whisper." "Poodle" Byng remembered the fine plane-trees in Berkeley Square being planted; he had been one of the great friends of George IV. in his Regency days, and was a contemporary of Beau Brummel, a volunteer before Waterloo, and again in 1860.

Early that year (1871) I served on the committee for the relief of the French peasants, at the Mansion House. We had the disposal of ten thousand pounds to look after. Some of this money went to the relief of the peasants, and some to

that of the poor of Paris, who had been starving during the last two months of the Prussian siege. Partly out of curiosity and partly to see how this succour was administered in Paris, I went to that capital at the end of March. "I had the steamer, in crossing the Channel, nearly all to myself. An Englishman on his way to Normandy said he did not see the advantage of being shot as a German spy in Paris, which he seemed to believe would be my fate. The old railway guard at Calais—Robert—gave me a dismal account of his existence during the last four months: nothing to do, no travellers, no trains, no anything—utter stagnation—'and no tips,' I felt inclined to add. Abbeville and Amiens are occupied by the Germans—no buffet at either, no refreshments to be found; the Landwehr and Pickelhauben reign supreme all along the line." Leaving London at seven one morning, it was seven on the following when I arrived in Paris.

A day to be remembered was that of March 1, 1871. At St. Denis the first signs of the bombardment appeared. At the terminus not a cab nor a horse was to be seen. I had to shoulder our luggage and walk along with it through the silent and deserted streets. On reaching the Hôtel Chatham I found that Billy Russell, who had been there a short time ago, had left for the Prussian headquarters at Versailles. At eight that morning I was in the Place de la Concorde, and from thence, looking up the Champs-Elysées, saw the advanced guard of the Germans entering Paris. This consisted of a Hussar regiment, which came cantering down the drive, followed closely by regiments of infantry, steadily streaming down those Elysian fields, with flags flying and bands playing. At two in the afternoon the grand entry of the Germans took place, when thirty thousand troops marched down, filling up the whole width of the carriage-drive. A brilliant sun shone all day on this third occupation of Paris by the enemy within this century. Meeting F. Wombwell during the course of the morning, we kept together for the rest of the day. We walked up to the Porte Maillot, near where lives an old English dog-fancier, a friend of my companion's,

in a house overlooking the Avenue de l'Impératrice, along which the Germans were marching. Bob Blunt—for that is the old dog-merchant's name—used language that would have caused a navvy to stare; and his wrath against both the French and the Germans was intense, for during the siege most of his dogs had been requisitioned for food; and not content with devouring his canine favourites, the "brutes" had, he informed us, thrown their skins into his garden. From Bob's window we saw some unfortunate fellows almost lynched by the Parisian mob—a cowardly lot of the lowest blackguards, mostly boys, who were only too glad to raise a cry of "*l'espion*," and to surround some unlucky man in the crowd whose appearance had anything Teutonic about it. It was a mob eager and ready for an opportunity of showing their feelings to any foreigner who had the ill-luck to rouse their suspicions.

Whitehurst (correspondent in Paris of the *Daily Telegraph*) I also fell in with during that day. We watched the squadrons of each army corps one after another filing by the Arch of Triumph to the strains of the "Wacht am Rhein" and other patriotic German airs. But the rest of Paris was like a city of the dead. All blinds were drawn, and most of the shutters closed, and as the night came, the shops, cafés, and theatres all shut; in fact it seemed a city mourning, not only a calamity, but an everlasting disgrace.

Next morning I went out early with Wombwell. In the Place de la Concorde, and in the neighbouring Champs-Elysées, the Germans were encamped under a brilliant sun and clear blue sky. The bands of the Prussian and Bavarian army corps were playing at the base of the statues of the French towns, round the eyes of each of which crape had been bound, so that the marble presentments of the French cities should not behold the desecration of their capital! The Tuileries gardens were also thronged by the invaders. Some of the French—civilians, of course—appeared to fraternise with the Germans; but it was not a safe amusement, as yesterday had shown, when more than one person had been half-murdered through the brutal

mob suspecting them of being on friendly terms with the enemy. I visited, in the Rue de la Bienfaisance (an appropriate name for that street), the place where the English succours were being distributed to the sufferers of the siege. The poor women there were touchingly grateful when they discovered that we were English, and that we had helped the fund. The street was full of these poor women and children, awaiting patiently their turn to receive the provisions at the gate. Here biscuits, compressed meat, milk, and cheese were distributed. An old English lady asked for some "bons"—*i.e.*, tickets for these provisions—which, luckily, I was able to give her, and she left with her arms full of victuals.

I drove to Versailles with Mr. Kingston, war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Passing Suresnes, we made a halt at St. Cloud. Both town and palace were a picture of utter ruin and complete desolation, the only building left intact being the new church. As we were visiting the ruins of the palace, the King of Prussia drove up in an open landau. The deserted Château of Versailles, guarded by the Prussians, had a weird look that night; and what mockery appeared in the inscription, "To all the glories of France," on the portals of that palace!

The next morning was a brilliant one, the old gardens of the palace looking splendid in the bright summery haze, but all deserted; the only sounds that broke the stillness were the notes of distant bugles calling together the various regiments who were to enter the capital. My host kindly gave me a mount on one of his horses—a sorry nag, with a back sharp as the blade of a knife; but I was only too glad to have a horse under me again, and jogging down the avenues of the old royal city, I returned Pariswards. Crossing the Seine near Suresnes, over a pontoon-bridge, I reached Longchamps just as a review of thirty thousand cavalry had commenced. Longchamps, accustomed as it is to splendid spectacles, had never seen the like of this—the victorious King, surrounded by his staff, reviewing the picked men of his legions, while Paris lay at his mercy and was already full of his soldiers. I had not much time to stay at

Longchamps, for I was impatient to see how matters stood in Paris; and pushing on as rapidly as the capacities of my Rosinante would permit, I rode through the Bois de Boulogne, filled with German soldiery, and arrived at the Porte Maillot. This gate was closed, but I managed to enter Paris by the Porte des Ternes. Here what might have been a disagreeable incident occurred. A mob of roughs surrounded Rosinante and her rider, declaring I was a Prussian, a spy, and so forth. Two ill-looking fellows seized me by the legs, and had not some one in the crowd declared that I was but a harmless Englishman, the affair might have been a serious one. I was heartily glad to get out of the rabble, and to pursue my course down the Champs-Elysées, through the Place de la Concorde, to the Hôtel Chatham, where I alighted, and where I found Billy Russell, surrounded by lesser stars in the shape of war correspondents.

We drove to see the destruction caused by the bombardment about the Point du Jour. Not a house near it which was not more or less riddled by the Prussian shot and shell. Only partially, for the first time since the siege commenced, was Paris again lighted that night with gas; but the Boulevards were still left out in the dark. Some Prussian officers were nearly lynched that night by the street rabble in the Place Vendôme.

Next day we visited the Corps Législatif, converted into a hospital; thirty wounded lay in what was formerly the ball-room. A bearded priest, Monseigneur Bauer, formerly the Empress's confessor—looking like Garibaldi disguised in clerical garb—took us over the different wards. With another correspondent, Mr. Marshall, we visited the Mont de Piété, to arrange that the workmen's tools, deposited there during the war, should be restored to the owners; and we went also to another office to settle the best mode of distributing 20,000 francs' worth of coal for the relief of the sufferers. It would take too long to do more than allude to the many interesting things one saw during those days in Paris. Besides Russell, I found a delightful companion in another literary celebrity—Laurence Oliphant —with whom I called on Mr. Blount, the gallant English banker,

who had remained throughout the siege aiding his fellow-countrymen; we also visited General Vinoy in his headquarters at the Louvre, where we met a young French officer, the son of Sir Richard Wallace.

Another day I rode out with a young French companion, M. Troy, and a few more, to Fort Issy, through Vaugirard, full of traces of the siege. Fort Issy is "knocked into a cocked hat;" so Russell told us, for we were not admitted to see the interior of the fort; but the outside bears witness to the storm of shot and shell that rained for months upon it Thence we went on to Châtillon, where the heavy fighting at the close of last September took place. Two of my companions had been all through the fighting there, and gave a graphic account of it as we rode over the place. The batteries that had been thrown up by the Prussians had directed a tremendous fire on Forts Issy and Vanves, and from hence, too, Paris was shelled. We returned to Paris by Meudon and Clamart—(Prince Napoleon's château at the former place had been treated like St. Cloud, and its fine gardens and terraces cut up into batteries)—then back through Sèvres and the Bois to our different quarters.

The following day I returned to London to be present at my niece Evelyn Stuart's wedding with Ailsa. "At Amiens station John O'Connor, the artist, whom I had known since Cambridge days, and who was in my train, introduced me to Sir Randal Roberts, a good-looking man, attired in the uniform of the London Irish Volunteers. He was in command of the station, and served during the war with the Germans, also with the *Daily Telegraph* as correspondent, and had been thrice wounded when on General Von Goeben's staff. Our train took all day to reach Calais, and we only arrived in London next morning at seven."

Two weeks later another marriage took place in our family—that of Lorne to the Princess Louise. "*March* 21.—A family party met at Cliveden the previous day, and on the marriage morning drove over to Windsor. Percy and I were the two supporters,' to use the expression of etiquette at these royal

ceremonies. The day was brilliant, and never had the glorious old chapel of St. George's looked to greater advantage.

"At noon Lorne and his 'supporters'—all three in Volunteer Artillery uniforms—were driven from the Castle to the Chapel, and, entering it, we at first waited some moments in the Bray Chapel, turned for the occasion into a waiting-room. There we waited while the different royal processions were being formed and marshalled to the altar steps. At length Castlerosse appeared, and we three marched up the crowded chapel and took our position on the right of the altar—on the *haut-pas.*

"The stalls of the Knights of the Garter and the seats below them were filled with Ministers, their wives, and other high dignitaries; and the whole place was a blaze of uniforms, jewels, gala dresses, and magnificence. From the organ-loft the royal musicians performed stirring marches as the different processions wound their way up the chapel. Then followed another long delay, this time rather a trying one, until at length the bride, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and her uncle, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Coburg, appeared at the grand entrance, and slowly walked up towards the altar.

"Lorne went through the ordeal with admirable self-possession. The bride very pale, but handsome. The whole scene was superb, full of pomp, music, pageantry, and sunshine. On returning to the Castle, the old Marshal Duke of Saldanha, covered with decorations, was in the same carriage with Percy and myself.

"At four the newly-wedded pair left the Castle for Claremont, under a shower of rice, satin shoes, and a new broom that John Brown, in Highland fashion, threw after their carriage as it left the quadrangle for the station."

During that spring I visited the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Albury, in Surrey. It is not a fine house—one of Pugin's early and incomplete restorations of domestic Gothic—but it is surrounded by a lovely country. Nowhere in England are there more picturesque lanes and hedgerows; and the park is full of grand old oaks, with gently-sloping hills topped by splendid

Scotch firs. The most striking feature at Albury is a beautiful broad smooth terrace of well-mown grass, with a clear spring of water in the centre of it, and a clump of fir-trees above. This terrace was laid out by John Evelyn.

Broadlands, in Hampshire, was another place I visited that summer. After Lord Palmerston's death it became the property of Mr. Cowper-Temple, now Lord Mount-Temple. "The park is well timbered; the house built after the classic style that prevailed at the close of the last century in this country; but it is saved from external ugliness by a superb portico of immense pillars facing the garden front. The chief beauty of this place is the river, which flows in front of the house and skirts the lawn. Near it is a beautiful walk lined by monster elms, which are reflected in the river. The house contains many fine paintings, including Sir Joshua's 'Infant Academy.' Here, for the first time, I met Ruskin. He says he believes in an Utopia, in which engines and all machinery will cease to be. He declared that he would have seen with indifference the destruction of the galleries of the Louvre, as the works of art they contain had been destroyed by restoration!

"We attended service in the fine old Norman Church of Romsey, where Lord Palmerston wished to be buried."

On returning from Epsom races, the news of Paris being in flames, and the destruction of the Tuileries and the Louvre, first reached me. "At breakfast with the Gladstones in Carlton House Terrace the next morning these terrible events in Paris were discussed. They have naturally caused the greatest indignation and horror. Gladstone spoke of the destruction of the Tuileries as of the loss of an old friend. Indeed it was the most French of any great building in Paris—the most characteristic, the most associated with the history of the French capital since the days of the Valois. It is sad to think that the great dome of the central pavilion, on which so many different standards have been hoisted, under which so many dynasties have been sheltered, should for ever have disappeared.

"The next evening, dining at the Disraelis', in Park Lane, the

comforting tidings were announced that the Archbishop of Paris' life had been spared, and that the Louvre had not been destroyed as well as the Tuileries."

On May 29 I left London with W. H. Russell for Paris. "We found Lord Ranelagh and T. G. Bowles at Charing Cross, bound on the same errand as ourselves, and reached St. Denis at ten next morning. There we were told that we could not enter Paris, owing to the line being blocked, and that we would be obliged to drive from St. Denis. We hired an open *char-à-bancs*, and drove first to Versailles, in order to get passes to enable us to pass the gates. We crossed the Seine at Chatou in a boat.

"From Versailles—having obtained our permits—we drove to the Point du Jour. There we had to leave our carriage and pursue our way on foot, no carriage being allowed into Paris that day. Russell had to shoulder a huge portmanteau; the rest were less encumbered; but certainly stranger-looking beings than we four tramping into Paris that night could hardly have been met. Our way led through the most shattered and bombarded side of the town. The destruction of houses on either side of the road was something awful. It seemed like entering a city of the dead, for hardly any living creature was visible; not a horse or a carriage did we meet with till we came to the end of the Champs-Elysées. At the Hôtel Chatham we found Laurence Oliphant, with whom we passed most of our time while in Paris.

"It was next day, when lunching at Véfour's, that Russell and Lord Ranelagh had an animated discussion, the latter declaring that the Volunteers he commanded could have taken Paris sooner than the Versailles troops had done; and the former not being at all convinced of the likelihood of this performance. At one time this discussion waxed so animated that it seemed probable that the luncheon would have been followed by 'wigs on the green;' but luckily no blood flowed from the representatives of the Irish houses of Russell and of Jones.

"We visited many of the still-smouldering ruins. In the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli firemen were still pouring great quantities of water on them. The Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville,

Finances, and many more stately buildings are completely gutted. From the Conciergerie to the Légion d'Honneur, all along the quays, the principal buildings are mere wrecks; the Cour des Comptes a superb and stately ruin. The destruction in the Rue de Bac is terrific; the Hôtel de Ville, too, is an imposing ruin, still burning; the Louvre, Sainte-Chapelle, and Notre-Dame escaped as if by a miracle. The Sainte-Chapelle was surrounded by flames, but it has come out scatheless. The Column of Liberty, on the Place de la Bastille, has been riddled with shot and shell. In the Rue de la Roquette we passed over a barricade, round which still lay half-a-dozen bodies of Communards. That, too, is a street of ruins, and there the stand made by the retreating Communists had been of a desperate character. A poor wretch, half dead, was brought out of one of the cellars in this street, but whether a Communist or not would have been hard to tell. The Place du Château d'Eau and the Barracks of the Prince Eugène are almost honeycombed by shot. We also visited the Porte Maillot, where more destruction appeared. I called on Dr. Alan Herbert at his rooms in the Rue Chaveau Lagarde. He had been kept in his room for two whole days while the fighting was raging round a barricade below his windows. Around the Tour St. Jacques, during the days the street-fighting lasted, a quantity of the Communists had been buried. These are now being disinterred and carted away to one of the outer cemeteries. It was a grim sight.

"We left Paris that night, June 1, driving out by the Porte de la Chapelle, where, in the glacis of the inner fortifications, many of the dead had been thrown; and here and all about that gate the stench of putrefying corpses was horrible. Sir Charles Dilke travelled with us. He had been in Paris at the close of the struggle of the dying Commune, and some ill-natured Conservatives pretended that he had also taken part on the side of the insurgents. If this was the case, he at any rate did not inform us of it."

The rest of the summer I passed generally in town, going on Sundays to Cliveden, varied by occasional visits to my dear old

friend Lady Cowper, at Wrest. The House of Commons had become an excuse for leading an idle but pleasant life. Luxurious days passed in morning or evening rides in the Park on a blue-coloured roan cob named "Merrylegs," as sportive as a kitten; evenings and nights at dinners, balls, and parties; afternoons at Holland House, where, to use the famous Lord Chesterfield's expression, I was "domesticated," and where one invariably received the warmest greeting from the kind mistress of that historic mansion, whenever one's fancy took one either to the mid-day breakfasts or the late dinner in those delightful old-world rooms, in which one could imagine that the perfume of the beauties and be-powdered beaux of last century still clings. These were days passed pleasantly amongst a society that only cared for the amusement and distraction of the hour, and which, as long as it was amused and not bored, was delightful; a society too large to be a coterie, but not small or select enough to be termed a set.

I had taken a studio flat with my artist friend, J. O'Connor, in the old house in Leicester Square where Sir Joshua lived and in which he died. It stands on the west side of the square; it is now a well-known auctioneer's mart. A "plaque" let into the wall facing the square, records that here the greatest of English portrait-painters spent the end of his successful career. Here on Friday nights during that season of 1871, in the room on the first floor which had been the great painter's drawing-room, my friend and I used to assemble troops of young and middle-aged artists of various success and of varied talent. Now and then we indulged in a supper, followed by songs and improvisations. Among the few distinguished literary or professional men who honoured these symposia were George Augustus Sala and Sir Henry Thompson. Soon the novelty (which is the source of all pleasures) of these Bohemian gatherings passed away, and with the novelty the suppers and the guests, and later on the studio itself. I found that as a painter I was a decided failure, and did not care to continue an occupation which I had hoped at one time would be something more than a mere pastime. During

the month of August I worked hard at Woolwich at the Artillery drill depôt, and obtained at the end of the course of training a certificate of having passed through the School of Instruction. I had the honour of being examined by Colonel Wolseley in thirty-two-pounder gun-drill. The most interesting part of this drill-work was the time passed at Shoeburyness, where we had practice on the sands with the thirty-two pounders, fired with twenty-four rounds at targets placed 1300 feet out at sea. Riding over the sands with the markers was capital sport, and caused a regret that I was merely a Volunteer and not a real gunner.

At the close of the month I went to Inveraray to be present at the "Home-coming" of Princess Louise. It rained all the time, as it always does at Inveraray, in torrents. Here I met Mr. Forbes, correspondent of the *Daily News*, and his friend, Mr. Campbell Clarke, then on the staff of the *Telegraph*, at a regatta, which we saw from Argyll's yacht, the *Columbia*. "The Princess seems already quite at home, and very cordial to all. Besides countless Campbells, there are only staying in the Castle the Granvilles, Dudley Ryder, the Guthries, Lorne's old German tutor, Dr. Schmitz, and Roden. Highland games go on all day long in spite of the deluge, and Highland jigs, flings, and dances are the order of the night. Thus passed the time."

Returning south at the close of these damp festivities, I passed a few days alone at Trentham, where Noble's monumental tomb of my mother was being placed in the church. "Visited a few days after the Bagots at Blithfield, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire. There is something very attractive and homelike about the place, although it is by no means a perfect house. The grounds are a happy mixture of half-garden, half-orchard, blending so well in an old-fashioned place like this, taking away the formality of the one and the unkempt look of the other. Here the apple-trees and beds of roses come close to the house. An old mulberry-tree, half of it lately blown away, is a source of pride and grief to my hostess, who is devoted to her trees and her garden."

From Blithfield I visited Lichfield Cathedral—"small, but very

beautiful. The modern tombs are somewhat too gaudy; but the new ironwork near the steps of the altar is very fine. Bagot's Park, which, oddly enough, is some miles from Blithfield, is one of the finest old parks in the country. Here, under immemorial oaks, herds of venerable goats, of a peculiar breed—unique, it is said—disport their grey beards. They are the badge of the old family of Bagot. These heraldic animals are mostly piebald, black and white." From Blithfield I also visited the fine old Elizabethan home of the Talbots, Ingestre Hall—"a somewhat melancholy-looking place, with a handsome sculptural portico;" and also the more striking old home of the Pagets, Beaudesert—"a truly splendid old pile, grandly placed, overlooking a sea of park and wild woodland domain. The Abdys, to whom it is now leased, were away, and I looked into some of the principal rooms. The finest is a long gallery on the first floor. Here hangs a fine half-length life-size Holbein of the first Lord Paget. We rode back to Blithfield over Cannock Chase—a blaze of golden gorse and purple heather." I was fated to see Beaudesert again under terribly sad circumstances.

Then followed the annual autumn visit to Sutherland. In the Highland sports at Dunrobin my Norfolk-born squire, Robert Tuffs, bore off the running prizes against his Scotch competitors, and won easily the high leap and the hurdle races. These sports and the Volunteer reviews and balls are an annual institution, as was then to me the long drive round the west coast and the north of the county, to visit my far-apart constituents, driving from Lairg along the shores of the longest and ugliest of the Scottish lakes to Loch More, where the Grosvenors had formed a little village of pretty cottages and buildings under the shadow of Ben Stack; on to Scourie, washed by the wild Atlantic waves, with the picturesque sea-girt rock of Handa, famed for its birds; on again northwards to Durness, hard by Ultima Thule. "Near here rises the fierce Cape Wrath, not so grand as I had expected, but it is striking from its look of wildness and desolation. Then along the northern ridge of Scotland to Tongue, once the home and the birthplace of the head of the clan of Mackay—of the Lords of

Reay—still containing an old house, and a delicious old garden full of fruit-trees and old-fashioned flowers. Then back to the eastern coast of Altnaharra, where, half a century ago, my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, had a shooting-lodge."

I was again at Trentham for the anniversary of my mother's death—November 26th. "The monument is now completed, and in its final place in the church. Worked and executed with loving care and skill, it is marvellously faithful to the original."

I have some dozen letters from Mr. Gladstone, written early that year, relating to the Latin inscription, and its translation in English, on the sides of the pedestal of this monument. In one of these letters Mr. Gladstone writes that he had submitted the translation of this inscription to "the very pure, critical eye of Lord Lyttleton." "It is," he writes, "a delight to me to be employed in anything connected with her memory, and this delight I have enjoyed; but, on the other hand, I should be seriously pained if I could think for a moment that you had accepted from me as if under covenant something which your free judgment did not approve."

Arthur Helps, writing to me also respecting a short biographical notice he had written of my mother at the end of this year, says—"I wish with all my heart the sketch of character was more worthy of the person described. Your mother was really a great personage; and in the case of this greatness happening to belong to a woman not being a queen, it is difficult to represent it to the world. I honour and love the Duchess's memory. I never can forget, too, how kind and gracious she was to me when I was an obscure young man."

In November I visited Mentmore, the gorgeous abode of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. "The building is by Barry, copied from Wollaton; the entrance-hall superb. Entering it as we did on the close of a winter's day, the effect of this great hall brilliantly lighted was enchanting. Its form reminds me of Bridgewater House; but the walls, instead of being of scagliola

and plaster, are here hung thickly round with superb old Flemish tapestries. A great door of glass faces the corridor through which the hall is entered; it is one sheet of glass, twenty feet high by ten wide. No wonder Admiral Rous walked bang up against it. In this hall are three of these crystal doors. One of these has growing beneath it a great group of ferns and tropical flowers. On the right, as you enter the hall, rises an immense old Flemish black and white marble fireplace, which was once in Rubens' house at Antwerp. The boldness of the sculptured sides of this great chimney-piece, on which rams' heads are modelled, size of nature, in white marble, is superb, and the effect of the happy mixture of the black and white marble is indescribable. Above this mass of marble, ten feet high, and on its summit, huge majolica vases stand; in the middle a figure in silver, size of life, of a Spanish dwarf, most spirited in treatment, and adding greatly to the effect of the whole. Above this, again, hangs a huge Venetian mirror in a richly-carved metal frame. The carpets in this hall are of tapestry, and bear the crown, the monogram, and the *fleur-de-lys* of Louis XIV. The tables are covered with slabs of *verd antique* and other rare marbles, with supports of Venetian wood-carvings. Huge gilt chairs with purple velvet cushions (once in the palace of the Doges of Venice) surround all this wealth of marble and magnificence, while scattered on every side are clocks, marbles, bronzes, busts, rare dishes, precious toys, and trinkets, to which even Disraeli's pen, who is one of the guests, could barely do justice. From the ceiling are suspended three immense golden lamps which once graced the prow of the famous galley of Venice, the State barge of the Doges—the prodigious *Bucentaur*. The rest of the house is worthy of this splendid hall. Paintings by the French masters of the last century abound, and the school of Watteau, Pater, and Greuze is evidently the favourite with the owner. One room is full of Bouchers and of Watteaus. Another little room is all furnished in amber."

CHAPTER XX

1872: *HUGHENDEN, ETC.*

THE illness of the Prince of Wales, which at one time during the early days of December seemed destined to terminate fatally, only served to prove how deep is the personal attachment towards the Queen in this country, and to those nearest her. There has never been in England a more universal testimony of personal loyalty and affection for the Throne than was exhibited on the day of the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Londoners turned out "in their millions" to make a great holiday, and rejoice together that the heir to these realms had been spared, and, as it were, snatched from out the very jaws of the grave, through the intercession and prayers of the people at the Throne of Heavenly Mercy.

I find in a letter, dated the 12th of February, from my sister, Constance Westminster, the following passage relating to the Prince soon after he left Sandringham. The letter is from Cliveden, and written after driving over to Windsor. "I cannot say," she writes, "what an emotion it was seeing the Prince and Princess. They were both *too* nice. He is much thinner, and head-shaven, but very unaltered in face, and so *grateful*—so touched at Lucia (Lady Bagot) and I being there to see them arrive. We had tea with them. She looks thin and worn, but so affectionate—tears in her eyes talking of him; and his manner to her so gentle. They had a lovely day for their journey; but the time of arrival, and the gate through which they were to enter the Castle, were kept very quiet. The Eton boys gave him a good cheer; the old porter at the gate of the Castle could hardly speak. When I remarked to him that the Prince looked wonder-

fully well, after he had passed, he answered, 'Yes, indeed, my lady; doesn't he look beautiful?'"

The thanksgiving celebration on the 27th of February will be remembered as one of the great gala-days of London. "I went to the Cathedral in the steamer set apart for the use of the members of the House of Commons. The sight within St. Paul's, as well as without, was most impressive, and one that can never be forgotten by those who saw it." Two days after there was a scare throughout London. The report came that the Queen's life had been attempted. It turned out that a demented lad named O'Connor had somehow or other got up to the Queen's carriage as it returned to Buckingham Palace, and that the mad fellow had presented a pistol at Her Majesty.

"The news set the Houses of Parliament in a flutter. From the House of Commons, when I heard the report, I went to the Police Station in King Street, where I saw a harmless-looking boy of sixteen. The pistol, an old flint one, was unloaded, and without hammer or flint to it."

I must not pass over an evening in January of this year, when, after dining with Mr. Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield and the Shrewsbury children, we went to the pantomime at Drury Lane. Anything, however trivial, relating to Lord Beaconsfield must always be of interest, so I will give his form of invitation:—"Lady Beaconsfield begs me," he writes, "to be her secretary, as the business on which she writes is a grave matter. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, with their more than pretty children, dine with us to-morrow at an early hour, and then we are going to the pantomime at Drury Lane. Lady Beaconsfield proposes that, if disengaged, you should dine with us—at quarter before six, and then you will see—what she says must be superior to anything we shall witness at the theatre: Lady Theresa Talbot, not yet out, but whose *début* will require the immortal pen that commemorated the appearance of the Gunnings. Let me hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you. An early dinner will be a novelty.—Yours sincerely, DISRAELI."

Mr. Disraeli greatly enjoyed the delight of the young Talbots

in the theatre. He had not been, he told me, to a pantomime for thirty years.

That March my brother Albert married Grace, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Abdy. There was every reason to hope that this marriage would be a happy union, but death soon destroyed what was a most happy home.

During the following spring I made some pleasant expeditions of a sketching kind with O'Connor. Once we went to Canterbury, putting up at the old-fashioned Fountain Inn. On another occasion we rambled about the endless corridors and rooms of Knole, and amidst the beech groves in that rare old park. On another we saw Rochester, and visited Cobham Park and its fine old pictures, old trees, and historic brasses in the neighbouring church. Among the places we visited, none pleased me more than Davington Priory, near Faversham; and Igtham Moat, near Sevenoaks—"just the place one would like to spend an idle summer's month at, lulled by the music of the falling waters in the old moat, and the humming of the bees." There is nothing lovelier in England than Knole Park in the month of May, provided it is not a May of east winds, but of the old-fashioned kind sung by poets and dreamt of by artists—the foliage of the old trees of every shade of green, the thorns in all their glory of white and purple. I preferred taking mine ease at mine inn, during these expeditions to Sevenoaks, to staying at the stately house within the park, where Lord and Lady Buckhurst (now Delawarr) showed me much hospitality; and not to myself only, but would throw open their stately old house to any artist who applied for the privilege of working in those arras-hung rooms. For days I scoured the surrounding county, visiting Chevening, with its portraits of Stanhopes, the finest works of the Scotch painter Ramsay; riding through the glades of Knole, heavy with the perfume of May; and dining sometimes with the Buckhursts in the great gallery, where James I. sits at one end as gorgeous in garb as an Assyrian king.

We did not omit to visit Penshurst and Hever. The former was being rather overstored, the latter terribly neglected; but

both are full of historic interest. While making these expeditions, I determined to drive through the length of England, and see as much as possible of old places and of the country generally.

That Ascot week, or rather a small portion of it, I passed at Mr. Delane's pretty place near the Heath. "Billy Russell" was another guest, and in great talk. That, I think, was my last visit to Ascot races, which I had never cared about, and which I had almost got to loathe. Betting has not been one of my many weaknesses and vices, at any rate. The only incident worth recording at the end of that London season was the marriage of Mary Fox, adopted daughter of Lord Holland, to Prince A. Lichtenstein. It took place at the end of June in the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, before a parterre of royalties. "It was a very long ceremony. The wedding-breakfast at Holland House was sadly marred by rain; but the departure of the wedded couple from Holland House at five was a really beautiful sight. I rode after them part of the way." Poor Mary Fox! With her many faults, she had many redeeming points of character, much cleverness, amounting almost to talent; her pretty book on Holland House will recall her name to many who have never had the privilege of visiting that most interesting of suburban palaces.

A day after this wedding I was back again at Knole, and "found Lady Buckhurst sitting out under the old trees on the lawn near the bowling-green — a very pretty picture and well framed. The Russells and their daughter, the Duchess of Buccleuch and hers, the Mahons, Bradfords, and Cecil Boothby are the party. My room is a charming one near the chapel—dedicated to Saint Thomas-à-Becket—its walls all covered with tapestry. This room is in the oldest part of the house, and dates from the time of Archbishop Bourchier in the fifteenth century. Dinner was rather formal, but, being in the great cartoon gallery, picturesque and effective. We adjourned to the ball-room after, where a few burning logs in the great fireplace made the stately old room look quite cheerful and gay. Next day, Sunday, there was service in the chapel; our hostess played the organ."

That summer a monster garden party, a veritable *fête champêtre*, to which eight hundred were invited, was given at Cliveden; but unluckily it was an exceptionally wet day, and the *fête* was as much spoilt by the downpour as was the famous Eglinton tournament. At the close of July my nephew Stafford attained his majority. A large party, including the Prince of Wales, came down to Trentham to celebrate the event. Balls, dinners of a hundred guests, illuminations, and a great display of bunting took place. The weather was for once all that could be wished for the occasion; the park swarmed with merry-makers, the tents and marquees were full of delighted tenantry, and in the private wing a garden flanked by colonnades and covered passages had been tented in. This made a superb ballroom, with a fountain playing in the centre. Here we dined, and here later we danced till it was day (to the strains of the Rifle Brigade band, led by that admired conductor, so like the portraits of Punch, Mr. Milles). On my way back to town I paid the Shrewsburys a short visit at Alton Towers. The beautiful gardens were in all their glory of summer colour and fragrance, but the Towers themselves looked as if the place had been placed as a background for a modern tournament. Then followed my drive from London to York, which has a long chapter all to itself, one which will hardly commend itself to the general reader; so I will continue these notes at Dunrobin, whither I hurried in order to be there before the arrival of the Queen.

That event took place on September 6. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold.

The Queen remained at Dunrobin six days, driving and riding about, and enjoying the beauty of the place and of the country I could not help expressing to Her Majesty how much I regretted that her first visit should have been made when she to whom Dunrobin owed so much of its beauty had been taken from this world. My mother had furnished and arranged the suite of rooms destined for Her Majesty's occupation, and it seemed strangely sad that these had not been occupied by the Sovereign till after the death of her devoted friend and subject. While at Dunrobin

the Queen laid the foundation-stone of a memorial to my mother's memory, near the Castle. There, where now rises a monument in the form of a Queen Eleanor's cross, within the open shrine is a bust in bronze of her to whom the memorial is dedicated; in a few touching and tender words, the Queen expressed her pleasure at being able to display this mark of attachment to her beloved friend's memory. During the time of the Queen's residence at Dunrobin, Stanley, the African explorer, was among my brother's guests.

On my return south I paid two visits; the first to my old friend Sir David Dundas at his place, Ochtertyre, near Stirling. We visited Keir, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's—"a house full of books and artistic treasures." Here Mrs. Norton, in the absence of Sir William, did the honours. From Ochtertyre I went to Louisa Lady Waterford's, at her fine old Border castle of Ford, near Cornhill. It stands overlooking the plain of the field of Flodden fight. Here I made the acquaintance and friendship of Augustus Hare, artist, conversationalist, and author; also that of another gifted person, the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, whose pretty illustrations to children's books, signed E. V. B., are so justly popular among the old folk as well as the young. "Next to the Castle itself the most interesting thing at Ford is the children's school, built and decorated by Lady Waterford, with very remarkable paintings by her own hands. These fresco-like paintings are in water-colours, and entirely cover the walls of a large schoolroom; they represent scenes from the Bible, interspersed with graceful groups and medallions of fruit and flowers symbolical of the figures they surround, full of beauty, and endowed with a richness of colour that recalls the school of Venetian painting in the bright days of Giorgione and old Palma. I know of no such triumphant success as this Ford school decoration, with its glowing presentment of subjects relating to childhood and youth in the Old and New Testaments."

From Ford I went to Castle Howard, and thence to Ossington, in Notts, belonging to the former Speaker of the House of Commons, Evelyn Denison, Lord Ossington. "Here I found a

small party, one of whom, Lord Redesdale, is a host in himself, full of clever and amusing talk and recollections. Ossington is a hideous liver-coloured house, without the faintest attempt at architectural beauty; but it lies near some of the finest sylvan scenery in England, that of Sherwood Forest. We visited Birkland, a wilderness of stupendous old oaks — trees that were large when Robin Hood hunted beneath their shade; and from Birkland we drove to Thoresby, where we saw, but could not admire, the new building then being finished for Lord Manvers."

By far the most interesting visit of that year was one I paid at its close to Hughenden. "Lady Beaconsfield had often, when I met her in London, promised to ask me to Hughenden, and did so last winter, when I was prevented going. In November of this year I got a very kind letter from Mr. Disraeli, again asking me to pay them a visit there for three or four days. William Harcourt ('Historicus') told me that he was also invited. Accordingly we agreed to go down to Hughenden together, which we did on the evening of Saturday, November 23. We found a brougham waiting for us at High Wycombe Station, and after a drive of about a mile, passing through the town of Wycombe, we reached the lodge of Hughenden. Here are a pretty pair of French wrought-iron gates, of which Lady Beaconsfield is not a little proud. The road, after passing this lodge, up to the house for about half a mile is very steep, the house being placed on the top of quite a respectably-sized hill. Passing through a small Gothic entrance-hall and corridor, in which is a bust of Mr. Disraeli when apparently about twenty, we were shown into the library, where our host welcomed us. He was dressed in a double-breasted tailless jacket, that made him look quite boyish. He seemed anxious to hear any news or gossip from town, of which we had little or none, the last scandal of a certain runaway couple not being new to him. 'To think,' he said, 'to think of her running away with an elderly *roué* who was one of the most notorious dandies even when I was a boy!' Lady Di Beauclerk's intended marriage also interested him; and

Harcourt having mentioned Edmond Fitzmaurice's intention of publishing papers relating to his great-grandfather, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, Disraeli said, 'Lord Shelburne was a man who never spoke out, which does not answer in a public man.' At seven he accompanied us to our rooms. Harcourt's and my room are at the top of the house, bright and cheerful, as all rooms seemed to be at Hughenden. Next morning I found that my window commanded a delightful view of the garden and the beech-woods, with Wycombe forming a pleasant background to the picture.

"On coming down to the library before dinner, I found Mr. Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, the poor old lady sadly altered in looks since London—death written on her face—but, as usual, gorgeously dressed. The only other guests in the house besides W. H. and myself were Lord and Lady John Manners. Lord John I had a House of Commons acquaintance with. He has that curious Manners walk which all the family have—a trick of lifting up his legs at the knee, as if there were a crease in the carpet or some other impediment in the way of their progress. At dinner I sat next to Lady Beaconsfield. Mr. Disraeli was evidently very anxious about her, and although occasionally flashing out into conversation, with all his curious play of arms and shrugging of the shoulders, he was evidently much depressed at her state. His attention to her was quite touching, and 'Mary Ann,' as he sometimes called her, was constantly appealed to. We did not sit long over our wine after the ladies had left. Mr. Disraeli was proud of his wine, which is above the average. The conversation turned upon my Uncle Morpeth (Lord Carlisle), from some reference having been made respecting the fund now being raised for the late member for Cork's (Maguire's) widow. Mr. Disraeli made use of some rather strong expressions about Mr. Maguire, and said that he (Mr. Disraeli) had stood up for 'Morpeth' when he had been attacked in the House by Maguire, when the member for Cork stated that Ireland was ruled by a dancing Lord-Lieutenant and a dancing Under-Secretary. Mr. Disraeli went on to say how fond he had been

of my uncle, and how greatly he had appreciated his character and geniality.

"The drawing-room is a terribly gaudy apartment, very lofty, and the walls all green paper dotted with *fleur-de-lys* and adorned with large panelled brown carved wood—or composition—frames, which are the only relief to this green wilderness of wall. On asking my host why he had not paintings within these frames, especially in the one above the fireplace, 'I had intended,' he answered, 'her picture' (Lady Beaconsfield's) 'to be put there; but she has never sat for her portrait, except to Ross for a miniature; but some day I shall have that copied life-size, and placed in that frame.' The fireplace in this room is a handsome last-century one of marble, with a frieze painted on it, which, as Mr. Disraeli remarked, is uncommon. In the library, which is by far the best room in the building, he told us that the books with which its walls are lined are only the third of his father's library, as on his father's death he had sold the bulk of his collection, only retaining this portion now at Hughenden. With great satisfaction he showed us some Aldine classics that he treasures in a cabinet inlaid with plaques of Saxon porcelain.

"Mr. Disraeli told us that he had given revolvers to all his servants at Hughenden, as there had been frequent robberies in the neighbourhood. However, as Lady Beaconsfield has left her diamonds in London, the thieves, he said, would find little to carry away besides a gold presentation inkstand and some very highly-emblazoned addresses presented by Conservative delegates from Manchester.

"Owing to an early service in church next (Sunday) morning, we breakfasted at half-past nine. Asking Mr. Disraeli last night at what hour this meal took place, he said that when he and his wife were alone they had no breakfast. I believe he has a very light refection about nine, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at twelve.

"It was a lovely bright morning, and I strolled out before breakfast to have a look at the place from the garden front. The

sky was as blue as in Italy, the valley in which the town of Wycombe lies was all bathed in a pale blue mist, and Hughenden Manor, outwardly a pile of nondescript brick architecture, looked quite brilliant against the deep blue of the sky. I met Lord John in the garden, and we were soon joined by Harcourt and Mr. Disraeli. The latter wore a brigand-shaped hat. We strolled on to a very pretty green terrace-walk, flanked on the right by a fine avenue of beeches, while on the left the ground sinks, to rise again in a hill on the opposite side of the valley; a bright clear stream flows between these heights. This walk Mr. Disraeli has christened 'My Lady's.' The sun was quite hot, and we were all loth to return to the house; but the sound of a gong reached our ears, so we unwillingly retraced our steps. Lady Beaconsfield did not appear at breakfast, which was a meal of a most substantial description, hot and cold meats abounding. Shortly before half-past ten we started on foot for church. Mr. Disraeli appeared in his well-known long brown Spencer overcoat. The church lies on the slope of a hill, not more than a quarter of a mile from the Manor. It is a picturesque structure. Near it are some old gabled almshouses, built by a late proprietor of Hughenden. Mr. Disraeli, as we passed through the churchyard, looked quite the lord of the manor, returning the bows and good-morrows of his parishioners as they trooped towards the church-door, and patting the children on the head. We reached the church before the clergyman, and this gave Mr. Disraeli time to point out to his guests some fine old funereal monuments of recumbent knights—the De Montforts he said they were, with evident pleasure at the sound of that great name. One of these bears on his shield a strange device—a lion rampant, with a child in its mouth. Near these monuments, and close by the east window, is the vault which Mr. Disraeli has built for his wife and for himself. The Hughenden pews are by the east window, and face the entrance-door of the church, and are in full sight of the long chancel, which was well filled with parishioners. The clergyman, whose name I have forgotten, but who had been appointed by Mr. Disraeli, has a powerful voice and High Church tendencies, which

are rather against his patron's taste, who told me when he left the church that, although he had begged him not to intone, still he would insist on doing so with even greater energy than before, and especially upon celebrating a harvest-home, when Mr. Disraeli said his rector would assemble half-a-dozen clergymen of fellow-feelings, and then the intonation became something quite extraordinary, 'almost overwhelming!' The manner in which Mr. Disraeli related this was intensely droll; he half acted the manner of all these High Church clergy, and the triumph of his own parson at getting together so many intoners.

"On our way home Mr. Disraeli took us to see the Parsonage, delightfully situated on a sunny grassy slope, with a lovely view of the valley beneath, through which the little stream of which Mr. Disraeli is so justly fond meanders among sedges and dock leaves; then back to the Manor, walking under glades of beech-trees. Lady Beaconsfield joined us at luncheon, after which we started for a walk through what Mr. Disraeli calls the 'German Forest.' We were all on foot except 'My Lady,' who led the way in a pony-chair. We had a most picturesque walk through the endless groves of beeches and fir-trees. The latter Lady Beaconsfield called her pinetum. This pinetum, our host told us, reminded him much of parts of Bohemia he had visited. In trying to get out of this wood we lost our way, and had some rather heavy walking across muddy fields. On regaining our path and crossing more fields, we reached a farm in which Mr. Disraeli takes great pride. 'I feel the satisfaction,' he said, 'of an English landlord coming out very strong on a Sunday afternoon, in showing his guests his territorial possessions, his pigs and poultry, his farm improvements and machines, his stock and his steading.'

"It was nearly dark before we got back to the house. The dinner that evening was more lively than it had been on the previous night. Mr. Disraeli was in better spirits and talked more. His recollections of Cobbett formed part of his conversation. On one occasion, he told us, Cobbett insisted upon taking Sir Robert Peel's seat on the Treasury Bench. Sir Robert did all

he could to show the intruder that he objected to this proceeding; but all was in vain—do what he would, Cobbett would not budge an inch. At last Sir Robert requested Cobbett to move, politely but firmly. 'I'll be d—d if I do!' was all the answer that he got; and Peel, continued Disraeli, had perforce to take a lower seat elsewhere.

"Lady Beaconsfield talked ceaselessly about her pets—her horses and her peacocks. Of the latter the gardens are full. A few days ago one of these birds disappeared, and an unfortunate small boy has been appointed to look after the others. This wretched little urchin—this peacock-herd—is to be seen all day long in front of the house, seated on a portable wooden seat. Whenever he sees any one he grins from ear to ear. Lady Beaconsfield had him sent for into the drawing-room this morning, and gave him a bit of cake, which the little fellow at once devoured with great relish and infinite gusto, much to the amusement of Mr. Disraeli and the others. In the evening Mr. Disraeli spoke to me very despondingly about his wife's state of health. 'She suffers,' he groaned, 'so dreadfully at times. We have been married thirty-three years, and she has never given me a dull moment.' It was quite touching to see his distress. His face, generally so emotionless, was filled with a look of suffering and woe that nothing but the sorrow of her he so truly loves could cause on that impassive countenance.

"Harcourt and I had a cigar that night in a luxurious room upstairs, in which hangs a clever portrait of our host by Maclise, taken in the year 1828. Of this I made a copy—nothing but a rough sketch—which, however, Mr. Disraeli seemed to appreciate when he saw it the next morning. Breakfast on Monday was not till after ten. Lady Beaconsfield had passed a bad night, and only came down after eleven. He, however, seemed much the most distressed of the two, for she was wonderfully brisk and lively, and had her breakfast brought into the library, where we were sitting.

"We visitors all left soon after twelve. It was a miserably wet day, and this seemed to add to the melancholy feeling one had

that we should probably never again see poor old Lady Beaconsfield, who, with many oddities as to dress and manners, is certainly a most devoted wife and companion. Both our host and hostess came to the front door to see us drive away to the station."

CHAPTER XXI

1872: *FROM LONDON TO YORK BY ROAD*[1]

IN my drive from London to York I intended to get to Carlisle before taking the rail northwards, but, as has already been said, I was obliged, owing to the Queen visiting Dunrobin that year, to hasten my arrival there, and consequently to shorten my drive. The following notes, which I doubt not will be thought somewhat lengthy, extend as far as Stratford-on-Avon; after that I merely jotted down my different stopping-places until York was reached.

My equipage was an open American four-wheeled waggonette with a flat top. It held, besides myself, who drove a pair of strawberry roans (Bismarck and Tommy), my valet, R. Tuffs, and groom, George Smith.

My start from London took place under rather unfavourable circumstances, as far as the weather was concerned. It was on a Monday, August 5, and being the first Monday of that month, according to Sir John Lubbock's Act, the Londoners had a holiday. Never was there a worse day for an outing. It never ceased raining from ten in the morning till dusk. My first day's drive was to Hatfield; when we arrived, horses, carriage, and men were in a woefully wet and muddy condition. However, the "Salisbury Arms" afforded good accommodation for man and beast, and before night set in I paid the grand old home of the Cecils a visit, and had a saunter beneath the old oaks in the park.

Hatfield House is one of the finest Elizabethan buildings in

[1] I should advise those who care not to read of old places and of old pictures to skip this chapter.

the land, if not the very finest; and although it has suffered from fire, and still more from modernisation, it is still in great part and externally much in the same state as when Elizabeth's great Chancellor occupied it.[1] No house in England is fuller of recollections of the Virgin Queen.

There are at least half-a-dozen portraits of her, besides numerous relics. Entering the great hall, you see Her Majesty figured "*à la Diane*," bow in hand and crescent on brow. In one of the drawing-rooms are two other curious portraits of this queen—one in which she is quite young, holding a marmot in her arms, in a black and gold dress; the other by Zucchero (well known from the engraving), in which she is arrayed in a gorgeous gown all covered with ornaments like snakes, with ears and eyes interspersed, doubtless symbolical of her qualities of wisdom and acuteness, but looking more like some heathen deity than a Christian queen. Here, too, are many relics of Queen Bess; amongst others, a round flat straw hat quaintly worked. This is the identical headgear, tradition says, that the future queen, then but a princess and a prisoner, wore when seated under an oak in Hatfield Park on the day that she received the news of her sister Mary's death and of her elevation to the throne. Here, too, are a pair of yellow silk socks and other articles of toilet that belonged to her when at Hatfield. It was here that Elizabeth passed some very *mauvais quarts d'heure;* but the house which she occupied is not the present Hatfield House, but what are now the stables and offices. The former of these was in old times the banqueting-hall, and is a noble apartment with a massive and handsomely-carved oak ceiling. It was in this habitation that Elizabeth is said to have envied the lot of the milkmaid passing gaily singing beneath the window of the imprisoned princess. Next to the portraits of Elizabeth in historical interest are the following:—Queen Mary of Scotland (over the fireplace in the sitting-room), evidently painted

[1] Mr. Drummond writes: "Hatfield House is not an Elizabethan building at all, and it was never occupied by Lord Burleigh, who was not Chancellor but Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. The house was not built until well into the reign of James the First."

when Mary was dauphiness—a lovely face. In the same room is Lord Warwick; a doubtful Holbein; Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Coligny, the Admiral, by Porbus; Henry III. of France and the Duke de Guise, by the same; Lady Hunsdon, by Lucas de Heere; Gondemar, by Cornelius Jansen; Duke of Sussex, by Mark Gerrard; a fine unknown portrait by Mytens; Mildred Coke; Lady Burleigh, by Zucchero; James I. and Lady Cumberland; the first Earl of Salisbury and Lord Burleigh. A very curious small painting on panel of a view of old London, apparently taken from near Lambeth; in the foreground a crowd of courtiers and peasants in the costume of Henry VIII.'s reign. This picture is supposed to represent the entertainment given by Wolsey to the King when the latter first met Anne Boleyn. According to Shakespeare this event took place in the hall at York Place and at night; but if painters were not more accurate in their delineations of current events in those days than they are in these, this picture might pass for what it is supposed to represent. Except for the costumes, however, I see no reason for thinking it to portray the meeting of the royal Bluebeard and his fair victim.

In Lady Salisbury's sitting-room is one of the loveliest child's pictures that even Reynolds ever created. This is a full-length of Miss Price. Nothing ever looked more pert and pretty than this little creature, who stands with folded hands somewhat in the attitude of Greuze's "Cruche Cassée," and is toddling forward, followed by a couple of bleating lambkins. Unlike so many of Sir Joshua's paintings, this picture is as fresh as when he finished it. I believe it has more than once been exhibited, and there exists a fine mezzotint after it; but these are scarce; and it seems a pity that a Cousins or some great engraver should not reproduce this lovely work. In the same room hangs a fine Vandyck, the portrait of the everlasting Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland (if Vandyck painted him once, he has fifty times, or else most old English country-houses possess copies by Vandyck's pupils of his lordship's self-satisfied countenance), and his beautiful wife and child, an enchanting little lady in white satin, with demurely folded little plump hands that Vandyck

must have loved to paint. This little dame became Countess of Essex. In the same room are three other Vandycks—Lord Macclesfield and Lord and Lady Cranbourne, also a grand portrait of Lord Pembroke, the second Earl. We have seen now the best of the ground-floor portraits; but there is one in the great drawing-room upstairs that is well worth studying. This is a full-length by Sir Joshua of Lady Salisbury, the present Lord of Hatfield's grandmother, who was burned to death here —in fact, the poor old lady (who was over eighty) was the cause of the fire that nearly destroyed Hatfield in 1832. It was supposed that Lady Salisbury had caught fire by the feathers in her wig having come in contact with a lighted candle; all that could be found of the ancient lady was her set of false teeth; over these the funeral service was duly read when they were placed in the family vault. In her portrait by Reynolds she is in her palmy days; her hair is powdered; she is dressed in yellow satin; the face, although not a pretty one, has charm and refinement, such charm as Reynolds never failed to give his sitters. There is another portrait of Queen Mary of Scotland besides the one in her early youth I have alluded to here, a full-length similar to one at Hardwick, in her widow's weeds, wearing the rosary that she carried on the scaffold of Fotheringay. On the great staircase is a life-size full-length portrait of the great Van Tromp by the father of Albert Cuyp, while in the dining-room is one of Henry IV. of France, and a double portrait of Lord Salisbury with the head of the Duke of Monmouth appearing over his shoulder. I have already lingered too long over these portraits, but before leaving Hatfield we must not fail to look at a very villainous countenance, a portrait, it is said, of Ravaillac, at the end of the long gallery.

The house seems to be most liberally shown to strangers when the family are away. What was of no little comfort to me was that the housekeeper was a most gracious one, and with her leave I had no difficulty in being left alone, and in copying and sketching the different pictures in the rooms. I was not sorry for the excuse of stormy weather to pass the two following days at so

interesting a place. Between the thunder-showers I managed to make some out-of-door drawings, one of an old farm-building, with a foreground of splendid old oaks, that had attracted my attention on the first evening I passed here, and another of the house from the fine old-fashioned prim garden surrounded by a cloister-like ancient walk of dwarf limes. I was told that Lady Salisbury sometimes drives here from London, and not long ago brought the Premier (Gladstone) here by road. What are called "the younger branches of the family" also ride down here sometimes from town.

Hatfield Church (which rejoices in chimes that play the old French air of "Malbrook") is undergoing a thorough restoration. It contains some handsome monuments to the Cecils; the best are of James I.'s time, and, as was then the strange fashion, two figures are represented: above, the body lying in full dress, and below, the same body represented in the form of a half-decayed corpse—a ghastly form of *Memento mori*.

I drove from Hatfield early on the morning of August 8 to St. Alban's, a lovely five-miles drive. There I baited at the "Pea Hen" Inn, and visited meanwhile what is the most curious and finest abbey church in England. This structure is in the shape of a cross, extending from east to west; it is over six hundred feet in length, and from north to south along the transepts more than two hundred. A huge square tower of three stories, with a spire, rises from the intersection. In 1832 part of the wall of the upper battlement on the south-west side of the abbey fell upon the roof below, in two portions, at an interval of five minutes between the fall of each mass. At the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., this abbey church was bought by a rich clothier, named Stump, for £400, and by him was converted into a parochial church for the use of the inhabitants. Nothing can be grander than the huge vastness of this building, although the exterior is disappointing and looks more like an ancient home for giants than a church; but as soon as one enters the church one is impressed by the massive splendour of the old Saxon building. The restored shrine is a marvel of ingenious craft, the former

one having been scattered in hundreds of fragments. What to a great extent destroys the beauty of this church is the flat roof, hideously painted. Some day St. Alban's will, however, be a building of which the nation will be proud; at present, as its restorer, Sir Gilbert Scott says, "it is a mere wreck of its former self." The abbots who, in the eleventh century, raised this building, employed the remains of the Roman city of Verulam, which accounts for the great amount of Roman brick that is so conspicuous all over the building.

A few fragments only remain of the once beautiful cloisters that formerly connected the abbey with the abbot's residence. In 1257, on a sheet of lead that is supposed to have contained the bones of St. Alban, the following inscription was written: "*In hoc mausoleo inventum est venerabile corpus Sancti Albani, protomartyris Anglorum.*" There is no time to be lost, not only in restoring this abbey, but in preserving it from ruin, for the two eastern piers which support the building have already given signs of subsidence. The exterior stone is also in a sad state of decay, and the wooden ceilings are also giving way. As in nearly all ancient churches in England, the walls and pillars of St. Alban's were, during the last century, defaced by whitewash. Much of this, however, has been cleared away, and many highly curious fresco paintings are now visible. But even the scraping off of this barbarous coating is an operation requiring much time and labour, and the danger is that unless money flows in much more freely for the restoration fund than it has hitherto done, St. Alban's will never be thoroughly repaired, much less restored. "No church," says Gilbert Scott, in his report to the Restoration Committee, "in Great Britain more thoroughly deserves a careful and conservative restoration, nor would any more richly repay this labour of love. It is a glorious work, and one with which I feel a special pride in being connected, and I most earnestly wish you every possible success and liberal support in what may fairly be styled a great national undertaking."

Returning to the "Pea Hen" hotel, I found that establishment *en fête*. Boots informed me, with a look of compassionate pity

at my not being aware of the fact, that it was owing to "missus's sister's wedding!"

From St. Alban's I drove on to Dunstable, where I put up at the "Red Lion." In the old portion of this inn Charles I. had lodged the night before his defeat at Naseby. Here is still to be seen a picturesque *porte-cochère*, with a quaint timber roof, and walls also timbered. There is nothing of any interest to see in the town itself, which consists of a long broad street, every third house of which appears to be an inn.

Off from Dunstable early on August 9, driving over the old high-road that Drayton calls "that right noble street," the Roman Watling Road, which, near Dunstable, has the appearance of a railway cutting, and proves what splendid engineers those old Romans were. At a village called Hockcliffe is a most remarkable old house, half-farm, half-pothouse, which evidently has seen better days. It is all over fine wooden carvings, now rapidly falling to pieces; scrolls, griffins, coats-of-arms, and other devices abound. Within, in what is now the kitchen, is the date 1566; but the people told me that this date, carved on wood, came from some other old place in the neighbourhood. Besides this muchly be-carved house, are several specimens of old domestic architecture in this village, which would repay an architect or artist for passing a day or two here.

A drive of five miles brought us to the park gates of Woburn Abbey; the crest of the Russells over the gates put me in mind of Billy Russell's goat on our war waggon during the Franco-German war. And here in peaceful Bedfordshire again appeared the identical goat with the same philosophical motto, *Che sarà sarà;* not now on a Berlin-built canvas-covered luggage waggon, but standing out, of colossal size, carved in stone on these ducal Woburn gates. After seeing the roans put up at the comfortable stables at the "Bedford Arms," in the clean little town of Woburn, I walked across the park some two miles, and reached the lodge of the abbey. The house is of that severe classical style which was all the rage at the close of last century; the dreariest style of architecture for a country house in our climate.

Woburn is formed in the shape of a gigantic square; before it extends a well-kept lawn. The entrance of the building is poor; the rooms within are very small for such a huge block of a building, and all open from one to the other, thus being all passage rooms — a great disadvantage, and fatal to comfort. But to make up for this, those rooms contain one of the finest private collections of foreign and English paintings in this or in any other country. It would take too long even to name those of these pictures that struck me most. A list of the family portraits alone fills a book, for these commence with the first Earl of Bedford in Henry VIII.'s reign, and it seems that every one of his successors, male and female, had their portraits taken and placed at Woburn. Numerous as the rooms here are, the portraits fill even the endless corridors and line the staircases. I noticed several of the celebrated Lord William Russell, a noble, frank, fearless face, such as one would expect him to have had. The portraits, for there are two, one an early painting by Reynolds, interested me, of Gertrude, wife of the second Duke of Bedford. She was born a Gower, and gave that name to the dreary street in Bloomsbury, of which doctors are so fond. The wealth of pictures at Woburn is something extraordinary; one bedroom alone is full of Sir Joshuas, another of Landseers, a third of Calcotts, Bonningtons, and Leslies. The dining-room is thickly panelled with superb views of Venice by Canaletto, and a sitting-room with Vandycks; there are besides these the apparently countless series of family portraits of the house of Russell, from Holbein down to Lawrence. What a study of the costumes of near four centuries are these pictures of the Russells at Woburn! Gentlemen in trunk hose and doublet, cloth of gold and armour; ladies in farthingales and ruffs; gentlemen with long flowing wigs and Steinkirk collars; ladies with curls on their foreheads, and little on their voluptuous forms; gentlemen in powder and ruffles; ladies in hoops, and be-patched; gentlemen in high collars and many-coloured velvet waistcoats; ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves, and with fire-scuttle-shaped hats. The finest portrait, artistically speaking, at Woburn is that of a

Spanish admiral or captain in the great drawing-room, by Velasquez — a tremendous don. Doubtless this is the finest portrait by the great Spanish artist in England. Over the fireplace in the same room is one of Reynolds's masterpieces, the full-length of Lady Tavistock in the bridesmaid's dress she wore at George III.'s marriage. This picture is well known by a superb mezzotint taken from it; but it is worth coming a journey to see the splendour of the colouring of this picture. What adds to the interest of this portrait is that the lady it represents died, while still in all the freshness of her beauty, of grief at the loss of her husband. There, too, is a glorious picture by Murillo, of a bevy of cupids, or angels, and close beside this the fine Rembrandt of Joseph interpreting that unfortunate baker's dream to the dreamer; now somewhat green in tone. There are many remarkable portraits of the Tudors here — one of Queen Jane Seymour is a marvel of preservation. I have never seen pictures so well cared for as they are here. All appear in perfect keeping, and none suffering from being over-glazed or over-varnished or cleaned. In the way of landscape two Claudes are worthy of special notice, and there is a superb Gainsborough, of a rosy sunset sky.

In a small room in which a book is kept for visitors to write their names, carefully placed behind glass, are some modern relics which one of the family brought back from "the last great war." A box of cigars, on which is inscribed "Given me by Count Bismarck on Christmas Day, 1870, at Versailles—Odo Russell," and other curiosities of a similar kind, all duly labelled.

I had spent so much time among the pictures at Woburn that I had barely time to hurry through the rest of the sights of the place. There is here a large sculpture gallery, never, I think, a successful feature, and out of place even in such a palace as Chatsworth; for sculpture should not be huddled together in an apartment, but scattered among other works of art. It makes one shiver in this climate to enter a great gallery full of cold marble nudities.

The gardens are vast, encumbered with quaint temples and

adorned with artificial lakes; but I hurried away, having a long drive of a dozen miles before reaching my next halt, which was at Stony Stratford. That drive is hilly and uninteresting. I slept at the "Cock" inn, leaving Stony Stratford the next morning, still keeping my course over the Watling Road, and reaching Northampton before one o'clock that afternoon; giving me time to visit Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's fine place, seven miles out of the town. That was the first place I found occupied by its owner. It seems passing strange that those who have the good fortune to possess these great places should be so little in them in the season when they are in their greatest beauty. But it is now the fashion, unfortunately, for the plutocrats to live away as much as possible out of England, and from their country houses, during the summer. As soon as the London season is over, a rush is made either to Scotland or to the Continent, and the finest places in England are left to solitude, tourists, and the charge of a housekeeper. They are seen as the case may be, as the liberality of the absentee owner, or the avarice of the factotum within dictates, by the foreigner or tourist, who naturally wonders at the owners of such places passing the finest season of the year out of them. But this is owing to the decrees of fashion; and instead of getting the London season over, as formerly was the case, by the middle of June at latest, it is now prolonged to the middle of August, and thus the finest season for enjoying the country in the summer is lost.

This is not only regrettable in that so many great country places should be neglected during the summer by the absence of the owners from their ancient homes, but also on account of the moral effect that this absenteeism must have on those who pass their lives around and within the shadow of these stately homes. It can hardly appear an unmixed good that the owners of these historic mansions only live in them during the shooting and hunting seasons; but probably this state of things will continue as long as the silly mania for what is called "sport" prevails, and while the youth of the richer classes—upper I will not call them—are in general brought up more like young gamekeepers than anything else, and consequently look upon their homes as mere comfortable

preserves for different kinds of game, and seldom give a thought to anything above or beyond the slaughter of pheasants and the destruction of hares and rabbits. It would be curious to have a return of the owners of great estates in England, say of over £20,000 a year, showing how much of the year is passed by the owners of these great properties, beyond the shooting season, on their estates. As an amusement and exercise, sport is all very well; but when it is turned almost into a science it becomes harmful, not only to the individual, but to the community at large. There would be much less agitation against the Game Laws were people only moderate regarding their shooting; but to overstock their preserves, so as to have a few winter days of great "battues," will surely in the end lead to very serious ill-feeling between landlord and tenant, and of still worse between the idle upper ten thousand and the labouring ten million.

After this digression on the abuse of game-preserving, we will return to Castle Ashby. Finished in 1624, it is a fine specimen externally of Jacobean architecture. The handsome entrance front and portico were designed by the great Inigo Jones himself. The plan of the house is a square, with a court in the centre. Large mullioned bay windows, which extend from the ground to the roof, give the south front a cheerful aspect, and preserve the interior of the house from the sombre character which so many of the houses of the early part of the seventeenth century have. Another feature characteristic of the period is the quaint balustrade of stone letters that runs round the top of the building. On the east side the inscription runs as follows: "*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam*, 1624." The interior of the house, although handsome, somewhat disappoints after the effect of the noble exterior. Castle Ashby was suffered to fall into decay after the ruinous elections during the last century; but its present owner has done much both within and without to restore this fine old place to its former state. The most noticeable paintings here are in the great drawing-room, on the first floor, a grand apartment with a handsomely-decorated ceiling of the time of James I. Here are a curious pair of por-

traits purporting to be those of John Talbot — Shakespeare's Talbot—"the scourge of France," who was killed at Chastillon in 1453, and that of his second wife, the daughter and heiress of Richard Beauchamp, "the Kingmaker" Earl of Warwick. She died in 1468. John Talbot's monument was destroyed in the great fire of London, having been placed in St. Paul's; but a facsimile portrait of this one at Castle Ashby, which was saved from that fire, is, I believe, in the Heralds' College. In the same room is a curious portrait, said to be by Vandyck, of the Duke of Buckingham as he lay dead at Portsmouth, assassinated by Felton. The head is a finer one than in the portraits of the Duke in his lifetime, but the features in death, we know, have a refinement that they lack in life. Although here are but few family portraits, there is a Vandyck in this same room which must not be overlooked. This is a half-length of the gallant Spencer, Lord Northampton, one of Charles I.'s most loyal and devoted generals; his death, at the battle of Hopton Heath, was a greater loss to the King's cause than even the loss of the battle. Not only did Lord Northampton raise a troop of horse for the cause for which he died, but his four sons were all officers under him. He drove Lord Brook out of Warwickshire and took Banbury Castle. On the disastrous day of Hopton Heath, with his horse killed under him, and surrounded by the enemy, he refused to surrender. In the words of the chronicler, which read like a page from Froissart, we are told how "his head-piece was soon beat off by the end of a musquet, and quarter being offered him, which he manfully disdained to accept, he was slain by a blow from a halbert on the hinder part of the head; he received at the same time another deep wound in the face. For such a loss a greater victory had been an unequal recompence." Lord Northampton had been heard to say that, if he outlived those wars, he was certain never to have so noble a death. His body, which the Parliamentarians refused to give up to his son, was buried in the Church of Allhallows at Derby. Indeed a gallant cavalier was this Lord Northampton, an ancestor of whom his descendants may justly feel proud.

The gardens of Castle Ashby, the work of the present Lord Northampton, are beautiful. They combine with success the Elizabethan and Italian styles. Round the great bastion in the front garden is an inscription to the memory of the late Lady Northampton, a noble, beautiful person, whose early death was deeply mourned; her full-length portrait at Castle Ashby bears a rare type of beauty, on which the Eternities have set their lasting peace. Evelyn, when he visited, two centuries ago, Castle Ashby, seems only to have admired the iron gates opening on the park, "which indeed," he writes, "are very good work, wrought with flowers, painted blue and gilded." Not many years ago the roads between Northampton and Castle Ashby were so bad, that some guests on their way to the latter place stuck fast in the mire. It was April 1, and as the matter was regarded as a hoax, the travellers might have remained on the road till now, had not a postillion found and rescued them.

The view of the gardens, looking from the principal rooms, with the old Parish Church on the right, is very picturesque. The inscription that runs around the house is carried out below, and texts relating to the flowers and the field encircle the beds and parterres with good effect. Sir Digby Wyatt, whom I had the good fortune of meeting here, is engaged in superintending the erection of a fine stone conservatory in these gardens, a building of beautiful proportions. It has been a pleasant visit. Lord Northampton—an invalid—I found a most refined and amiable man, devoted to art. While I was at Castle Ashby, he was engaged in painting a religious subject. His brother, the Rev. Lord Alwyn Compton, and his delightful and talented wife, showed me the place, and altogether my afternoon at Castle Ashby is a pleasant one to recall.

The next day, a Sunday, I passed at Northampton, lionising the different buildings of interest in the place. Although not rich in churches, Northampton has one or two worthy a visit both for the artist and antiquary. The finest of these churches is St. Sepulchre's, which is said to owe its origin to the Knights Templars, and is one of three circular churches in the country, the

other two being the Temple Church in London and one at Cambridge.[1] As in that in London, the circular building is supported by six huge columns with Norman capitals. The roof is formed of plain large wooden beams. The baptismal font is placed in the centre on a beautiful tiled floor; this and the font are modern. The rich warm colour of the pillars recalled to me the cathedral at Kirkwall. Another very interesting church here is that of St. Peter's, with almost grotesquely intricate Norman carving, with which both exterior and interior are adorned. In one respect that barbarous whitewashing has been beneficial, for not many years ago the whitewash that covered these carvings was removed, and they owe their marvellous preservation to that protecting element. The stone of which the churches here are built seems excellent for wear; it comes from Weldon, and I believe old St. Paul's was built of this very stone. Thanks to the Knights Templars, a person accused of crime could here clear himself by canonical purgation, but only within the walls of St. Peter's; here the criminal obtained absolution after having first performed his vigils and prayers within this church the previous evening. Within a short distance of St. Peter's are the remains of the once strong castle, now little more than grass-covered mounds, with here and there a block of shattered masonry. Whatever Northampton Castle may have been in Norman times, even as far back as 1593, it is described by Norden as "ruynous." He adds that Northampton is "a faire towne, with many large streets, and a very ample and faire market-place; it is walled about with a wall of stone, but meane of strength; neare unto the town there standeth an ancient castle." The castle was finally demolished in 1662. Few places of interest remain here, owing to a fire which, in 1675, nearly destroyed the place. One of the few relics of antiquity at Northampton is the Priory of St. John's, now an almshouse, and which is doomed shortly to disappear altogether, owing to the inroads of a new railway. Leland says this hospital was founded by William St. Clare, bishop of the town. After the

[1] Mr. Montagu Powell tells me that there is a fourth circular church in England, namely, that of Little Maplestead in Essex.

battle fought here in the reign of Henry VI., many of the combatants were buried within its precincts. This old place had attracted my attention as I drove up Bridge Street; and on returning there I found that it was a rare relic of the architecture of the Tudor times. Sketches I made of this old place from within and without; one showing the fine west window of the chapel, the other from the garden at the back of the hospital facing the east window. Within half-a-dozen decayed old dames are still living, but the poor old things have received notice to quit; and perhaps this old almshouse is already a thing of the past.

The next object of interest here is the fine Queen Eleanor Cross, or, as it is called here, the Queen's Cross. This is the most perfect of the many crosses built to that sovereign's memory, with the exception of the one at Waltham. This beautiful relic of the purest Gothic architectural work is well known to all who care for such things; the restoration of one in front of the Charing Cross Station has made the "*Chère reine*" cross known to all Londoners; however, the copy is as inferior to the original as copies generally are. Time has rather added to than lessened its beauty, and standing, as this one at Northampton does, on a gently-sloping hill with a background of trees, the spires of Northampton's churches in the distance, gains greatly on the modern construction placed between a monster railway hotel and a seventeenth century church, which dwarf and destroy its effect completely.

There were not less than fifteen of these Queen's Crosses erected on the spots where her corpse rested on its last journey to London. These fifteen crosses are now reduced to three—one at Geddington—of which more anon—another at Waltham, and this at Northampton.

Oddly enough, there is no guide that I know of for Northamptonshire, a county rich in objects of artistic, historical, and architectural interest. Murray, whose guide-books to other English counties are hardly sufficiently appreciated, containing, as they do, complete histories of the different counties they

illustrate, has, as yet (1872), not published a guide to Northamptonshire. There is neither a local guide nor handy county history to be met with—for Bridge's colossal work is more than a century old, and difficult to meet with. I had consequently to rely for any information I could gather at Northampton, as to what was best worth visiting there and in the neighbourhood, upon hearsay. Mr. Birdsall (whose bookbinding establishment no one should fail to visit when at Northampton) gave me much useful information of this kind.

The next day I went by rail to Kettering, where I hired a trap and drove to Rushton Hall, a fine Jacobean house belonging to Mr. Clark Thornhill, who has unhappily modernised the interior to a frightful extent. In fact, nothing has been spared except the great timbered hall, in which are some good portraits. Two large equestrian ones are worthy of Velasquez, but are not by him, and here is a fine full-length of the Empress Catherine; the latter hangs over the great fireplace in which tradition says Father Oldcorn and two others of the Guy Fawkes conspirators were concealed. I regretted, when too late, not knowing that in the park of this place there exists a very curious building, a lodge which, to judge by a photograph of it I saw, must be one of the quaintest bits of Jacobean masonry extant. Here again, if traditional lore is to be relied upon, this little building in Rushton Park was the place where Tresham's friends—Tresham was at that time owner of Rushton—met and concocted their gunpowder plot.

At Rushton Hall, besides the portraits already noticed, is a curious full-length of Henry IV. of France; also portraits of Richelieu and Charles I. There is here also a fine carved oak staircase, near which hangs a curious old print of the place as it looked early in the last century, when Rushton belonged to Lord Cullen. In one of the modernised bedrooms is a quaint stone carving, representing the Crucifixion, once probably brightly coloured; this came from the old chapel of Rushton, and is the only fragment that now remains of it. So terribly modernised is Rushton, that one feels a fire would have done the old place

less harm than the modern house-painter and upholsterer. Still, the place is well worth a visit, and its old gables and mullioned windows would please an architect, as would also the long and graceful frontage, with the buttressed recesses near the great entrance door. On either side of this door stand a pair of huge stone figures: Gog and Magog these seem to be—at any rate relations of the City giants.

A drive of three miles brought me to Geddington, where, as has already been said, is one of the Eleanor Crosses. It is a very inferior one to that at Northampton, which is four-sided, whereas the Geddington cross is triangular in form, nor is the ornamentation in the latter to be compared to the other; it is also slighter and smaller, and occupies a less conspicuous site; indeed, to a casual observer, it might pass for a mere market cross.

Another short drive in the direction of Kettering brought me to Boughton, a gloomy French château-looking house placed in a hollow. This is one of the numerous places that belong to the Duke of Buccleuch. The glory of Boughton are the famous avenues of limes and elms that surround it; one of these has six rows of trees and looks like a sylvan regiment. John, Duke of Montagu, had a mania for planting, and he is said to have wished to connect Boughton with London by an avenue of limes or of elms. Not finding this scheme practicable, he made as many miles of avenue in this place as would cover the distance from it to the capital; consequently Boughton rejoices in avenues to the extent of seventy-six miles. There is but little of interest within the building; the entrance-hall is handsome, but, like all the place, very gloomy: this hall is hung with ancestral portraits of the house of Montagu, painted, apparently (as Walpole has said of a similar kind), "by the rood and ordered by the yard." Passing by these you enter an ante-room of which the ceiling is adorned by the "sprawling saints" of Verrio or Laguerre. Beyond this ante-chamber a low, long, damp, haunted-looking gallery is reached; its walls literally covered with old portraits, some of which are in a lamentable state of decay, the paint peeling off them, and leaving nothing but worm-eaten panel visible. A

glaringly-painted armorial chimney-piece is in the centre of this lonesome gallery, on which is written the following doleful inscription: "*Mille douleurs pour ung plesure;*" and a little below this, "*Ne sis argus foris et domi Talpa*" (whatever that may mean).[1] What does not take off from the prevailing gloom of these galleries and rooms is that they look out on a courtyard in which grows rank grass, around a square basin of stagnant water. In the drawing-room and dining-room is some fine Flemish tapestry, but faded, like all the rest.

As I walked through this gloomy old place, in which nothing but the old portraits of dead Montagus, and the figures on the old tapestries, seemed to live, it seemed to me as if the old house had been deserted for at least a century, ever since the days of the tree-loving Duke of Montagu; nor should I have been much surprised to have met in the gallery and tapestried chambers a bewigged beau in lace and ruffles, or a dame in hoop and powder. One can hardly expect the owners of over a dozen large country palaces to keep them all up equally well; but it seems a pity that the neglect which has ruined what might be a comfortable if not a cheerful house, should not be done away with.

It was quite a relief, on leaving Boughton, to meet in the park some little Scotts—grandchildren of the owner of the gloomy old place—on their way to the house from the station. The patter of little feet and the unconscious joyousness of children must make Boughton less of a haunted-looking house for those who live there.

Before leaving Kettering on my way back to Northampton, I made a rash attempt to see a place called Broughton Hall (which I found was not any way near Kettering, but in the north of Oxfordshire). However, it was worth going somewhat out of my way to visit the church at Broughton, and its pretty peaceful little churchyard. Within the church are two monuments similar to, and probably by the same hand as made the bust of Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon Church. At the rectory there I made the

[1] The Rev. Kenelm H. Smith (of Ely) translates this thus: "Don't be a snake hissing abroad and a meek mole at home."—R. G.

acquaintance of a most amiable pair, the clergyman of the place and his wife.

Early the next day I drove away from Northampton, halting at Little Brington, where in the village is an old cottage in which lived the ancestors of George Washington. It is a neat old place enough, but with nothing remarkable about it, save that it was the nest of the great General's forefathers. Above the entrance door, inscribed on a stone slab, is the following: "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructus, 1606." The old dame who lives in this cottage told me that many Americans visit it; but strangely enough no mention is made of this house, nor, what must be of still greater interest to our Transatlantic cousins, the Washington tombs in the Church of Great Brington, in the capital little American guide-book by Mr. Winthrop Sargent, a little handbook I found most useful. Great Brington lies some couple of miles from the smaller village of that name where is the Washington cottage. At Great Brington there is a handsome church, remarkable for the very complete and perfect series of monuments of the family of Spencer. These may be said to illustrate the monumental art in England from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Still more interesting, however, than these monuments to the ancestors of Lord Spencer are the two plain slabs that cover the bones of George Washington's ancestors. The oldest of these is that with an inscription on it to the memory of Lawrence Washington, deceased in 1616, leaving behind him eight sons and nine daughters! Two of Lawrence the Prolific's children migrated; from one of these George Washington descended. The other inscription is engraved on brass, beneath the Washington coat-of-arms, as follows: "Here lies interred ye bodies of Eliz. Washington, widowe, who changed this life for Immortalletie ye 19th of March, 1622; as also ye body of Robert Washington, Gent., her late husband, second sonne of Robert Washington, of Solgrave, in ye county of North., Esq., who depd. this life ye 10th March, 1622, after they lived lovingly together." We here see the origin of the American "star-spangled banner," and of the stripes; for on the coat-of-arms on

this old brass appear three stars, with the bars or stripes beneath them. The sexton told me that Charles Sumner had had a copy made of the larger slab by the local mason, and that both he and Motley the historian had taken great interest in these arms and inscriptions. It is certainly striking to see these humble mementoes of the ancestry of one of whom all English-speaking people are proud, in this old country church, lying near the splendid tombs of forgotten magnates. An interesting chapter might be written on the origin of the great flags of the world; to trace them back to their sources would often be no easy task; but that of the American Republic lies on the old floor of Brington Church.

Holdenby (pronounced Holmby) House is within an easy drive from Great Brington. The country all about is a mass of steep hills, and I felt sorry for my roans as they had to crawl up hill after hill. I had for the first time struck out across country, and the steep, badly-kept lanes told on the working powers of Bismarck and Tommy. The day was intensely hot, and to add to other small miseries, I managed to lose my way, which gave me several extra miles of road to drive. In this part of the country the inns in the villages are of the poorest, and it was not an easy matter always to find stabling for the horses, or food for ourselves. Whyte-Melville, in one of his best novels, has given a picturesque account of Holdenby House in the book named after the old place, and of the scenery that surrounds it. I cannot recommend a pilgrimage to the scene of its departed glories.[1] All that now remains of what was once a grand old mansion is a small gable-topped building, now undergoing a very thorough process of modernisation; and the last traces of the old window carving and door ornamentation are rapidly disappearing under the hand of the mason. Within, there is nothing either old or interesting besides here and there a carved oak chimney-piece. However, outside are two relics of old Holdenby House when

[1] Of Holdenby House, Camden writes that it is "a faire pattern of stately and magnificent building, of a faire glorious show," and as "not to be matched in this land." Queen Elizabeth, whose property it had once been, exchanged it with Sir Christopher Hatton for Kirby, of which anon.

Charles I. lived there. These are two colossal arches carved in the best style of Elizabethan art; they bear the date of 1583. For what purposes those arches were placed on the east side of the building, leading to nothing in particular, is not easy to conjecture; but they form a striking object, standing out amongst the rank grass that covers the spot where once, perhaps, were terraced gardens and clipped hedgerows, and give an idea of what the splendour of the old house formerly was—now but a modernised building, with all its historic features destroyed. It was here that one of the many dramatic episodes in Charles I.'s chequered career took place, for it was at Holdenby, after his defeat at Naseby and after his surrender to the treacherous Scots, that the King was summoned by Cornet Joyce to deliver himself into his keeping. On the King's asking for the cornet's commission to arrest him, Joyce answered by pointing to his troopers that stood behind him. Before those troublous times Holdenby had seen happier days; and here Queen Elizabeth's dance-loving Lord Keeper lived. What a number of fine places Hatton seems to have had; here, as at Stoke Pogis, no doubt "the seals and maces danced before him."

Returning to bait at Great Brington, I walked across some fields in Althorpe Park, Lord Spencer's place, which is externally a most unpretentious-looking building, plain almost to ugliness; but what treasures in the way of books and pictures, the best of earthly treasures, does not this house of commonplace exterior contain! The building is surrounded by a flat park, which, like the house, has no appearance of age to recommend it, no fine trees or ancient timber.[1] Within, the rooms, though generally small, are well-proportioned, and contain not only the finest private library in the world, but a very splendid collection of paintings of nearly every school. Such a library as this at Althorpe, buried down in a park in a midland county, seems to me rather incongruous; one would feel, I imagine, if one owned it, that here such treasures were rather lost, and Mr. T. Grenville's generous example would bear being followed. At Althorpe nearly every room con-

[1] Lord Spencer tells me that there are very ancient trees in Althorpe Park.

tains a library. The housekeeper told me that thirteen rooms here were filled by books; there are over forty-five thousand volumes; in one little narrow room the books, according to my informant, had been valued at £60,000 worth. Here is the famous Decameron, which was put up for auction for £100, and after a keen fight for it between Lord Spencer and the Duke of Roxburgh, in which one bid first £120, the other £150, and so on, within a few minutes the book belonged to the former for the sum of £2260.[1] This same bibliomaniac gave £600 for a Bible printed on vellum. Although such prices as these are excessive, they are not so absurd as the sum people nowadays waste on blue china, brood mares, and hunters.

What was of much greater interest to me at Althorpe than seeing the backs of those thousands of volumes in their locked-up cases, were the glorious Sir Joshuas in which the place abounds. Nearly every room boasts one or more. All the family seem to have been painted by our greatest portrait-painter when at his best; many of those portraits have been exhibited, and many engraved. Every one knows the full-length of the beautiful Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, which hangs on the staircase of this her old home. Almost equally beautiful is the full-length of this same Duchess by Gainsborough, facing that of Reynolds. There are also here portraits of her as a fat rosy child in the arms of her mother, Georgiana, Lady Spencer.

Besides family portraits, Althorpe is rich in pictures by old masters. In the drawing-room is a grand full-length portrait, by Vandyck, of Rubens. Sir Peter Paul appears in black velvet, wearing a large gold chain about his neck; a most noble presence. In the same room is a charming half-length by Rubens of his daughter; this seems a finished study of the little lady introduced into his large allegorical work, "Peace and War," in the National Gallery. Here is also a fine Murillo, the portrait of an Infanta. Also a Holy Family by Raphael, and some good

[1] I am wrong here; the competitors for this Decameron were Lord Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford.

Dutch works; amongst others a little gem of a landscape by Pynacker, in the ante-room to the library. Even the bedrooms are rich in pictures. In one hangs a good Sir Joshua, his own likeness; Watteau, by himself, and many other artists' portraits, male and female, by themselves. You think you must have seen all the pictures in the place, when you find yourself in a long gallery, full from floor to ceiling of portraits: this is the picture gallery which Horace Walpole, when here in 1760, called a "gallery of all one's acquaintances by Vandyck and Lely." Some of the best of these had been sent by Lord Spencer to the Dublin exhibition. Amongst the most remarkable portraits in this gallery are those of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Bristol, by Vandyck (the same as at Woburn), a curious Holbein, half-lengths of Henry VIII., Princess Mary, and Will Somers, Henry's court fool; a pale-faced young lady in a blue dress by G. Janet, called Mary Queen of Scots (?), and an equally questionable portrait by Lucas de Heere, named Lady Jane Grey. Here, too, is a remarkable Triptych of brilliant colouring by Mabuse, with portraits of Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan, and his brother. Buckingham, taken after death, the same as at Castle Ashby, and perhaps a copy of that one, and a pendant to it of Venetia, Lady Digby, after death. Lady Digby was the wife of Sir Kenelm, and is supposed to have had her life shortened by the chemical experiments which he made, and at which probably she assisted; and lastly, a portrait of Waller's Sacharissa (Lady Dorothy Sydney), dressed as a shepherdess—the same portrait as that at Penshurst. But enough of the pictures at Althorpe; before leaving it, notice the entrance-hall, where the walls are hung with life-size portraits of race-horses and hunters by Wooton, the equine favourites of the sporting Spencers of the last century.

It was late in the afternoon before I left Althorpe, and Warwick was too far to be reached that evening. Daventry, however, though not an inviting town, lay conveniently on the road, and there I found comfortable quarters at the old inn named the "Saracen's Head."

The next day's drive was through lovely country, and the

weather, as it had been ever since we left Hatfield, was superb. I baited at Southam, where is a fine church, but containing no monuments; then through pleasant Leamington, with its tidy bright streets of villas, on to Warwick. The view as one passes over the bridge that spans the Avon, of the grand old castle of the Kingmaker, is one of the most beautiful in the world, for it combines everything. It was worth, I thought, driving all the way from London to approach Warwick Castle by this road. It is one of those views that make an indelible impression on one's memory. How different is this view of the Castle from the road to that from the railway. A view, indeed, of a place from any railway, however beautiful the place, be it Venice or Florence, Heidelberg or Warwick, always seems to present the place in its poorest and least attractive features. Macaulay has called attention to this at Oxford; but with three notable exceptions in this country, namely, at Windsor, Lincoln, and Durham, nearly all the finest places in England are hidden by the unsightly surroundings that the iron road bears along with it.

After seeing the horses well stalled in the comfortable stable of that most capital of hotels, the "Warwick Arms," I passed the rest of the day in and about the Castle, of which I shall not attempt to write an account, as every one has either seen it or knows what it is like from countless descriptions. It was satisfactory to see how rapidly the ravages of the recent fire there had been repaired. In some respects the Castle will be improved, for the portion of the building destroyed was that which had been the most altered and modernised; and since the fire the old structure of the interior has been laid bare, and the lines of the latter will be followed in the present restoration. One could linger through long days without ever getting weary of gazing on the old grey walls and towers of Warwick, and on the Avon rushing below, and never tire of wandering under those glorious cedars. Less stately than Windsor, I think Warwick carries off the palm in beauty. My favourite place there is a little ledge of turf at the back of the mill; above, on the right hand, stretch the Castle walls, backed by the grand cedars and old elms; the river foams and splashes

beneath; to the left extend the park-like meadows across the Avon, where the kine are quietly chewing the cud; and all this fair scene under a bright August sun. Within the Castle are some good portraits. Of these the best are in a delightful drawing-room, the walls of which are lined with cedar-wood, which time has darkened into a rich walnut brown. This makes a capital ground for the pictures on it; of these, Vandyck's marvellous full-length of Madame de St. Croix is the best. Opposite is a fine, but an inferior, portrait of a lady and child of the Brignole family, also by Sir Anthony. His half-length portrait of Martin Rykhaert, and that of a Duke of Alva, are both worthy of the master. Since the fire the positions of the pictures have been altered; some are yet unhung. The little white and gold corner room at the end of the suite of state-rooms is perfectly lovely; the walls covered with small but good examples of old masters. Luther, by Hans Holbein (?). Some of the furniture in these rooms might compete with Sir Richard Wallace's collection, and there is a large cabinet filled with splendid examples of Limoge enamels, which must be of fabulous value.

Next in interest to the Castle at Warwick is the Leicester Hospital. Founded in 1571, it answered to a French "*Maison Dieu*" for old veterans, and is an excellent specimen of the domestic architecture of Elizabeth's reign. The chapel is beautiful, and has been splendidly restored by Scott; it is raised over an old red sandstone gateway, formerly the principal entrance from the Stratford-on-Avon side and the town. Nothing, indeed, can be more picturesque than the *tout ensemble* of this quaint old gabled hospital with its walls of black- and white-coloured timber, its heavy eaves, and escutcheons of the founder's arms and quarterings; the old gateway that rises out of the solid rock, with the chapel raised above, with its graceful tower. When seeing the ruins of Kenilworth, once so splendid, and now but blasted walls, it is impossible not to feel the moral of the two buildings, both erected by the same individual—one raised to wealth and arrogance, the other to charity and benevolence. In this old military hospital, as at the time of its foundation three hundred years ago, a master

and twelve brethren live—symbolical of Christ and His disciples. The latter here are old soldiers chosen from half-a-dozen neighbouring towns or villages, and they still wear the same fashioned blue broadcloth gown, and the identical silver badges, with their founder Dudley Earl of Leicester's crest on them—the bear and ragged staff.

St. Mary's Church, or rather the Beauchamp Chapel, which forms part of it, is known to all who care for church antiquities. The body of the church is not of any interest, having been destroyed in 1694; but fortunately the Beauchamp Chapel and the chantry adjoining it escaped the fire. With the exception of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster Abbey, this Beauchamp Chapel is the most beautiful of the florid Gothic style in the country. It has, however, suffered from the execrably bad taste of the latter end of the last and the early part of this century; and here is a reredos which should be removed, being entirely out of keeping with the rest of the chapel. The chantry, with its beautiful tracery roof and the quaint collection of old furniture, including an ancient wooden chest on which four helmets are placed—these rescued from the fire when the body of the church perished—is a favourite study for artists, almost as popular as the terrace at Haddon. The deeply indented stone steps leading to the confessional out of the chantry are proof of the power the Roman Church once held in England. Half way in, half way out of Warwick stands the beautifully-restored priory founded by Henry de Newburgh, for a company of canons regular, in imitation of one established at the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is now in the possession of Mr. T. Lloyd, and is well worth a visit. Guy's Cliff is one of the well-known lions of Warwick, and however short may be the sojourn of the traveller there, and full of interest as is Warwick itself, Guy's Cliff should not on any account be missed. I was unable to see the interior of the house, it being under repair; but the grounds are well worth a visit. The avenue of old Scotch firs leading from the high-road is beautiful, as is also the old mill, a favourite study for artists. Guy and his legends are in themselves bores, as such mythological personages

and legends generally are. Whether Guy, or Gy, or Guhthi ever lived in this romantic spot or elsewhere cannot be of moment to any one, and those who delight to give a "local habitation and a name" to every place which tradition has fixed upon as having been the dwelling-place of some semi-deity or hero, may settle the matter as they will. What, however, is undoubted is the fact that Guy's Cliff is one of the loveliest places in Warwickshire, and that is saying a very great deal. I visited the really extraordinary caves and burrows in the sandstone cliffs, accompanied by a loquacious old gardener whose belief and reverence in and for Guy were great. Belief and reverence are getting so scarce that even my garrulous old Guy-believing gardener was to be respected. Possibly there is some foundation for the wildest of legends, and for the most unreal of heroes of old, and good might come of such beliefs if they only produced greater veneration and interest in the people's minds for the places concerned in these legends and folk-lore; but to quote the old antiquary Fuller: "It were a wild wish that all the shires in England were described to an equal degree of perfection, which will be accomplished when each star is as big and bright as the sun."

Certainly August 17 is a day to be marked with a white stone in my mental tablet. No one worthy of being an Englishman can see Shakespeare's birthplace for the first time without some stronger emotion than the mere interest that attaches itself to the home of departed greatness. Surely, in spite of the destruction of the poet's home at New Place and other barbarities that Stratford-on-Avon folk have committed, such as the felling of his mulberry-tree, and the almost as much to be deplored restoration of the exterior of his birthplace, there yet remains much in the shape of brick and mortar that has seen the immortal one from youth to age. The two spots most connected with his birth and his death exist. The little room in which he first saw the light; the grave where his ashes rest—these Stratford still holds. Even if no memories of Shakespeare were associated with it, the drive from Warwick to Stratford would be worth the taking, for nothing can be more enjoyable than to drive through the lovely lanes and

over the roads bordered with the old picturesque cottages that are so common in this part of Warwickshire.

Charlecote was my first stoppage that day. The house is a grand Elizabethan building; and the park (not the one where Shakespeare is supposed to have got into trouble, for that park is at some distance from Charlecote) is in keeping with the house. It still belongs to the descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy. Within, it has been judiciously restored—harmlessly, for a wonder. The great hall bears still the principal features which it wore when—as one still wishes to believe, although no one can prove it—Shakespeare stood there before Sir Thomas on the charge of killing the knight's deer; the fine carved old chimney-piece bears the date 1558. There are a number of interesting family busts and portraits in the hall. Among those worthy of remark is a curious oval portrait of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by Isaac Oliver. In the bright, gay drawing-room of Charlecote are some excellent pictures. The best are these:—Giorgione, a knight on horseback; Raffaelle (?), portrait of a Marquis of Mantua; a small but fine Titian of Samson and the Lion; a fine portrait by Sebastian del Piombo, said to be Bayard; also a portrait by Giorgione. There are also some good specimens of the Dutch school, among which two excellent Wouvermans are conspicuous. Before leaving Charlecote I visited the lodge that faces the principal entrance. The space between the lodge and the house wore a glow of colour, the parterres brilliant with geraniums and verbenas. Shakespeare is supposed to have passed the night following his capture in this lodge. From the top of it one has a beautiful view. Sending the carriage round by the road, I walked through the park, which is crossed by a fine avenue of old elms. The view of Charlecote from this avenue, with its bright red gables beautifully backed by noble trees and with a foreground of ferns, is intensely English and delightful.

Joining the carriage at the other end of the park, I pursued my way to Stratford. Just before reaching it the road runs along by the side of the Avon and crosses it on a modern bridge.

Stratford-on-Avon disappoints by the modern look of its streets, which are wide and deadly dull, and as unpoetic to look at as Gower Street or Portland Place. I put up at the "Red Horse" hotel, where I found a snug little sitting-room, with "Washington Irving's Parlour" inscribed over the door, which that delightful author occupied when writing the best account that has yet been written of Stratford-on-Avon. On the walls are several prints after his portraits. Our first visit at Stratford was naturally to see the poet's birthplace, in Henley Street. I had not been prepared to find a newly-built, trim, tidy-looking imitation of an Elizabethan street house, and was consequently disappointed with the exterior of the building. We are certainly afflicted by a mania for restoring old buildings in this latter part of the nineteenth century; but why on earth the old house in which our greatest poet first saw the light of day could not have been permitted to remain as much as possible in its old external aspect is difficult to guess. Were it but a question of keeping it from decay, no one would object to any amount of renovation; but the incredibly bad taste to restore it to what some architect or antiquary may suppose it to have been when Shakespeare lived here in his childhood, is as lamentable as the result of an aged beauty attempting to restore her lost charms by paint and cosmetics; and I believe that in no other country would such a vandalism as this renovating of Shakespeare's birth-house have been permitted. Would that the people who took this job in hand had been content to display their knowledge of how this house looked three centuries ago by building a Shakespeare house (as this one may once have been in their imaginations) near it, or on the other side of Henley Street; but in common decency they should have kept their hands from off the actual nest of the poet, altered much externally, as it must be, by the changes that succeeding owners have given it. To remodel, almost rebuild it, and quite to reface and deface it, is, in my humble opinion, almost as bad as if they had pulled the place to pieces. Within—thank the Muses—the restorers have not ventured to place their sacrilegious hands. Out of the largest of the two rooms on the ground floor, a stair-

case leads into another room of the same size, which room has been made into a museum of relics (few genuine) appertaining to the poet. These relics are mostly old furniture, and copies of pictures and busts of the poet, and portraits of persons who have attempted to make their little names famous by having either on the stage or in their writings played or written in or about Shakespearean parts or characters. Like the shells that form on the sides of some great vessels, these poor little crustations hope that they may be regarded as part and parcel of the great form that towers above them. One relic here, and if genuine a notable one, will be looked at with interest: this is a gold signet-ring with "W.S." engraved upon it. The other rooms in the house are bare of furniture, with the exception of a cast of the bust of the poet in the church, placed in the room in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born. The walls and ceiling, and even the window-sills of this room are entirely written over with signatures of visitors. Among them can still be distinguished Walter Scott's name on one of the small panes of glass, and Thackeray's on the low whitewashed ceiling. Although the church which contains the poet's dust has been lately restored, there is no protection over the place on which a plain slab of stone marks the spot where he lies. I expressed my surprise at this neglect to the man who accompanies visitors to that sacred spot, and he said the authorities intended placing a railing round it; but they seem in no hurry to protect the grave-stone from the hobnailed-shod feet of any rustic.

Lord Northampton, and especially his sister-in-law, Lady Alwyn Compton, had excited my curiosity in regard to an old place of their family's in Warwickshire—Compton Wynyates—some fourteen miles from Warwick. I passed a pleasant Sunday at this curious old place, which remains much in the same state as in the reign of Henry VII., whose badges and cognisances are seen on either side of the fine old gateway. Not an easy place to find is this old nest of the house of Compton, and I did well to hire a dog-cart and driver to conduct me thither for there is hardly more than a path to lead one up to the old

mansion, which is placed in a kind of dell in a valley. The warm, rich colour of the brick of the building gives it externally a look of comfort, but within it is woefully bare of that element, or, in fact, of furniture; but as the old antiquary Camden truly says, Compton Wynyates is not without its pleasantness. A perfect place for one to go to who wished to retire from active life. Its present bare state dates as far back as the great election in 1774, when the family sold everything of any value; the building itself barely escaped being altogether destroyed at that ruinous time. It was only lately that the windows, which had been bricked up, were reopened and reglazed. The old place suffered, too, in the civil wars, and is supposed to have been bombarded by the Cromwellians. The room, called the King's Bedchamber, and where Charles I. slept before the battle of Edgehill, is full of secret doors and recesses; a portion of a secret staircase was lately found in the wall between window and door leading into an upper chamber. In a long, low gallery-like room above this, called the Guard Room, from the tradition that Cromwell's troops occupied it, are still to be seen dark marks or stains on the walls, which may have been made by their candles. At the top of the house is a room known as the Popish Chapel; but why it is thus named is not evident, except that it is more highly decorated than the other rooms. A doorway in this room, richly carved, is considered by Sir Digby Wyatt to be one of the most beautiful pieces of *cinque-cento* work in England. Near this room is a long passage-like room which also has its tradition, for here two hundred wounded Cavaliers lay after the battle of Edgehill—fought hard by Compton Wynyates; they were here secretly tended by the wife of that loyal gentleman, Lord Northampton, while the house was still in the enemy's occupation. The church here is curious, and is a unique specimen of the Gothic of Charles II.'s time; luckily it is unique, for it is not happy in design or execution. The family monuments, destroyed and thrown into the moat by the Parliamentarians, are here gathered together. Compton Wynyates was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth in 1572, and here also lodged her father. The gilt bed he lay on

was sold with the rest of the old furniture after that unfortunate election last century.

I passed a pleasant Sunday here, sketching and wandering about the old lanes and fields, seemingly little changed since Cromwell's troopers rode victoriously over them after their victory at neighbouring Edgehill.

Before leaving Compton Wynyates I visited Lord Saye and Sele's place, Broughton Castle, seven miles from Compton Wynyates, in Oxfordshire. It is a fine old moated place, but has suffered much from restoration. In two of the state-rooms are finely decorated ceilings; in the hall is a family portrait, by Gainsborough, of a lady and child; notice also a profile of Mrs. Siddons, by West.

The ruins of Kenilworth, of course, were visited, but these are too well known to require any description. The same evening I drove through the beautiful park of Stoneleigh, full of a gay holiday crowd that the kind owner was entertaining, and slept that night at the Abbey—a most beautiful place, and worthy of its owners. The next night I lodged at Coventry, driving over to see Coombe Abbey from there: Lord Craven's noble old place, full of Stuart portraits brought there by Elizabeth of Bohemia, when she became the wife of Lord Craven. After visiting the churches of Coventry, famous for their beauty of proportion and their superb painted glass, I pursued my road to Leicester, baiting on the way at Hinckley, and put up at the "Bell" hotel. From here I took the train to Stamford, and before the gloaming had quite set in struck across the fields and grounds of the park of Burleigh House—"Burleigh House, by Stamford Town." Climbing over a sunk fence, I soon found myself before the great entrance of the grand old pile, but unluckily also confronted by an angry housekeeper, whose vigilant eye had perceived me while undertaking my gymnastic proceedings before reaching the house. When the good lady discovered that I was not the house-breaker she had at first taken me for, she calmed her ruffled flounces and said it was then too late to take me over the house, but that in the morning I should be

admitted. Within, Burleigh is disappointing; it is externally, perhaps, the finest in effect of any of the great English county palaces; but within, with the exception of the great banqueting-hall, the other rooms are not striking, and, what is worse, they are full of the furniture of the beginning of this reign, the worst that ever existed. The old ceilings, generally so beautiful and elaborate in Elizabethan houses, have been swept away and replaced by acres of the painted gods and goddesses by Verrio or Laguerre; the former is said to have been employed here a dozen years, and that he had a separate establishment and an income of £1500 a year, all bestowed on him by the fifth Earl of Exeter, who, poor man, fancied himself a very great art patron.

Stothard's great paintings on the staircase are grand performances, but as out of keeping with the style of the house as Verrio's. The splendid carved Venetian chairs of state in the banqueting-hall deserve notice, and Grinling Gibbons's carving. Among the portraits here are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Isaac Gerrard; portraits of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and Elizabeth when children, by Holbein; and what will always interest here, the portrait by Lawrence of "the Cottage Countess," Sarah Hoggins (luckily Tennyson was not obliged to introduce her family name in his poem on the Lord of Burleigh!). There is a curious St. Hubert, by A. Durer, in one of the state bedrooms; a fine St. John, by Andrea del Sarto, in another; and in the Queen's dressing-room an "Assumption" by N. Poussin, in which the attendant cherubs are lovely.

No one should leave Stamford without visiting in St. Martin's Church the tomb of the great Lord Burleigh, which Cromwell is said to have spared at the intercession of a relative of his living in that parish.

Leaving Stamford by rail I went to Rockingham, thence in a fly some five miles to visit Kirby House, a splendid old ruin of the 16th century, belonging unfortunately to the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. Within the court, one might fancy oneself within a miniature Louvre, so beautiful are the carvings and so perfect the taste displayed on the stonework. What, however,

was once an exquisitely lovely building, in which a fairy queen might have been fitly lodged, is now but a ruin.

It was enough to make one cry with vexation to see to what a state of decay so perfect a building had been allowed to come.

All honour to our great architect, John Thorpe, who built Kirby, and who would die a second time could he now revisit it in its ruined state. Here lived Christopher Hatton, and, later, that "bright occidental star," Elizabeth. Sir Christopher made the glorious building of Thorpe still more splendid; and after him, Inigo Jones, about 1638, decorated the front of Kirby with the magnificence that he might have bestowed on one of his famous "masques" at Whitehall—but here in cunningly-carved stone. Not so very long ago, Mr. Hall, in his work on "Baronial Halls," says it is still (1845) in a tolerable state of preservation. Alas! it is now a lovely wreck. "*Je seray loyal*," and the date of 1572 can still be traced on the third story, but what desolation below and within! A farm-labourer and family live in what was formerly the abode of a queen, and bats and owls flit out and in of these once royal chambers.

On my way back to the railway station I visited Rockingham Castle. From its terrace garden there is a very extensive view over Leicestershire; on a clear day fifteen steeples are visible. The gardens are beautiful; clematis and the glorious Virginia creeper abound.

Passed the night at the "Bull" inn in Leicester. There the building best worth visiting is a fine old town-hall, where, in a handsome timber-ceiling'd hall, a dinner was given to celebrate the destruction of the Armada. The room known as the Mayor's Parlour has a handsome old fireplace in it. The Church of St. Mary de Castro and the ruins of the abbey to which dying Wolsey came, and "where the reverend Abbot, with all his convent, honourably received him," are well worth visiting—the latter from association with Shakespeare's great drama at any rate.

On again from Leicester, baiting at the "Bull" inn at Loughborough. I arrived at Nottingham that evening; a town of steep streets crowded with a rowdy mob. I put up at the "George"

hotel—a large, unpleasant hostelry—and visited the ruins of the Duke of Newcastle's castle on the hill in the midst of the town, built by the horse-loving first Duke in 1677, and burnt by the Reform mob of the place in 1831. Its ruins remain an everlasting disgrace to the people of this place. To judge by the crowd I saw here this evening, they will be quite ready to repeat such an exploit as the firing of this house at the earliest opportunity. The next day was a Sunday (August 25). I attended service at St. Mary's, a fine old church, admirably restored by Gilbert Scott, and in the afternoon drove over to Wollaton, three miles from Nottingham.

The place is approached by a fine double avenue of old limes, but the carriage road, instead of running through the centre of this avenue, lies on one side. The house externally is magnificent, but, as at Burleigh, the interior is disappointing. Wollaton nearly shared the fate of Nottingham Castle in the Reform riots of 1831, and had not Lord Middleton placed cannon on the house and armed his colliers, the place, one of the finest specimens of English domestic architecture, would have been sacked and burnt. The fault of the building seems to me to be the heavy lantern in the centre, surmounted by turrets like huge pepper-boxes. The place is let, but I was able to see the interior. Within is a magnificent stone gallery, richly ornamented. The hall is adorned with deers' heads shot in a Sutherland deer forest, and over the fireplace in this hall is the portrait of the founder of the place, Sir Francis Willoughby, who built Wollaton in 1580. There are here three fine works by Snyders, and a curious old view of the place by Sibrechtsork, painted in 1665. The gardens and grounds at Wollaton are in splendid keeping; there is a glorious ilex on the west front.

Left Nottingham the following morning and baited at Papplewick, from whence I walked some two miles to Newstead; one of the saddest places in England, as Abbotsford is in Scotland, but not from similar causes. Had Byron not been so intensely sensitive, what happy days might he not have passed at his beautiful old ancestral home; and had not Sir Walter been so

anxious to live in baronial halls, how much less unhappy his closing years would have been! Pride was the bane of both poets. Newstead belongs to Mr. Webb (an African explorer, a kind of sporting Livingstone; Newstead is full of birds and beasts shot by him). All that pertains to Byron is reverently cared for by the present owner, and the place is probably in better keeping now than it has been since it ceased to be a monastery. But there is little within to recall Byron at Newstead; only a small portion of the building is in the same state as when he occupied it; his bedroom and dressing-room are shown, where a few of his mementoes are kept—his boxing-gloves, the table he wrote on, two helmets he had ordered for his Greek expedition, one shaped like a lancer's with a plaque on which appears a figure of Minerva.

In his bedroom hang coloured prints of Trinity College, brought by him from Cambridge; and in his dressing-room are portraits of his old valet and his friend the pugilist. In the gallery is a portrait of his handsome head, by Phillips, and a sketch of him done when he was at Cambridge, with his nobleman's blue and gold gown on. Much harm was done to the place by the late owner, Colonel Wyldman. It was he who restored with such bad taste the old cloisters, which for all the world look like those on the stage of an opera.

A pretty drive of five miles brought us to Mansfield, where we baited, and another drive of half-a-dozen miles brought the old towers of Hardwicke Hall into view. The day had been one of summer storm and sunshine; and driving up the narrow lanes, the effect of light and shade over this wild, beautiful part of Derbyshire looked like a picture by Constable. The old hall is seldom now occupied but by my cousin Hartington's shooting-parties in the winter; and the inmates of the house were not a little surprised at my driving in through the fine old gates and informing the stout and good-natured housekeeper, Mrs. Buxton, that I intended passing a day or two at Hardwicke.

There was no want of room in the old building; but to get food was not so easy, so matters were compromised by my lodging

at the hall, and eating at the neighbouring inn. The drive up to the house is one not easily forgotten; the old park has to be crossed; but by taking a short cut over the grass one approaches the place much as Bess of Hardwicke must have done when roads there were none about "Hardwicke Hall, all glass and no wall," as it was described, owing to its immense bay windows.

If not the most interesting or beautiful, Hardwicke is probably the least altered Elizabethan building in England. Not a stitch of the old tapestry seems to have been touched, not an old portrait changed from its original place in great gallery or room of state; hardly any modern furniture has been introduced, and, best of all, no unnecessary repairs have been undertaken there, and no restorations attempted. I occupied the room in which the late Duke died his most enviable death.

Like nearly all the rooms at Hardwicke, the walls are tapestried; and a more ghostly chamber to pass the night in one could not well imagine; besides, it is near the great gallery where at midnight the figure of old Bess of Hardwicke at one end and that of Queen Elizabeth at the other, descend and solemnly walk up till they meet in the centre of that long chamber, and then probably return once more to their frames. Although I visited this gallery at that very hour, and although the moonlight streaming through the great windows, that rise from floor to ceiling there, made strange shapes to dance along the floors, and the old Cavendishes and other portraits to seem to move in their frames, neither did old Bess nor her royal namesake and mistress come and take their ghost walk while I was there. Over the great fireplace in the Duke's bedroom is placed the medallion portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire, a good Liberal in politics, as the Cavendishes have ever been—he was not only Liberal but remarkably handsome; and the late Duke, who was Liberal and magnificent but not handsome, would often tell how, on showing Chatsworth to a French lady, she expressed her surprise at her host's ever having had so good-looking a progenitor. There is a touching record in that Duke's notice of Chatsworth with reference to Hardwicke; alluding to the flower-garden here, he writes that it

is "lovely and suited to the character of the place; it was created by one who passed some of the happy months of her short life here. Not having lived here with her, it is only the recollection she has left me; and in all places her irreparable loss is equally felt. She had the art of giving life and charm to everything that approached her. How fond her mother (Lady Carlisle, born a Cavendish) was of having returned her, as she said, to her family! How total a wreck her loss has been!" The lady whose irreparable loss the Duke refers to was Blanche Howard, born in 1812, married in 1829 to William Cavendish (now Duke of Devonshire), and died in 1840. The history of the rise of the powerful house of Cavendish can be read in the portraits in the long gallery at Hardwicke. Here is Sir William Cavendish, Wolsey's secretary and faithful friend even in his misfortunes;[1] and his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Hardwicke, better known as "Bess of Hardwicke," she who built this old hall, Chatsworth, and many others. She had been told that as long as she kept building, death would keep from her: a frost suddenly stopped her building, and the old lady died. She had four husbands; Sir William Cavendish was her second, and by him she became mother to the first Earl of Devonshire. Luckily for the Cavendishes, of all her four husbands Sir William was the only one by whom she had issue, and leaving her vast possessions to his son, she made the princely fortune of that house. Here, too, is the first Earl of Cork—that Richard Boyle who, landing in Ireland in 1588, "with only £27, 13s. in his pocket, a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, a taffety doublet, a pair of black velvet breeches, a Milan fustian suit, competent linen and necessaries, a rapier and a dagger," soon became the most powerful man in the country, and died hereditary Lord High Treasurer of Ireland. Of him Cromwell said that if there had been an Earl of Cork in every province it would have been impossible for the Irish to have raised a rebellion. His

[1] Mr. Drummond writes, "It has been clearly established for the last sixty or seventy years that Sir William Cavendish was not the gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and author of the celebrated 'Life,' but his brother George."

vast estates, in the following century, in Ireland, through an heiress, helped to swell the property and wealth of the Cavendishes.

Here, too, is the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, who, by her mother, Elizabeth Cavendish, was related to this house. Here, too, is William, first Earl of Devonshire, one of the first adventurers (in the best sense of the word) who helped to settle a colony in Virginia and another in Bermuda in 1625.

The first Duke was a man of daring and true courage; it was he who offered to effect the escape of Lord William Russell, when in prison, by changing clothes with him. Here also is the famous Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, the friend of Pope and of Gay, who built Chiswick, and worshipped the memory of Inigo Jones. Here also are the portraits of those two gallant courtiers, both of whom laid down their lives in the King's cause, James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon,[1] and James Stanley, Earl of Derby, whose wife, Charlotte de Tremouille, was as heroic as her brave lord. This uncouth visage that hangs cheek by jowl by the side of these great dames and doughty warriors must not be overlooked; it is the portrait of Thomas Hobbes, author, philosopher, and free-thinker; the friend of Hervey, of Cowley, and of Selden. He lived long at Hardwicke, and was tutor to some young Cavendishes, and here he died in 1679. The curious half-length portraits of James V. of Scotland and his Queen recall one of the most interesting memories with which this old hall is connected. Whether you believe Mary of Scotland was saint or sinner, or neither the one nor the other, but a beautiful misguided weak woman, which is my belief about her, there is always a surpassing interest in any place connected with her most unhappy and romantic life. Hardwicke, as every one knows, was one of the many of the prison-houses where she passed a portion of those nineteen long weary years of confinement, before the axe fell on her neck within the great hall at Fotheringay. But it was not in the present Hardwicke Hall that

[1] This is a mistake, as Mr. Drummond points out; this Duke of Hamilton was not also Duke of Brandon, a title conferred on his grandson, James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, in 1711.

Mary was a prisoner, under the charge of Bess of Hardwicke and her last and fourth husband, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, but in the now ruinous old hall close by. This ruin is now quite dismantled, but portions of its furniture still exist in the more modern building, where in the entrance hall are two large tapestry-worked screens, said to be the work of Mary, representing figures of the Virtues, such as Charity and Liberality, Patience and Perseverance. But to me this tapestry seemed of much more recent design than Mary's time. In the same hall is a fanciful life-size figure of that Queen in marble by Westmacott—not a thing of much merit; and here, too, is the priceless fresco by Holbein of the life-size figures of Henry VIII. and of his father in monochrome.

I sketched in the old house, where one has some risk of finding the flooring giving way under one, or of the ceiling, through which the sky appears, from falling on you. Here is a room which may have been inhabited by Queen Mary, and which, from the figures on either side of the disused fireplace, is known as the Giant Room. A huge beam of wood has fallen into, but, although half buried, has not passed through the floor. An able artist, Mr. MacEwen, was at work here; he had made some admirable views of the haunted Long Gallery.

On the 28th I drove away from this most curious old place, and felt that whatever else one might see on the road north, nothing would be half so interesting as Hardwicke.

After a rough and rutty drive, Bolsover Castle, one of the five great houses built by Bess of Hardwicke, was reached. Of the old pile now only the tower is habitable; the rest is a ruin. The view from the summit of this tower is superb, and somewhat recalls Heidelberg. Lincoln Cathedral is visible on the horizon. In the adjoining church are some fine monuments of the Cavendish Dukes of Newcastle. A drive of about ten miles brought us to Thoresby, Lord Manvers' gloriously beautiful place in the heart of Sherwood Forest. The house has been newly built, and is in Salvin's somewhat heavy and too ornate style; a few good family portraits within, and some grand old cabinets and old

chimney-pieces taken from the old house now pulled down, where Lady Mary W. Montagu was born. The three miles' drive through the forest from Thoresby to Clumber is one of the most beautiful as regards forest scenery in England. It could not have been seen to greater advantage than on that bright summer afternoon; the evening closed in above the old oaks and trees in harmony with the profound quiet that reigned among those splendid old trees. The parks of these great properties—called the Dukeries—join each other. One passes from among oaks and elms into a forest of firs with a lovely carpet of heather and ferns.

Clumber—the Duke of Newcastle's—can only be called a pretty place; the gardens, once famous, and which in the Duke's time had a staff of sixty gardeners to look after them, have now but half-a-dozen. The lake is well laid out. The exterior of the house is plain to ugliness. But within is a fine collection of paintings—Teniers, Murillo, and especially Snyders, are remarkably well represented. The handsomest room in the place is the library. Watts' portrait of the late Duke, which is placed in one of the saloons, is as fine as any of the Vandycks there. A drive of four miles further, and we reached the town of Worksop. There the "Lion" hotel is much to be commended, the food and attendance being both excellent, and the house as clean as a Dutch village. Certainly the contrast between an agricultural town such as this and a manufacturing one is very striking. Knowing how difficult it was to obtain leave from that ducal eccentricity, His Grace of Portland, to see the interior of Welbeck Abbey, I had written to him, to get his leave; he sent a special messenger, with a civil letter, in which, as far as I could make it out, for never was there such an illegible writing, he regretted that I should not be able to see the pictures at Welbeck, as they were all stowed away during the alterations that were being made to the house, but that I was welcome to visit the park. I accordingly drove through various subterraneous ways lit by gas, and emerged finally in a fine but somewhat dreary-looking park; duly admired the old oaks; and then, driving through more tunnels,

went on to Worksop Manor, where there is a pretty garden and an ugly large house. The head gardener here had formerly been at Erskine (my brother-in-law Blantyre's place, near Glasgow). He told me that £1000 goes into Worksop weekly from the works on the Welbeck estate.

Slept at Doncaster, leaving it the next morning, driving over a disgracefully bad high-road to Selby, where I admired the fine old abbey, now under restoration by Sir G. Scott; also some fine horses of Sir Tatton Sykes.

My next stage was to York, calling at Escrick Park, Lord Wenlock's, on the way. Two fine paintings here—an Andrea del Sarto, and a Fra Bartolomeo. The garden and wood near the house are pretty, but the surrounding country is depressingly dull and miserably monotonous.

Six miles further and we reached York, finding, as usual, excellent accommodation at the Station Hotel. The following day, August 31, Bismarck and Tommy returned by rail to London, for my drive had come to an end, I having been summoned to Dunrobin, where the Queen was shortly expected. If my two roans could have reasoned on the matter, they must have been astonished that as many weeks had been passed on the road between London and York as it took them hours to make their return journey to London. But in those weeks I had seen more of what I wished to see most in England than if one had gone a hundred times by rail. With time, money, and opportunity, I should strongly recommend such a mode of travelling; and agree with him who sings—

> "The traveller caged on rail is whirl'd by steam;
> Give me the road, box seat, and four-horse team."

CHAPTER XXII

THE LENOIR COLLECTION—NAPOLEON III.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA—THIERS—COUNT DE WALDECK

DURING the following winter, and the early spring, I was occupied in copying at Stafford House a collection of historical French portraits known as the "Lenoir Collection" (from the name of their collector, the founder of the Museum of Fine Arts in Paris). My father had made this purchase, through the agency of Dominic Colnaghi, from Alexander Lenoir, about 1840. This collection consisted of several hundred drawings and paintings in oils, crayons, and pencil, and formed one of the most interesting series of French portraits extant, commencing in the fourteenth and ending at the close of the eighteenth century. Had one been less vain, or ambitious—there is little difference between those terms—it would have been better to have used photography; but I was ambitious, and thought that by reproducing them in a newly-discovered process, by means of which one could transfer drawings worked on a prepared paper on to stone, which when printed off the stone had all the appearance of actual lithographs, one would earn the thanks of the lovers of antiquity and history. The thanks of a few, a very few, I obtained; favourable notices appeared in some of the English and a few of the French newspapers which dealt in art; but the book itself did not sell—in fact it fell flat, to use a publisher's expression; in short, the attempt proved a fiasco. However, this first failure did not sufficiently discourage me, and in the following year I brought out, after nearly blinding myself from overwork in copying these portraits, a similar work, on a far larger scale, which was a complete failure, as far as the sale of the book was

concerned. What with the Lenoir reproductions and this other work of a similar kind, I crippled myself financially to such an extent that I was obliged to give up horses and carriage, and other expensive habits, which, like most young men of my bringing-up and ways in London, had become almost necessities. One does not care even to recall one's failures, so I shall not again refer to these; but some account of the Lenoir collection, which was soon after the publication of my book sold by my brother to the Duc d'Aumale, and which is now among the most precious treasures of Chantilly, will not be out of place here. The collection, as I have said, was formed by Alexander Lenoir, to whom all antiquaries are beholden. It was Lenoir who saved, at the risk of his life, some of the finest monuments of French architecture during the stormy days of the great Revolution. Bailly, at that time Mayor of Paris, obtained permission for Lenoir from the National Assembly that the disused convent of the Petits Augustins in Paris should be the storehouse of the monuments that Lenoir had rescued from the iconoclasts of Paris and the provinces. Within its walls an immense number of tombs, monuments, and architectural fragments was collected. A portion of these relics are still in that place, and the art student will find within and around the courtyard of the Academy of Fine Arts facing the Rue Buonaparte many stone-carved *souvenirs* of old Royal France; the bust of their preserver looks down on these, itself enshrined in one of the most perfect specimens of architecture that the French Renaissance created, the superbly-decorated *façade* of the Château d'Anet. Twenty years of Lenoir's life were passed collecting the series of portraits that are now at Chantilly. Lenoir was, like many other enthusiasts, a bad man of business, and two years before his death the collection in which he had taken such pride was sold, and passed, as we have seen, into England. Few saw that collection, for it was placed in the private apartments at Stafford House, and I often urged my brother to present it bodily to the Louvre. It would have been a noble gift, and perhaps made his name almost as much regarded, at any rate by the artistic world of Paris, as is that of

Richard Wallace by all Parisians. But he thought otherwise, and this matchless collection of portraits of kings and queens, warriors, statesmen, artists, beauties, and others, recrossed the Channel, and disappeared for ever from the walls of Stafford House. What treasures it contained! Here are a few. A superb full-length drawing in coloured chalks of the three Colignys. The admiral stands in the centre; beneath the drawing, set in the frame, is a fragment of the bell that tolled the signal for the commencement of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Here, too, is a drawing of St. Mars by Louis XIII.'s own hand; if authentic, this portrait proves that the King was a good artist as well as a musician; but probably, like most royal works of art, the master touched up the Prince's work. Exquisite drawings by Dumoustier, the three Clouets, and Nanteuil. A portrait, said to be a Holbein, of the plain-faced wife of Martin Luther. Rabelais, by Quesnelf, a face beaming with broad humour, as one might expect the creator of "Gargantua" to have had. But the most valuable of all these rare portraits is a life-size head of Molière, painted a short time before Poquelin's death, by his friend Mignard. Of this priceless work Lenoir thus writes to Colnaghi—"*C'est le chef-d'œuvre de tout les chefs-d'œuvres. C'est Molière chez lui dans sa robe de chambre, avec ses yeux de feu.*" Nearly all the queens of France, from the wife of Francis I., Claude de France, down to Marie Antoinette, whose portrait by Drouais, as Hebe, are there. There, too, appear the likenesses of those uncrowned queens of France, whose influence over their royal lovers was often greater than that of the legitimate wife and queen. A long line of royal favourites, from the beautiful Duchesse de Valentinois to Madame de Pompadour, the former in her bath and bathing costume, the latter seated before her tambour frame, all rouge and smiles and dimples. How deeply interested such Frenchmen as Montalembert and Mérimée were when they saw these portraits in their London home!

"On February 14th"—I am quoting from my diary—"with Roden to see the ex-Emperor's 'lying-in-state' at Chislehurst. Charing Cross Station was full of French people, nearly all in deep

mourning; among these were many ladies. One special train left for Chislehurst, quickly followed by others. All the carriages in these were crowded. From the station at Chislehurst to Camden House the road is a steep ascent; the house is about a mile from the station. The road was deep in mud; this was increased by the traffic of cabs and carriages as the day wore on. A continuous stream of people threaded their way on foot or in carriages along this sticky road; the common was all dotted with carriages, which gave a look more of a race-meeting than of a funeral to the scene. Camden House comes into sight as soon as the flat open space of this common is reached; below, on the left, with a picturesque background of sloping hills, lies the bright little town of Chislehurst. Around the lodge gates a large crowd of people all eager to get through them were with some difficulty kept back by a cordon of police. To get through these gates was indeed not easy, an excited French official refusing to admit us. Roden tried to soften this Gallic Cerberus by saying we wished to see his friend Prince Achille Murat, but this ruse was quite ineffectual. At length the happy thought occurred of showing another official our cards; we did so, and got through at once. This civil functionary, we heard, is Vicomte de Lépic. Within the gates, outside a little lodge, a table was placed, covered with papers and books, in which those admitted wrote their names. We were told the Prince of Wales was momentarily expected, and until he had visited Camden House no one could be admitted there. So we waited and dawdled outside, walking up a short avenue, on the left of which stands the house, not an ungraceful pile, of red brick faced with stone or stucco. In front of the house had gathered another crowd, but a crowd of a much more select kind than the one we had left outside the gates. Most of the men here wore decorations and orders; the Legion of Honour seemed universal. I recognised the Duc de Gramont, whom I had last seen when Roden and I were in Vienna, when the Duke was ambassador there; events, more than time, had aged him. About noon the Prince of Wales with the Duke of Edinburgh drove up to the drawing-room entrance of the house; the crowd surrounded the

carriage and gave the Princes a feeble, almost a muffled cheer. Half-an-hour passed and then the crowd made a forward movement, we following with the others the way the Princes had entered the building, through a partially-opened glass door in the left wing of the house. As soon as a certain number had entered, this half-opened door was closed, and some minutes elapsed before a second batch was admitted. At first, as one got within the house, from the darkness within it was difficult to distinguish anything clearly, and one had literally to grope one's way in the dark amongst a crowd of black-clothed men and women, along a darkened corridor which opened in a line from the door through which we had passed. On the left one looked into what appeared, by contrast to this dark passage, a brightly-lighted drawing-room; but there, too, the blinds were closely drawn. There stood Prince Napoleon, apparently in moody isolation, his likeness to the great Emperor more marked than ever. But one had only time for a glance; for one had to move on—*circular*—with the others, all passing up along the dark corridor. Half-way down on the left of this gloomy passage, in a room, or rather a recess, lay the open coffin, highly propped up at the head, so that the short figure within looked still more so. One had but a few seconds to look at and to get an impression of that well-known face; the features were calm and as in tranquil sleep, and only the livid colour of the face, which was of an ashen grey, showed that life had departed from out that scheming brain. The hands, ghastly pale and very worn, lay crossed over the breast, on which shone the different orders and stars of the dead monarch. Grouped around the coffin, and dimly lit by candles, stood several figures in uniform, generals and others. As we paused before the dead, a priest offered the brush dipped in holy water.

"Among the generals one recognised Fleury's burly form, looking like a huge stuffed mummy or waxwork escaped from the gallery in Baker Street. The effect, taken altogether, of this lying-in-state, was certainly effective, if not impressive; it was too theatrical to be that. What struck me was the apparent absence of any real emotion or sorrow among those present.

Not even as the spectators came out from looking on that corpse did any of the French seem at all affected. '*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*' So must it always be. We got back to town by two o'clock, passing endless special trains, all gorged with others bound on the same errand as had taken us to Chislehurst."

That most uninteresting of foreign potentates, the Shah of Persia, visited England that summer, and never did the Londoners, or the society of London, show greater snobbishness than in giving such a reception as the former did, and in entertaining so handsomely as did the latter, a man utterly without a recommendation, except that he is called by his slaves and courtiers, and by himself, "the King of kings" and the "Lord of lords!" A more effete, ungracious, uncivilised creature than this yellow-faced Persian could not be imagined; but English society while he was in London prostrated themselves before him and his ugly jewels as if he were some demi-god fresh from Olympus. In a feeble journal of his travels (probably written by his secretary) the Shah recounted his impressions of England and the English. I will merely refer to his visit to my brother at Trentham. The story of his asking the Prince of Wales whether, when the Prince came to the throne, he would not behead his host, is a true one. The answer the Prince made, to the effect that there were so many other great nobles in the land that he could not undertake such a clearance, is also authentic.

When this Asiatic arrived at Trentham, it began to rain, and an umbrella was brought to his unmajestic majesty. On returning to the house, as he passed over the garden-terrace, he threw down the umbrella, which one of his courtiers scrambled after. It made one feel inclined to give both the master and the servant a kicking. Like all Eastern princes, the most childish and silliest things appeared to impress him most. He was in ecstasies at seeing us play at bowls, but what appeared even more to delight him was having the game of cock-fighting performed. Perhaps, considering the way in which an Asiatic prince is brought up

and the fashion of his life, this particular one was not a bad specimen of his class; but he reminded one of the description given by Evelyn of Peter the Great when the Czar visited London—a mixture of civilisation and barbarism, of magnificence and dirt, in which the latter qualities preponderated. At the end of his diary the Shah writes: "The English people were really annoyed and sorry on account of my leaving them!" Let us hope, for the sake of the English people, that this statement was as incorrect as most of those recounted in this personage's diary.

In November of that year I made the acquaintance of M. Thiers. An old friend of his and of mine, Lady Alice Peel, had given me a letter of introduction to the ex-President of the French Republic; and, armed with this, I called at his house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, a few doors beyond the English Embassy. That evening I received an invitation to call on him. Accordingly at nine I made my bow. "His apartment is situated in the inner courtyard of the hotel; a flight of steps leads into an ante-room, where was a servant in attendance, who ushered the guests into the drawing-room, or rather rooms, as you pass through an ante-room before reaching the larger one, where the ex-President received his company. At first, on finding myself in the centre of a large room occupied by a dozen people seated somewhat formally against the walls, my habitual shyness inclined me immediately to retire to freedom and cool moonlight air. But it was too late for retreat, for Thiers, who had been sitting on a sofa by the side of a lady dressed in pink, had espied me, and quickly crossing the room, at once entered into conversation, and my shy fit vanished. I began by thanking him for the kind celerity he had shown in so promptly responding to Lady Alice's letter, and for the honour he had done me in leaving his card at my hotel. 'Oh, Lord Gower, *n'est ce pas?*' he said. He then led me up to a stout middle-aged lady dressed in black, to whom I was presented. This was Madame Thiers. Her sister, Mdlle. Dosne, dressed also in deep mourning, sat near her by a roaring fire. Thiers here returned to the pink lady, leaving me

with his somewhat formidable-looking spouse. However, she was talkative, even agreeable, and had it not been that I was slowly roasting in front of the exceedingly ardent wood fire, I should have felt tolerably happy. More visitors now were announced, the American Minister among others, Mr. Washburn, and his 'lady,' a pert little Americaness, who rattled away to Madame Thiers in English, or rather in Americo-English, and also to M. Thiers, in spite of Madame T. telling her that he did not understand that language; but this only made her speak the more and the louder. Apparently glad to escape from this unknown tongue, Thiers beckoned me to a place out of the region of that terrible wood fire and the Washburns, and sitting down on a sofa with our backs to a large mirror, he began talking as if he had been suddenly wound up by an invisible key. He speaks in a clear, metallic, penetrating voice. He said how many of my relations he had known—Granville (perhaps on account of the family name being the same) he seemed to think much nearer related to me than anybody else. Of my dear mother he spoke with greatest admiration. '*Elle était*,' he said, '*la plus grande dame du monde!*' I could have hugged the little man, spectacles and all, when he said that. When I asked him if he saw her likeness to Marie Antoinette, he said, '*Mais, elle était bien plus belle que Marie Antoinette!*' and there again he was right. The conversation once set going on that topic—Marie Antoinette—I pumped him regarding any letters of hers that might still exist, yet unpublished. Thiers said he thought there were some in Paris, and perhaps, he said, there might be still some at Vienna. He thinks Feuillet de Conche's published letters of her are in the main genuine. He then talked politics; said he had wished and striven throughout his life to introduce into France the English form of Parliamentary Government, and to establish a Constitutional Monarchy like ours. '*Mais*,' he said angrily, '*c'était impossible; tous nos rois que j'ai connus ont été fous!*' He thinks it is all up with the old French *noblesse;* in fact, that they are almost extinct; when Talleyrand was in power he had known some, but now they had all gone. One of the members of the Assembly came up to Thiers, whom

he eagerly questioned whether he had heard M. Grévy's speech during the great debate on Macmahon's term of Presidentship—the best speech this, he said, during the whole of the debate. On my taking leave he expressed a wish that, whenever I was in Paris, I should call on him. In appearance he is just what I had expected, but he is not quite so little a man as I had imagined. His complexion is a clear olive, not unhealthy-looking, nor does the skin look dried up at all. The little eyes gleaming behind the spectacles are singularly bright, and nothing can be neater than the way his white hair is brushed up to a point rather to the right side of his head. His voice is the oldest thing about him, a sharp treble, like an old woman's, and one can well understand how difficult it must be to hear him in a large space."

"Compared to another acquaintance I met last week, Thiers, although seventy-five, is a mere youth. In the steep old Rue des Martyrs, at No. 74, on the fifth floor, lives an old, a very old, gentleman—so old that he might have seen the great Frederic and Voltaire; who lived through the great Revolution, and who can recall the terrible days of the Terror as well as he does those of the Commune. When at Lady Waterford's two years ago, I saw the photograph of a striking-looking old man with a Rembrandt-like head; this, Lady Waterford told me, was the likeness of an old Count Waldeck, a centenarian, who lived in Paris. Later on Lady Waterford sent me a letter from Mr. John Palliser, giving some account of this aged patriarch, of his artistic capacities, &c. He sent pictures to the Salon, which he styled '*les loisirs d'un centenaire!*' The great age of this Count, his talents, and his having been acquainted with Marie Antoinette, made me wish to see him, and accordingly I called on him lately here in Paris. After what appeared an interminable ascent up a very dirty staircase, I reached the Count's door, and was shown into a small den of a study, in which, seated by a table near a window, and employed in drawing what looked like some mathematical figures, sat an old man, who required only a peaked hat and a dressing-gown covered with comets and stars to be Zadkiel, or the Wizard of the North. Not but that the

old gentleman had a most benevolent countenance; but, knowing his almost fabulous age, this grey-bearded old relic of a former century, whom death had seemed to have forgotten, gave me a kind of mystic feeling when face to face with him. He wore a long, loose dressing-gown, and on his head a dark green Tyrolese-shaped wideawake, from under which fell long, scanty grey locks —both beard and hair as long as any hermit's; the eyes, bespectacled and nearly hidden by the drooping eyelids, looked over a large and heavily-veined nose. Except being very deaf, the old Count has nothing about him indicating the centenarian. His memory is marvellous, and he seems to recollect the events of ninety years ago as clearly as those that happened a few months back. He knew I was English, and he said he never failed to recognise those of that nationality. Having asked him regarding his painting, he took me into an adjoining room, a rather bigger one and better furnished than his study; it was in fact '*le salon*,' evidently a room only used on state occasions. The day was bitterly cold, and I was sorry for the poor old man staying in such an icy room; but he had got hold of a large portfolio full of his drawings, made half a century ago in Mexico, views of ruins of cities once inhabited by now-forgotten races, quaintly carved gods, and temples of an unknown religion; these the poor old gentleman said he would publish if he could get enough subscribers to aid him. The late Emperor had promised to take a dozen copies of the book, at ten pounds a copy. Sedan has been a calamity for the old Count. Alluding to the war and the Commune, he said these things had shortened his life by ten years! What much interested me was the photograph of a picture he painted from recollection, of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie; the original of this belongs to a lady in Ireland. It appears that during the Queen's imprisonment he succeeded in making his way into the prison, disguised as a National Guard, on the second day after her removal from the Temple to the Conciergerie. Some of his Mexican sketches are very forcible, but his oil-paintings have all the hard look of the school of David. A large painting, 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' he exhibited last year at the Salon.

"I called again next day on this old relic of former days. I found him in his sitting-room. Alluding to the Reign of Terror, he said he still felt a cold shudder pass all over him whenever he thought of it. The following is copied from a letter he wrote me, having asked him to write any recollections he could recall of the unfortunate Queen:—'*Quand Marie Antoinette*,' he writes, '*fût Reine, Trianon était sa demeure de prédilection, et ses actions de grand jour sont connues de tout le monde, sa vie de Bergère entourée de ses dames d'honneur, la Princesse de Lamballe en tête-à-tête, décrite dans plusieurs ouvrages. Attaché par mon père à la Royale résidence, j'avais de journalières occasions de me trouver avec l'auguste victime dont le seul défaut était son maintien de fierté. Etant Allemand je jouissais d'un privilège que les plus grands et nobles courtisans auraient pu m'envier. Sa Majesté aimait à parler la langue de sa noble patrie, et j'étais devenu une heureuse nécessité, un passetemps sans conséquence; quand le temps n'était pas beau, elle me conduisait dans son boudoir, et là je répondai à mille questions, que ses Royales lèvres daignaient m'adresser! Elève de Jussieu j'aimais les fleurs, et mes descriptions classiques avaient le bonheur d'intéresser mon interlocutrice; c'est à la Botanique que je devais l'honneur dont le souvenir m'est encore précieux. C'est l'unique épisode que je crois ait échappé à l'observation de ceux qui ont retracé les paisibles loisirs d'une Reine qui a été honteusement calomniée par d'autres auteurs vomis par l'enfer. J'étais loin de prévoir alors la fatale Révolution de '93, et la Conciergerie où je la vois les cheveux grisonnant déjà; il n'est donc pas étonnant qu'ils soient devenus blancs dans la nuit qui suivit son inique condamnation!!! Mes tristes souvenirs des jours de la Terreur ne peuvent s'effacer de ma mémoire, et je me vois encore inondé du sang de la bonne et loyale Princesse Lamballe découlant de sa tête portée sur une pique au-dessus de la mienne. Voilà, Milord, le peu de faits qui se retracent douleureusement à ma mémoire. Nè le 16 Mars, 1766, si mon autographe peut vous être agréable, je me souscris avec, etc.,*

'Jean Friedrich Maxime de Waldeck.'"

This letter, which has to me something in it as touching as an old Royalist song, that of "Pauvre Jacques" for instance, hummed on an old spinet, is written in a beautifully clear small round hand, as legible as type. It can certainly be considered a curiosity of literature. Some people have their doubts respecting the real age of the Count de Waldeck; what seems uncontested, however, is that in 1826, when he was sixty and in want of money, he presented some of his oil-paintings to the École des Beaux-Arts, and asked 40,000 francs for them. M. Bastard, the director, replied that the funds at his command did not permit him to make a purchase of that importance, but that if M. Waldeck consented he would obtain for him an annual allowance of 2000 francs. The painter has therefore received during forty-eight years a total sum of 96,000 francs!

CHAPTER XXIII

1874 : *WORK AND PLAY*

THE new year was saddened by the news reaching us, while passing Christmas and New Year's week at Trentham, that Alfred Charteris—second son of the Elchos—had died on his way back from Africa, where he had taken part in the Ashantee campaign. "He was in bad health when he left England, and the doctors had warned him that he went out at his peril; but Alfred Charteris had one of those natures which are attracted by danger, and nothing could stop his following his regiment to the war. His was a very bright young spirit. His parents had gone to meet the vessel at Southampton that was to have brought him back to them, and only when it arrived did they know their loss: what a tragedy!"

"I called on Sir Henry Thompson at 35 Wimpole Street, to have a talk with him about cremation, in which I quite agree with him. I found him painting a still-life subject in a delightful studio. He showed me his strange pets—a python and a young boa-constrictor. Then to Seymour Haden's studio in the Avenue, out of the Fulham Road. I found him in the act of taking a proof of a glorious etching he had copied from Turner's 'Calais Pier,' in the National Gallery. It is probably the finest, and certainly the largest, sea-piece ever etched. Seymour Haden is a most enthusiastic artist.

"*January* 14.—Met at Maclure's—the publishers of my Lenoir book—in the city, old George Cruikshank, whom I had not seen for many a year—not since 1857, I think, when he gave us children each one of his fairy books; mine was 'Hop o' my Thumb.'

"Although eighty-two, his eye is as bright and full of life as ever, and he looks not more than seventy. We lunched together in one of the crowded restaurants near the Mansion House. George Cruikshank never touches wine, and seldom water."

On the morning of January 24, London awoke to find that the Liberal Government had ceased to exist. "A startling bit of news indeed. Gladstone's manifesto to his Greenwich electors fills three columns of the *Times;* he promises, if returned by them to power, to abolish the income-tax, &c. This will end my short Parliamentary career, which began in May 1867. Now that young Stafford is twenty-three, it is high time that he should represent Sutherland. The only regret I feel in leaving the House of Commons is that Albert cannot also be accommodated with a seat; but unless he contests North Staffordshire, I do not see how this can be." Two days later I sent my farewell address to my kind constituents in the North.

A few days after this I met Ruskin in the National Gallery. "He takes a very gloomy view about politics, and of Holman Hunt's latest paintings! As I was leaving the Gallery, I met Gladstone. 'Very sorry for your disappearance,' he said, referring to my having given up Parliament. I could only thank him."

On February 3 "I was invited by Lord Granville to contest the representation of North Staffordshire; but I told him I had no wish, inclination, or intention again to enter Parliament; and this I repeated to Gladstone, whom I met at dinner that evening at Lord Granville's." Two days later the papers were full of election news—in which the Conservatives carried all before them. "Even at Westminster two Tories are victorious—Russell and Smith; and throughout the country the tide of Conservatism steadily rises, bearing on it Disraeli and his followers."

Early in February "I made the acquaintance at Cyril Flower's place, Furzedown, near Streatham, of Whistler, the Anglo-American artist of Chelsea. He has certainly talent, but too much affectation and self-admiration, almost amounting to regarding himself as a kind of fetish. After dinner we had a long

discussion, in which Whistler decried all artists—the dead as well as the quick—all—except Velasquez, Moore, and himself!"

Later that month I paid the Granvilles a visit at Walmer Castle. "A long and dull railway journey to Deal. Mr. Dasent (Delane's brother-in-law); Devey, the architect; and Miss Blanche Pitt, Granville's niece, were all the party. Dasent is an amusing and incessant talker, and prevented the others from going to sleep after dinner. Walmer has been much improved by Lord Granville. Before his time it must have been about as uncomfortable a habitation as a lighthouse or a Martello tower. The little plainly-furnished room in which the Great Duke died is kept in the same state as when he occupied it. Some of the furniture, the Chippendale dining-room chairs for instance, were here when Pitt was Lord Warden. Walmer Church is a frightful erection—without and within; but redeemed by two grand old yew-trees in the churchyard.

"We visited Lord Clanwilliam's castle at Deal; but he is only there—wise man—during the autumn; and then went with Granville and Devey to see a little house they have built on a desolate hill, which Lord Granville calls 'Vetas' (his eldest daughter's name) 'Villa.' Granville informed me that Westminster was about to be made a duke; but it was three days later that Westminster received a letter from Gladstone announcing this bestowal of dignity 'with his dying breath.'"

I had made the acquaintance of a well-known and now-regretted Royal Academician, Mr. E. M. Ward, some time before this period, and often paid him and his gifted wife visits at their house in Tyburnia.

"To see Ward's new picture, the subject of which is Lady W. Russell interceding for her husband's life with Charles II. A good work. Mr. Doran was there, and Frith came into the studio soon after. The latter made many criticisms on the picture, and went so far as to make corrections on His Majesty's wig, which he thought was too long.

"Called on Lady Cowper after dinner, and found her all alone

in her great drawing-room facing St. James's Square. The old lady, in her white cap and black gown, lighted with but a pair of candles and a lamp in that long room, with its massive gilt carvings and ceiling, and the dark old paintings on its walls, would have delighted Rembrandt."

At the end of April I left town for Castle Howard, where I passed three months hard at work copying the Clouet collection of portraits, three hundred heads of kings, queens, and courtiers of the middle of the sixteenth century, drawn in chalks.

"When I arrived, Lord and Lady Lanerton were here: but they soon left; and my squire, Robert Tuffs, and I have the great palace all to ourselves." The days passed and resembled one another, with but little variation. "*April* 23.—Visited the mausoleum. Few of the catacombs within that spacious tomb-house are occupied—not more than a dozen, I think; there must be room for over a hundred to come. The only funeral I attended here was my uncle Morpeth's, in December 1864. He rests below his parents, almost on a level with the floor, which is damp. Against the discoloured stone on which his name is inscribed is a fragment of a little faded wreath. It was a great contrast coming out of these chambers of the dead on to the sun-warmed, daisy-covered grass, all around lambs sporting and spring flowers perfuming the breeze. It was indeed like a little rehearsal for the resurrection."

I had brought my blue roan "Merrylegs" with me from London, and on him I scoured the neighbourhood; but nearly all day was passed employed in copying the old French portraits. My efforts at reproducing these, or rather the Lenoir collection, had gained the attention of one eminent man. The following letter from Mr. Disraeli made up to me for any feelings of disappointment that I may have felt at the failure of my labours.

"*April* 27.

"Dear Ronald Gower,—Alas! I never see you; but I do not love you the less. There is a vacancy in the Trust of the National Portrait Gallery, over which Lord Stanhope presides.

The duties of a trustee are light, but they are most interesting and agreeable; and adapted to your tastes. If you like, I will appoint you to the vacant post. You will find among your colleagues some of the most eminent men in England.—Yours sincerely, DISRAELI."

Some of my colleagues were certainly among the "most eminent men in England"—being Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, the Dean of Windsor, and Lord Derby, among others; but one of the most remarkable, Thomas Carlyle, had resigned six years before I became a trustee.

While copying half-a-dozen Clouets per day on an average, my artistic valet was not idle. He was ambitious enough to make an oiled copy of the framed "Three Maries," by Carracci; and of the splendid portrait of Snyders, by Vandyck. He had suddenly developed a strong artistic faculty, which, in one kind or another, every one has something of, and this faculty, under favourable circumstances, might often be improved and developed. At other times he would be photographing views of the house and gardens.

So busy was I then that even an invitation to pass a Sunday with an agreeable neighbour, Lord Houghton, at Fryston, did not seduce me from my work. I had "scorned delights," and was leading "laborious days" at my self-appointed task. Letters would arrive full of the great life in far-away London; in one, written in May by my sister, Constance Westminster, she tells me that Millais is painting her portrait—"a rugged face, but better," she thinks, "than if it were too pink and smooth." "Methinks," she writes of the Czar, then in London, "the Emperor is a fine-looking man, but so sad and worn; Guildhall was said to have been very touching; when he spoke of his daughter, the tears ran down his cheeks." However, once during the month of May I thought a change might be pleasant, and one Saturday afternoon I went to neighbouring Scarborough; but this visit was not a success. A very short inspection of Scarborough was enough, for the next afternoon I was back

again at Castle Howard. "Scarborough is a bad imitation of Brighton, with a touch of Rosherville Gardens about it—in fact, a detestable place; and how swarms of people can go and pass a summer there is to me inconceivable!"

The family was continually increasing, and being given in marriage. Almost on the same day in July I heard of my youngest sister having had a fifth son, and an eighth child, and the announcement from her eldest born (Grosvenor) that he was engaged to Lady Sibell Lumley, of whom my sister writes with delight: "She is a little darling and perfection; there is no one in the world Grosvenor and self would have preferred." And so it proved.

Before the end of the summer, I had some dissipation in London—two balls; and rather remarkable balls these were—the first a masquerade at Lady Marian Alford's, in her pretty red house at Kensington. "It seemed a most un-English affair altogether, but was amusing enough. I was much puzzled as to the identity of a lady whom I took to supper; and only discovered, on her taking off her mask, that it was my august relative, Princess Louise!" On my return to Castle Howard, in order to finish a work I would have done well not to have begun, I worked harder than ever, nine hours a day! Mark this, gilded youth! Probably the gilded youth will think me the greater fool of the two, as the labour, I have confessed, ended in failure; but it proves that one who might have led the same easy, useless, frivolous, aimless life thought it better to bury himself down in an old house in Yorkshire, and work as few of the poorest of clerks and attorneys do, or can.

I apologise for again referring to my book on the Lenoir collection; but my excuse is the following letter, which (I having sent a presentation copy to Mr. Disraeli of the Lenoir collection) reached me at Castle Howard:—

"2 Whitehall Gardens, *July* 16.

"Dearest Ronald Gower,—You must think me the most ungrateful of men—instead of the reverse—for not before this

acknowledging the receipt of your interesting and sumptuous offering. But I could not bear to thank you by the hands of another, and I have been so pressed with affairs that it is only recently that I have been able to examine the contents of the welcome volume. It is a great accession to the Hughenden library. A new portrait, to me at least, of Mary, Queen of Scots, and not a disappointing one! What women were Cleopatra and Mary! Men are in love with them still! When shall I see you?—Ever yours, D."

At the completion of my task, I proudly entered in my diary—"Completed 301 Clouet drawing copies. I may truly say I have worked at them like a machine."

On July 22 (this is that other ball I have referred to) the Prince of Wales gave a fancy dress ball at Marlborough House.

"It was very picturesque, and some of the dresses (the Duke of Buccleuch's, for example) quite superb. The Duke of Wellington lent me a gorgeous suit of slashed crimson velvet with blue satin—in the style of the German knights of the sixteenth century. Annie Sutherland as Henrietta Maria, and Florence as 'the White Cat,' were very effective. Irving and several others came to Stafford House to see these costumes. Billy Russell looked well in a black cavalier costume, wearing a Shakespearean tuft on his chin. The Duke of Wellington, as a Spanish hidalgo, wore his father's order of the Golden Fleece. Poor old Quin appeared in a Charles II. dress. The Prince looked well, and gained in height in a cavalier's dress; and, as usual, the Princess was the most beautiful and graceful woman in the place—she wore a Marie Stuart dress. Poor old Quin, as the daylight conquered the candle-light, assumed a very decayed appearance—his face, within the luxuriant locks of his wig, looked like a *Memento mori* in the midst of that gay scene, as he sat cracking his jokes in one of the many tents in Marlborough House gardens that morning. After forty, no one who respects his appearance should be seen by daylight after sitting up all night in a ball-

room." With this ball, the London season of 1874 came to a brilliant end.

At last I had time—being out of the House of Commons—to make a long-wished-for tour in the Low Countries.

"Left London from Blackwall in the *Maastrom* steamer early on the morning of August 12. Roden had taken me down the river from Westminster in his steam-launch. The morning was fine, but the day clouded over later, and we had rather a roll out in the German Ocean. Up and on deck next day at six; a very wet morning and a moist landing at Rotterdam at 7 A.M. on the Boomjees, or quays of this picturesque old port. I put up at the Hotel Victoria—clean and comfortable—and visited the Church of St. Lawrence and the Museum, where are some interesting paintings. Rotterdam is highly picturesque—the combination of canal with the red-bricked and high-gabled houses, and the rows of limes that are so common in these watery streets, have a capital effect. I detected no smells—as I was told I should find here. The people are extremely civil. What is best worth visiting here, are the drawings by old and modern painters in the Museum—there are upwards of 3000! The best modern collection of pictures at Rotterdam is that of Messrs. Lebebur and Heyerman's; but modern art is miles behind the old art of the country. From Rotterdam, all who value Dutch art must pay Cuyp's birthplace, Dort, a visit. It is easily reached by steamer. Here is a fine old church, but, like most Dutch churches, very bare, barren, and cold within. The carnival was in full swing while I was at Rotterdam; and all night long the streets were crowded with a noisy population cheering and shouting, and generally making sleep impossible and night hideous. But one hardly saw a single case of drunkenness. The singular and, as it appeared to me, irreverent fashion that obtains in the Dutch churches, even during service, of the men keeping their hats on, must strike all visitors; one felt, as I told the Queen of the Netherlands, that one had entered a Jewish synagogue by mistake, and not a Protestant place of worship.

"At Rotterdam, the Church of St. Lawrence boasts of a fine organ, and the congregational singing is decidedly good.

"I had intended going to the Hague from Rotterdam by canal; but the weather was so bad for that mode of travelling, that I went instead by rail, stopping at Delft on the way. That old town is a most quiet and sleepy place, and, for all the world, has not waked up since the time of William the Silent. It is full of his memory—you are shown the spot where he fell, and within the cathedral the fine monument erected over his remains.

"From Delft the pleasantest way of reaching the Hague is by the tramway. The best hotel at the capital of Holland was full—the *Oade Doelen*—and so I had to put up at the 'Hotel Paulez.'

"The whole of the next day I passed in the Museum of Paintings. Altogether they rather disappointed my expectations, although it is well worth all the journey to see the Rembrandts here. Paul Potter, too, is grand on these walls. Mr. Motley, the historian, had given me two letters of introduction—one for an artist, M. Bischopp; the other for the Baron Schimmelpenninck. 'The eminent painter of the Hague,' as Mr. Motley calls him, was absent. 'I know no one,' writes Mr. Motley of him, 'in the whole country who will give you more exact information regarding the art treasures of Holland than he can; his wife, an English lady, is also an artist of great distinction.' Of the baron, Mr. Motley wrote: 'He is a gentleman of talent and high position—an intimate friend of mine, whose near relative, M. Steengracht, is the owner of a famous private collection of old masters at the Hague.'

"'To Scheveningen—the Brighton of the Hague—recalling Van Goyen and Backhuysen's landscapes, and of interest to English folk as the spot from whence sailed Charles II."

The amiable Queen of the Netherlands, who was then at her villa near the Hague, the House in the Wood, I also visited. Her Majesty had sent for me to call on her there. The Queen was most affable; I had a long *tête-à-tête* talk with her in her little cabinet, hung all around with portraits and miniatures of princes and princesses of the House of Orange. Motley's portrait hangs in one of the drawing-rooms in the *Huis in Bosh.*

"On returning to the Hague, which is a pleasant half-hour's

drive from the royal villa, through a wood in which Potter and Adrian Van der Velde often studied, I found that Baron Schimmelpenninck von der Oije (to give his lengthy name in full) had called on me; and with him I dined that evening, and on the next day visited with him some more collections of art-objects. Among these was a house beautifully fitted up in the seventeenth-century style, by and belonging to an Englishman, Mr. J. Loudon. In the evening I went again to Scheveningen, this time with Baron Mackay (now Lord Reay), a most amiable, intelligent, and agreeable gentleman, Scotch by extraction, but Dutch by education.

"After again calling on Queen Sophie in her little palace in the wood, I left the Hague (August 22), going to Haarlem by rail. On the way I visited the dull, stagnant old university town of Leyden, where is little to detain the traveller.

"At Haarlem I found a perfect hotel, the 'Fonckler.' The glory of Haarlem (in the artistic sense, for, of course, the story of its heroic defence against the Spaniards is its crown of glory) is the series of portraits by Frans Hals in the Town Hall. No one can form a conception of the talent of that great painter who has not seen his works here." The likeness in his style to that of Millais I alluded to in my little pocket guide to the Dutch galleries, and Millais has since told me that he quite agreed in my opinion when he visited Haarlem some years after I had seen these portraits.

Amsterdam was reached next day. "By all means let the traveller go to the delightful old-fashioned *Bracks Döelen* hotel in preference to the far larger and more pretentious monster hotel that has lately risen some way out of the town." Here what pleased me most were the museum paintings and the Van der Hoop collection, now unfortunately dispersed. Baron Mackay had given me a letter of introduction to an amateur at Amsterdam, a M. Crommelin, who lived on the Heerengasse, the most aristocratic part of the city; and here he had got together a very fine collection of modern Dutch water-colour drawings. Thanks to M. Crommelin's kindness, I was admitted to most of the private collections in Amsterdam, and here I found so much to see that

I gave up a project I had formed of visiting the north of Holland, and devoted all my time to these collections. None of these private collections is of greater interest than the Van Loon; many of the pictures have never left the house since they were first hung in it some two centuries ago. No artist should omit visiting the collection of etchings preserved in the *Treppenhuis*, or Museum. Among many rare ones are some that are unique.

The village of Saardam is well worth seeing. From one spot near it we counted sixty-nine windmills all hard at work. How very mad such a sight would have made the Knight of La Mancha!

After ten pleasant days passed amidst the galleries of Amsterdam, I left for Utrecht; and here I stayed some time, finding most comfortable quarters at the *Hôtel des Pays-Bas*. "I cannot too highly praise this hotel. The people to whom the house belongs are civility itself."

The ancient and once strongly fortified town of Kempfen should be visited from Utrecht; an old town-hall and one or two of the picturesque and fortified gates are well worth seeing.

Returning to Amsterdam, I again went to see the Frans Hals's at Haarlem, and heard the old organ in its church, on which Handel had studied in his youth, played. His "Dead March in Saul" sounded most impressive as it echoed through the darkling aisles of the old church.

Besides the portraits by Hals at the Town Hall, there are four superb portraits by him at a sort of almshouse, called the "Berestein House." Visit these by all means; one of them represents a little girl dressed in scarlet, and is a perfect gem. We were told that large sums had been offered for this portrait —but in vain.

Having completed my notes, I returned to Rotterdam, and from Breda to Antwerp by rail, which I reached on September 19. It almost took away one's breath to see Rubens' gigantic canvas after the works of the Dutch school.

At Brussels I found a letter from my sister Constance Westminster that made me regret having been out of England. The

letter is dated from Loch More. She writes: "I was very tired after the festivities" (there was a reception given to Westminster by the town of Chester in honour of his having been made a duke, and rejoicings at the approaching marriage of his eldest son), "but all did so extra well; such weather—quite perfect—no hitch at all. There were over 1000 to feed all that week daily; the tents enormous and handsome; but what I did wish is that any and every one who cared for us at all should have seen our Chester reception. For a mile and a half a sea of human beings, all so enthusiastic, cheering violently. The road all lined with Venetian masts, and the old city a mass of flags and decorations. The procession took three-quarters of an hour to pass us, marching briskly, at the Town Hall. We all stood on a landing, and were much cheered by the surging crowd. Grosvenor and Belgrave got through their speeches very well. Sibell looked a great love, and was nearly knocked down by old women at Chester rushing to shake her hand. But we felt this reception at Chester was really for Grosvenor, and I assure you it quite thrilled through one, for one could not but see that from high and low how genuine it was."

On arriving at Loch More another reception awaited them; this time given by the ghillies and foresters of the west of Sutherland. "We had," she writes, "a thorough surprise on reaching Loch More; a great reception, much cheering, and a large heather arch, numerous flags, horses taken out, and we dragged up by forty or fifty men, at such a quick pace—all foresters and ghillies. In the evening a bonfire on the top of Ben Screvi, and rockets too."

From Brussels, which I made my headquarters for a few days, I visited Mechlin, to see there the great Rubenses in three of its churches, and the little village of Perck, in whose plain church, without even a stone to mark the spot, rest the ashes of David Teniers. His old home—the once handsome château of Dry Torren—so often introduced in the background of his pictures, is now a mere farm-building; but the old gateway remains, above which tradition says that the great painter worked.

On another day I made a pilgrimage to the old château of Stein, the summer retreat of Rubens, and here I passed the better half of a summer's day, day-dreaming in the neglected and weed-grown old garden once graced by the buxom forms of the wives of Sir Peter Paul and their comely children, as they still live in such portraits as those at Blenheim and elsewhere.

During my stay at Brussels the English Minister, J. S. Lumley —a man as fond of art as myself—showed me every kindness and courtesy. We visited many of the studios of the Belgian artists. Perhaps the most interesting were those of the old painter Madou, eighty years of age, but painting still as if only thirty; and of a still very youthful artist, but full of rare promise —Wauters. But of these and of other art subjects mention is made in my little guide-book already referred to.

Louvain, with its superb town-hall and curious old churches, as well as the splendid altar-piece by Vandyck at the little church of Saventhem, half-a-dozen miles out of Brussels, representing St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggars (of which the Rubens at Windsor Castle is almost a *replica*, but inferior to the work of the pupil), were also seen.

One of my most interesting expeditions was to the beautiful place of the old Prince de Ligne—*Belle-œil*—near the town of Ath. Its gardens almost rival those of Versailles in their stateliness and the grace of their well-trimmed *charmilles*. The old Prince, crippled though he was with gout, insisted on doing the honours of the place, driving about the gardens in a pony-chair. The castle (which has belonged to the family of De Ligne as long as Dunrobin to the Sutherlands—some eight centuries) is as full of family portraits of its successive owners as Woburn of the Russells. Of the gardens of *Belle-œil*, Delille has sung and Voltaire written. At the time of our Queen's coronation the Prince represented Belgium at St. James's; he had also been ambassador to the Tuileries in the reign of Louis Philippe, and was so great a potentate that there was at one time a question of his being made king of the Belgians. The famous memoir-writing Prince de Ligne was his great-uncle. I never met kinder

people than the old Prince and his wife. They warmly pressed me to prolong my stay at *Belle-œil*, but my time was limited, and I had to decline.

Leaving *Belle-œil* in the afternoon, I visited another property of the De Lignes, the Castle of Antoing, overlooking the battlefield of Fontenoy. That night I slept at Courtray, an uninteresting town; and after visiting the fine old town of Ypres, went on to Ghent. That, too, disappointed my expectations. There is a deadness and a dulness in those priest-ridden old cities in Belgium that contrast sadly with the stir and cheerfulness of reformed Holland and its busy towns.

A great sorrow closed the year.

In December my brother Albert—alas! for the last time—came from Beaudesert to London. He had come to buy some Christmas gifts; among others, one for our old nurse, for he never forgot the friends of his youth. On the 19th he was back with his wife and her parents at Beaudesert. On the 22nd, at seven in the morning, I got a telegram from Sir Thomas Abdy saying that Albert was seriously and dangerously ill. "At nine o'clock I left Euston, going down with Sir William Gull, who had also been telegraphed for. At one that afternoon we were at Beaudesert. After a consultation, in which Gull met two local doctors, he gave us—my nephew Stafford and Constance Westminster had arrived from Trentham and Eton that morning—no hope. Our dear brother gradually sank, and died at three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. He was conscious almost to the last, and, when told how hopeless his condition was, said he was 'content to die.' The Bishop of Lichfield (Selwyn) arrived about midnight, and administered the Blessed Sacrament to him and to those who were by his bedside—Constance, the Abdys, and his poor wife. May my dearest brother's soul be for ever at peace! His patience, and almost cheerfulness, throughout the short but very painful illness (which was peritonitis, of which he had already suffered an attack in the summer), showed what a brave, unselfish nature his was; and the love and affection he evinced to all around him none of us can ever forget."

Of those half-dozen persons who watched by him that awful night only two are now (1881) alive. My sister, the Abdys, and the Bishop of Lichfield have all passed through the dark valley. Poor frail mortality! "Even as a sleep, and fading away suddenly like the grass!"

The funeral was at Trentham, in the mausoleum—Trentham, where but a few days before we had hoped to have gathered for Christmas-tide and the New Year! My nephew Stafford and I met the body at the station, and followed it with Sir Thomas Abdy and his sons. Mr. Edwards read that most touching of Church services impressively.

This makes the seventh of our dead in that mausoleum.

Among the many letters of condolence I received at this time, none were more full of deep sympathy and affection for the dear brother whom I had lost than those written by my old friend W. H. Russell.

CHAPTER XXIV

1875: *IN PARIS AND ELSEWHERE*

IN the middle of January of this year I went, to be quiet and undisturbed, to Cliveden, which I had all to myself. There I heard of the death of two distinguished persons whom I had seen something of—Canon Kingsley and Lady Carnarvon. Of the former I write in my diary of January 25:—"Canon Kingsley's death announced in to-day's papers. When at Cambridge I frequently met Charles Kingsley, and attended his lectures there on modern history; those relating to the French Revolution were deeply interesting. I also much enjoyed his sermons when he preached at the two o'clock service at St. Mary's. Some of these sermons have been published; those relating to David were especially good. I shall never forget the impressive manner in which he quoted some of the Psalms, which one then felt to be truly inspired. The stutter, which in conversation was with him excessive, he quite surmounted when in the pulpit and lecture-room; but when speaking in public he never paused at all." Of Lady Carnarvon I write on the same day:—"Yesterday died Lady Carnarvon, in every sense a *grande dame;* her death a terrible loss to the poor husband, and she will be much and widely missed and regretted; amiable, clever, accomplished, and kind, with a charm of voice and manner peculiar to herself, she was the most perfect hostess, and in her time no place was more delightful to stay at than Highclere. The last time I saw her, some three years ago, was in the Isle of Wight, when she was in deep mourning for her brother, Lord Chesterfield. The world is full of tears!"

Leaving my retreat at Cliveden at the end of January, "I

returned to town, bringing from the country a box full of snowdrops, which delighted my great-niece Eva Baird, the dear little woman with the beautiful brown eyelashes and brows to match."

At the close of the next month I paid Ruskin a short visit at Oxford:—"*February* 27.—Reached Oxford at five, and put up at the 'Clarendon.' Called at Corpus College, where I found the Professor in his cosy study, the walls hung with Turners, Tintorets, and Titians. We dined in hall, sitting at the upper table, where we numbered some ten. The Professor of History (Mr. Laing) sat at the head. The dinner was as short as it was good. On leaving the hall we adjourned to the common-room, and then formed a semicircle round a blazing fire: claret, sherry, and biscuits passed round. Later, with Ruskin to his study, where we talked together far into the night. Ruskin spoke much respecting his St. George's Society or Brotherhood. He purposes adding to the ground already in his hands, and on it to build, and let at a moderate rate to any who are ready and willing to work and cultivate the ground themselves. In London he has a block of houses under the management of Miss Hill of Nottingham Place; she is educating and civilising a little colony there of roughs and vagabonds. He believes the right way to live is to enjoy what can and may be enjoyed rightly by every one to their own and neighbours' advantage; not to attempt the life of anchorite, ascetic, or missionary. On the subject of marriage he amazed me by saying he thought being able to bestow the title of 'My Lady' on the girl of one's choice a sufficient reason for one's getting married. 'But any city knight can do the same,' I remarked. Next morning he showed me his schools, on which he has already spent five thousand pounds. He is utterly opposed to the South Kensington system of art instruction."

During March I went abroad, staying some weeks in Paris on my way to and back from Vienna. My object in going to Austria was to make the acquaintance of Mr. Arneth (the librarian of the Imperial Library in Vienna, and the publisher of Marie Antoinette's correspondence to and with the Empress-Queen). My hands were

very full of work then, and my head of schemes—too many "irons in the fire," to use the old-fashioned figure, for all to get properly heated. Here are some of them:—First, to study sculpture; secondly, to work in the Archives in Paris on the life of Marie Antoinette (while at work on this subject in Paris I received very great kindness from Mons. Campárdon, the author, from Mons. Geffroy, the historian, and from the well-known bibliophile, Mons. Jacob, known to all lovers of old books and art works as *Bibliophile Jacob*); thirdly, to collect all the engravings, medals, and illustrations obtainable relating to the life of the unfortunate Queen; and fourthly, to study and visit the places connected with her life. Most of these projects have been carried out, but some are still unaccomplished.

Till that visit I had formed no idea that so much of old Paris had escaped the changes, the storms, and the improvements of Revolutionary and Imperial epochs. One day "I was charmed at finding the old abode of Madame de Sévigné (the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the angle formed by the Rues Sévigné and Francs-Bourgeois), externally, at least, as it appeared when the witty and most delightful of marchionesses and letter-writers inhabited it; precisely as it was when Horace Walpole got Ravenet to paint a view of it for his collection at Strawberry Hill, now at Stafford House. The rooms have been turned into a museum of antiquities." On another I stumbled on a less interesting but sumptuous old building—the Hôtel de la Valette, on the far-distant Quai des Célestins; within, the old place was but a ruin, the *parquet* floors so decayed that they were as unsafe as rotten ice to tread on; the old carved ceilings and wall decorations coming to pieces like the Giant Room in old Hardwick Hall, but retaining an old-world-air look about them far more suggestive of ancient pomp and splendour than had they been renovated and restored. The old streets about the Latin quarter, which have now been removed to give place to the Boulevard St. Germain, were then full of quaint old houses and curious buildings; in one of these—in the Rue de la Médecine—the glorious murderess, Charlotte Corday, rid the world of a monster. It was with more

than interest that I entered the narrow door and visited the old room in which that never-to-be-forgotten deed took place. Among the old hotels, almost palaces, of old Paris still remaining, were those of Charlemagne and De Sens, inhabited by Charles V., and now fallen from its high estate and turned into a sugar refinery. At the sculptor's, M. Carrier-Belleuse's, in a studio full of workmen, I used in those days to work hard, varying my labours there, in that mountainous street Des-Saints-Pères, by rambles on the quays and in the old streets of the fast-changing old town of Paris. While there that month I heard of the death of the French ambassador in London, the Comte de Jarnac. I had only parted with him a few days before, when he had given me a letter of introduction to a talented young Frenchman, the Marquis de Beauvoir, traveller and author. "*March* 23.—I have just heard from M. de Beauvoir the sad news of the death of Jarnac, which occurred—thanks to our awful east wind—in London yesterday, from pleurisy. Two most amiable public men dead within this month, and from the same cause !—the French ambassador and Sir Arthur Helps. The former had been for so short a time at the post he had longed to fill for so many years, building, too (for he probably knew from late experience that a French envoy does not remain long at St. James's), a house for himself in Paris, and now he goes out, as a French lady said yesterday of him at Madame de Beauvoir's, *entre quatre planches !*" His poor Irish wife and old father, the Vicomte de Chabot, are sad subjects to think on, and he himself is a real loss to France and to all who knew him, being of that very rare breed, a thoroughly good specimen of the old French *noblesse*, full of courtesy and kindness. M. Double's collection of curios and of seventeenth and eighteenth-century furniture and ornaments I also visited, and there and elsewhere I gathered grist for my Marie Antoinette mill—at places, too, where I should have least expected to find any ; for instance, one day in the Palais Royal, in that pretty shop near the theatre, full of snuff-boxes and precious toys, the proprietor, Mons. Laurent, showed me some old accounts he had kept with religious care, relating to the court of Louis XVI., in which the dressmakers'

account of the much-maligned Queen is less extravagant than those of her aunts-in-law, Mesdames Adelaïde and Louise of France; Laurent showed me also a list of the scanty clothes supplied to the imprisoned Queen when in the Temple, and he also possessed a fragment of her corsage which no money (although M. Laurent is, I take it, an Israelite) will tempt him to part with. Then, too, I made the acquaintance of Mons. Taine. *April* 10. —From ten till one o'clock worked in the Archive. I had there a long talk with Taine the author; rather a German professor-like looking man, extremely short-sighted. *A propos* of the causes of the first French Revolution, a subject on which he is now writing, he spoke very fully. We sat in a room he works in upstairs in the Archive; the public reading and writing room, where I pass several hours a day, is on the ground-floor, stuffy, and ill-ventilated. Taine was most instructive in what he believes were the chief causes of the great French cataclysm. Firstly, he attributes it to the terribly severe and unjust taxation that quite crushed the poorest classes; secondly, to the hatred engendered amongst the people to the aristocrats, by, for instance, their servants not having to pay the heaviest of these taxes, the "dîme" and the "corvée;" and, thirdly, to the fatal effects of centralisation of the Court and Government being established at Versailles, instead of in the capital. Taine thinks that the upper classes of that day in France were not, as Carlyle writes, "corrupt," but that they were content to talk, and would not act. He sees danger to England and our present institutions in our "bloated landed estates." Another interesting acquaintance I then made was that of the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup. The bishop invited me to breakfast at his *évêché* at Orleans. "*April* 15.— Reached Orleans at noon. The bishop, a very handsome old gentleman, with a most taking and benign countenance, a gracious old head, but somewhat palsied, alas! He is seventy-three. During and after luncheon, at which half-a-dozen abbés took part, Monsignor held forth much on the subject of the Revolution and of Marie Antoinette, for whom he has almost as much reverence as for the immortal maid of his diocese. He gave

me a list of works that he thought might interest me regarding the Queen, and he insisted on climbing up the ladder in his library to read the titles of the books relating to that subject. He is quite the *beau ideal* of a prince of the Church; with his handsome, ruddy, benign, and spirited old countenance, framed by grey locks; the profile of his face is worthy of a medal. He wears a dark-blue long dress edged with scarlet; a large gold cross hangs from around his neck on his breast. The *évêché* (what we should call the palace) is a handsome but somewhat tawdry building, containing one fine apartment, the state sitting-room. The walls of this room are panelled with apparently imaginary full-length portraits of Dupanloup's predecessors in the see of Orleans. Before returning to Paris, I visited, in company with one of the abbés, the fine old cathedral which had witnessed the triumph of Joan, and the taking of the town in recent days, first by the Prussians, and then by the French!" I find that I had time even on that day to do some work in the studio of Carrier-Belleuse.

During a visit of ten days to Vienna I had the good luck to find there our Minister, Sir Andrew, and Lady Buchanan. The Embassy was unfinished, but their hospitality and kindness were of the most finished sort. In Vienna I saw much of the Chevalier Arneth in the Imperial library, whom I found a most obliging person. There I studied the papers in the Archives, but those of any interest regarding Marie Antoinette had been already made public. From Vienna I visited the homes of that august victim when an Austrian Archduchess, Schönbrunn and Laxenburg; full of recollections of her and her relatives. Perhaps the most noteworthy visit that I made at that time was one to Fröhsdorff, the home of the Comte de Chambord. "*April* 1.—To Neustadt by rail, taking two hours to reach it. Drove from there for about half-an-hour over a wretched, rutty road to Fröhsdorff, which has no look at all of the happy village its name might lead one to suppose. A Baron de Raincourt did me the honours of the place, which is a cross between a large farm-building and a third-rate château. The portrait of Marie Antoinette, to see which was the object of my going there, I found to

be a poor portrait by, or probably after, Madame Lebrun, in an oval frame, life-size. It bears the marks of bayonet-thrusts and rents received on August 10, 1792; but it is not otherwise remarkable. The Comte was out walking with his cousins, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, both of whom were visiting Monseigneur. I had no particular curiosity to see these uninteresting descendants of illustrious houses. The house contains some curiosities relating to the Bourbons. In the dining-room is the bronze head of Henri IV., once on the equestrian figure of the Pont Neuf (this, I heard, when back in Paris, had been sent the Count by Laurent, the Palais Royal jeweller, but never acknowledged). In the corridors and on the staircases full-length portraits of the last kings of France, in their coronation robes, from Louis XIV., bewigged and girt with sceptre and crown, down to silly-faced Charles X. in the same apparel. In the Count's smoking-room upstairs are two of Vernet's works. Priests glided in and out of the rooms and up and down the stairs thick as blackbeetles in a London kitchen. Only one lady I espied; she also in black; this was Madame la Duchesse de Blacas, an ancient and sombre dame."

During the early summer of that year I was back again at Castle Howard, working at copying the French portraits in chalk by the Clouets, also getting many of the paintings in that noble collection photographed, with the project of having these and others in the great private galleries of England published—a scheme which, thanks to Mr. Joseph Cundall and his enterprising sons, has been accomplished in a monthly form under the title of "The Great Historic Galleries of England." It took nearly half-a-dozen years for this object to be realised. Here is a pleasant little bit of Yorkshire scenery. "I do not think I ever saw anything more lovely as to out-of-doors beauty of colour than neighbouring Kirkham (some two miles from Castle Howard and close by the railway station) looked this evening. The Clough-Taylors, to whom it belongs, are people to be envied. The house is surrounded by banks of lilacs in full bloom, set off by masses of copper beeches, and those again contrasted by showers of golden

laburnums. Beyond and at the back of the house rise the woods on the other side of the bright and quickly-flowing Derwent, and close by that stream stand the old grey and ivy-clad ruins of the priory set in an emerald field of verdure. What a picture it makes! Those old ruins among the hawthorn trees now in full bloom! The bright meadows reflected in the river, the fields around all powdered with sheep and lambs. On the left the old bridge, on the right a waterfall." That summer I visited some of the old show places in the country. "To Temple Newsam, some six miles out of Leeds, a hideous drive through the black country and suburbs of that gloomy town, one of the vilest-looking places, and among the most forbidding-looking population, with the exception of that of Glasgow, that I have seen. Temple Newsam belongs to Mrs. Meynell Ingram. It is a stately old place, much like Beaudesert in Staffordshire. The park full of grand clumps of timber sadly blackened by the smoke of Leeds. Within the house are some good portraits by Sir Joshua; one, a full-length of Lady Hertford, is especially fine, the least faded full-length I ever saw of Reynolds. It has probably been so well preserved owing to its position between windows unexposed to a strong light. The long gallery has been a splendid room, but after a fire in 1796 it was badly restored, the ceiling abominably. Here hangs a fine half-length male portrait by Titian." I also paid Knowsley a visit. "Lord Derby had written to his librarian to show me what I had gone there to see, viz., the book of Clouet drawings, once the property of Mariette and of Horace Walpole; among them are many duplicates of the Clouet portraits I had copied at Castle Howard. Knowsley has a dreary look about it, surrounded, however, by well-kept gardens and grounds; within the house are some interesting portraits of Stanleys, and there, too, is the fine Rembrandt of Belshazzar's Feast. In the dining-hall is the portrait of the heroic Lady Derby, the defendress of Lathom House, *née* Charlotte de la Trémoïlle, an undistinguished flat-featured brunette, but, as one might expect, with a good deal of determination in her countenance. There also in the hall is the old low-backed carved chair

which was used at the execution of her gallant lord when he was beheaded at Bolton. Of interest, too, are the couple of MS. volumes of note-paper on which, with hardly a correction, the late Lord Derby wrote his translation of Homer."

That summer I also visited the ruins of Fountains Abbey and those of Jervaux, and the beautifully-situated town of Richmond, in Yorkshire: "Found Lord Ripon at Studley Royal, who did me the honours of his superb possession—the finest ruin of the monastic age in the island; a ruined gem, set in a living casket of bright fields, and woods, and river: the owner worthy of his great trust and stewardship. At Ripon I lodged at the 'Unicorn,' a most excellent hostel. The following day drove over to Swinton Park—Mrs. Danby Harcourt's—where are a few good Dutch pictures, and some of Sir Joshua's: 'The Child Moses' the best of these. Drove eighteen miles to Richmond; on the way visited the ruins of Jervaux Priory—pronounced 'Jarvis'—which, though not to compare with those of Fountains, are well worth seeing; for they have a charm about them all their own, a charm which is not easy to describe, but which must be felt. The chapter-house is especially beautiful and curious, with its six graceful pillars; some of these still retain beautifully-carved capitals representing fruit and foliage. The road lay between hedgerows of wild roses and honey-suckles. Richmond, with its castle-topped hill overlooking the town and country, is a striking feature. I pushed on that afternoon to Barnard Castle, where I found the only inn full of dirty militiamen and roystering farmers. Neighbouring Rokeby, immortalised by Walter Scott, somewhat disappointed my expectations of beauty; but the view over Teesdale from the old ruined tower at Barnard Castle was worth all the journey to see—like a living painting by Turner, a dream of wood, valley, and river. To Wentworth House, to see the Vandycks of which it boasts; these are worthy their fame. Stubbs's life-size presentment of the famous chestnut horse 'Whistlejacket,' in the great drawing-room, is, in its way, a fine work—never had a horse a finer tail to its back as one sees it represented on this canvas; but in life 'Whistlejacket' was minus

that appendage—the only fault in that famous quadruped, I believe."

Another expedition made that year was to a little place near Tunbridge Wells, Dornden, that Lorne had purchased. "We visited some places in that neighbourhood—Penshurst, and an old moated place, Groombridge; we also looked in at 'Steam-hammer Nasmyth's' pretty villa and its brick-paved garden, and drove through the beautiful heather-clothed domain of Lord Abergavenny's place, Eridge. Lorne thinks of parting with Dornden, finding it rather expensive to keep up. This seems a pity, as the Princess is much attached to it, and it is pleasant to see the busy German housewife strongly developed in her here; she bustles about all day, looking after and superintending all the domestic arrangements, carving at meals, and making herself generally useful. After dinner we stroll out in the grounds of the pretty little domain, and visit the stables and the kitchen-garden; and generally finish the evening by a game of billiards or pool, on a capital table, given them, when they were married, by the Prince of Wales."

During August I worked in Paris, both at sculpture and in the Archives, on my then all-absorbing subject, the Life of Marie Antoinette. Through the courtesy of the officials, even the papers once contained in the celebrated iron chest found in the Tuileries were submitted to me, and the last letter of the Queen's written on the eve of her execution to Madame Elizabeth, and her death-warrant, signed by Fouquier-Tinville, I was allowed to have photographed. Early in September I made an expedition connected with this "all-absorbing" study. It may appear to the reader strange that the life and sufferings of an historical character should have filled so large a space in one's life. Perhaps this would be the place to attempt to explain how and why this was so. The interest and compassion for that unhappy Queen was, in our family, what I might call an hereditary feeling: my eldest sister, Elizabeth Argyll, possessed it strongly, as the following passage from one of her letters to me will show—in a letter written acknowledging the little bust I had made

(my first plastic creation) of Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. "It is," she writes of it, "too painful for the perpetuity of sculpture. One can hardly bear it in painting. Few things ever shocked me so much as 'Marie Antoinette' being acted two years ago. One could as soon look at a dear relation's sufferings being put on the stage. Mamma used to say that our grandmother (the Duchess-Countess)—not a soft woman—would cry if she heard any abuse of Marie Antoinette." I can never remember a time when the life of Marie Antoinette did not interest me beyond all other subjects; it has been an ever-increasing attraction, this feeling of sympathy for one of the bravest, although most womanlike, characters in modern history. Perhaps, too, having also had something hard to endure oneself, of having had to live through detraction and calumny, has made this interest and sympathy (for one whose life, so bright at its outset, was so soon rendered a long martyrdom by the foulest and cruellest lies that were ever heaped upon the head of queen and woman long before her physical sufferings commenced) stronger. I have often envied the surname acquired by a French gentleman lately deceased—M. Leopold Double—who shared my veneration for the memory of that Queen and of sympathy for her "matchless wrongs." So loyal and devoted was he to her memory that he was called "l'amant de Marie Antoinette." The American historian Prescott says that "there is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labour," and that "no other enjoyment can compensate or approach to the steady satisfaction and constantly increasing interest of active literary work!" and this satisfaction I have found in studying and writing on the subject of Marie Antoinette—studies and writings that I hope one day to make public. All places connected with that subject I had visited and made myself thoroughly acquainted with, such as Versailles and Trianon; frequently, too, had I stood in the prison, now converted into a chapel, at the Conciergerie, where the last days of her sufferings on earth had been passed. Fontainebleau, Compègne, and Rambouillet I knew well; but St. Cloud I had never seen except as

a ruin. All these palaces are full of recollections of her happy days; but other places had to be seen, and that year I made an expedition to Varennes, visiting on the way the noble cathedral of Rheims, before seeing the different stages of the road to Varennes, so full of tragic memories.

Leaving Paris one September afternoon, I reached Rheims after dark. "The Hôtel du Lion d'Or, where I lodged, faces the cathedral, and is within but a few paces of its noble portal. The grand old pile looked prodigiously solemn under the star-lighted canopy. Within, the restorer has been at his destructive work, and has committed more havoc than the Revolutionists themselves; but much remains that is old and venerable. The coloured glass is superb, especially the great rose window in the west transept. A series of fine old tapestries line the walls within. The bells of the cathedral clashed and clanged all through the night, and early in the morning the hotel seemed to shake to its foundations from a torrent of metallic sound. The next day, after visiting, besides the cathedral, the curious old church of St. Rémi, striking from its great age and excessive length, but desecrated by wretched modern painted glass, I left Rheims for St. Ménéhould, where I put up at the Hôtel de Metz. Here is the large kitchen immortalised by Victor Hugo, placed close beside the entrance door; but in spite of its fame it is certainly not larger than many an old kitchen in an English country-house. In this hostel lodged some thirty years ago Alexandre Dumas when here on a similar pilgrimage that brought me. Both Hugo and Dumas probably occupied and slept in the double-bedded room here, with its old-fashioned figure-papered walls, the ceiling crossed with heavy wooden beams. After visiting the old Post-house—where the fugitive royal family were recognised by notorious Drouet—and the Hôtel de Ville, where they had some much-needed rest on their return from Varennes, I got mine host, M. Bazinet (a most amiable little man), to drive me in his cabriolet some nine miles to Clermont (in Argonne). The latter part of this drive skirts the hills of the old forest of Argonne. At Clermont I changed carriages and drove on in a tilbury some eight

miles further and at length reached my destination, Varennes. This 'tilboorie,' as the youthful owner of the two-wheeled shay in which we jolted over the dusty road that hot summer's day called it, was drawn by a stout grey stallion, who responded to the name of 'Coco.' At Varennes we stayed an hour, long enough for me to see all that remains of the place connected with the event that has made a third-rate obscure French village one of the most notorious places in the world. There is little left of the Varennes of 1792, for the house at which the arrest of the royal family took place is gone, and a bran-new one stands in its place. The gateway, too, which played such an important part in the events of that night, and which stood near the river, at the end of the guillotine-shaped street, exists no more. In fact, it requires a good deal of imagination to reconstruct the Varennes of the year 1792. At the *mairie* I found an obliging old clerk who showed me the two *procès verbaux* relating to the famous arrest. The old inn where 'Coco' was baited still retains the pre-revolutionary sign of the 'Grand Monarque,' and is probably much in the state that it appeared during the days of the great Revolution. That night I passed at St. Ménéhould, going on the following day to Châlons by rail. Here is still one of the most interesting old inns in France, the 'Haute Mère Dieu;' the name alone recalls the Middle Ages, but the building has been unluckily greatly modernised externally." Returning in the late autumn to England, I underwent some country-house visiting. This is the *résumé* of a week passed in country quarters. "A dawdling week has at length come to a close, and passed, as is generally the case in a country-house, in utter laziness and in great boredom; both hosts and guests seeming to consider it incumbent on each other to fritter away the time they pass together as much as possible. Much of the day and night spent in guzzling, much in inane talk, and in dawdling in and out of doors. No possibility of doing any work, not even that of reading a serious book for long; for, if one reads away from the others, one appears to avoid the rest and is considered a sulk; and, unless one turns the leaves of a photograph book or of a

newspaper in the drawing-room, one is probably set down as unamiable, morose, if not worse." At the close of that month of September my niece, Gertrude Stuart, married William, the eldest son of W. E. Gladstone. The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. The breakfast was given in the house of the bride's father, in Berkeley Square, and the honeymoon was passed at Cliveden. "Granville had come up from Walmer to be present at the marriage. Francis Grey read the service, assisted by Stephen Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone seems thoroughly happy at this event in his family, and at his son's choice; he spoke to me with great feeling of the happiness it would have been to him could my dearest mother have lived to have seen this day." Later in the autumn I worked in Paris at my modelling, and commenced a statuette of Marie Antoinette as Dauphiness in her hunting costume, the idea having been given me from a pastelle at the Palace of Laxenburg, near Vienna, drawn by Liotard. I also accomplished a head of the Saviour. These two busts were exhibited during the following year at the Academy in London. Passing the anniversary of my mother's death at Trentham, I find the following notice of a bust by Mr. Noble of my brother Albert that had lately been placed in the church there:—"I like to think that in after years the poor little fatherless boy (Frederick Gower) will perhaps look up at least with interest at this bust of his father, whom in life he cannot remember, and who would have been, had he lived, so good and kind to him."

A bright morning in November tempted me down to Windsor, to look again at a little house that had there taken my fancy that summer. I had looked within, and the cosy little rooms had seemed to me just what I required for myself and books and pictures.

I had always admired Windsor; its castle, and that matchless view from its terrace of Eton—

> "With shadowy forests and with champaigns riched,
> With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads."

That day I saw this view in all its autumn glory, when, as Lord

Beaconsfield has said, the "woods were beginning to assume the first fair livery of autumn, when it is beautiful without decay." "Beneath the castle terrace for miles stretched the rows of elms and of oaks that looked like some vast field of golden corn all aglow in the setting sun, fringed by rolling clouds in which Bonnington would have delighted."

That day at Windsor decided me to take the little house hard by the Long Walk that had so taken my fancy—a decision I have not regretted, for ever since early days at Cliveden and Eton the charm of Windsor had been strong upon me; and I agree with the French critic, Nestor Roqueplan, who, describing its glorious park, says that one view of a single glade there is better than all the landscapes of Italy.[1]

[1] I left my "little house" at Windsor in 1888.—R. G.

CHAPTER XXV

WORK IN PARIS—MILLAIS—THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

ONE, perhaps the greatest artistic genius that ever lived, Leonardo da Vinci, has written somewhere that the most trivial and accidental effects of form and colour, such as the marks of damp on a wall, or the form of clouds or of foliage, may inspire the artist with images which, when worked out, will form precious works of art.

Indeed, very ordinary things have given birth to works that the world will not easily let die. One of Thorwaldsen's finest statues, that of the seated Mercury, owes its origin to the sculptor having noticed in one of the streets of Rome the graceful attitude of a wearied peasant youth; and probably many of the noblest works of art, ancient and modern, owe their origin to some such inspirations, which we call accidents. It is that unknown quality we call genius, in the mind of the artist, that, on seeing such trivial and everyday sights, forms the shadow into a form; and from what to the vulgar eye appears but a dirty peasant, or an uncouth shape, creates in some enduring form an everlasting legacy to all time.

Aware of the risk I run in referring to the few pieces of sculpture that owe their origin to myself, and of becoming tedious and prolix, I will refer but to one such "inspiration" very briefly. At the close of the year 1875, passing a shop of plaster casts near the Palais Royal, I noticed two little figures of grenadiers of the old Imperial Guard—one at attention, the other presenting arms. It occurred to me how good a subject for an animated plastic work such a figure would be if treated largely and in a moment of heroic action; and at once the Old Guard at

Waterloo, "*qui meurt et ne se rend pas!*" struck my fancy. That evening I made a sketch of such a figure, and after getting every detail, down even to the buttons on the gaiters, complete, and after securing a good model for the figure, a French soldier who had seen the fall of Sebastopol, I set to work and completed in the following spring the statue that was exhibited in the London Academy of 1877, and of which Cardinal Manning wrote to me, that he thought it no slight feat to have "translated the Dying Gladiator into modern French!"

In London at the end of January (1876) I made the acquaintance of two people, both of historic but of very different interest. One of these was the Empress Eugénie, the other Thomas Carlyle; this occurred in the rooms of Burlington House. I was introduced to Carlyle by his friend, Miss Davenport Bromley; he was genial and talked much (alas! not a word of what the great Scot said do I remember now, for my diary then is but a record of passing events; but doubtless the talk concerned the pictures he had come to see). "He looks wonderfully hale and hearty for fourscore; his cheeks as ruddy as those of a charity school-boy. To the Empress I was presented by Henry Lennox, who, as First Commissioner of Works, was doing the honours of the Academy to Her Majesty. She too, was most gracious, with a winning smile and great dignity, but no stiffness of manner.

"She was struck, she told me, by my likeness to Romney's portrait of my grandfather, Lord Stafford, which had been, with three other family portraits, lent from Trentham to this exhibition. The Prince Imperial was also of the company; he, too, very civil; and for a time we were inseparable, he having lost his mother's party in the crowd."

Early in February my niece, Lilah Grosvenor, married Ormonde. I was unable to go to Cheshire for the wedding, but met them in London on their way to Cliveden, where they honeymooned. My sister, writing to me on the evening of that wedding-day, says:—"Lilah looked too lovely, and the sun shone on both of them all the time in church. The drive through Chester was beautiful; how I did long for you. I never saw anything so

pretty as the whole thing was—the church a mass of eucharis, white camelias, and ivy. There was just enough colour in Lilah's eyes, so bright; veil not over her face, and Marie Stuart shaped. It is so strange and sad here without her, I cannot bear looking into her room. She was so affectionate, poor little soul, the last evening; I miss her quite terribly. I did so enjoy her beauty, I find, now I have lost it."

Alas! the terrible separation of death has fallen between the loving hearts of that incomparable mother and her lovely beloved daughter. Still later, when the young couple appeared together in Dublin at the Castle, a scene that reads like a bit out of one of Horace Walpole's letters took place; for the musicians left off playing their fiddles when the lovely bride entered the ball-room—left off playing in order the better to stare at that bright happy face!

During that winter in London I did some work at the Record Office on the papers relating to the French Revolution, and when in Paris began the full-length statuette of Marie Antoinette (which was afterwards done life-size in marble). A friend, whose little hands were admirably suited to make a model for the Queen's, allowed hers to be tied together at the wrists at her back, and then to have a mould taken of them in plaster. The mark that the cords left on the soft wrists was healed by a bracelet that recorded her kindness and endurance. Millais had painted my portrait in April. Some notes from my journal of these sittings to our greatest living master will interest those who care for art:—

"*April* 6.—To Millais's studio at eleven. He began to work soon after, and by one o'clock had made a capital sketch, almost in profile, life-size. He commenced by covering a fresh canvas with a low tone of Vandyck brown as groundwork, and then worked over this while the ground was still wet, painting in the head without any previous drawing. He works *con amore*, and makes much use of a pier looking-glass. He makes one stand up all the time, and allows but little time for rest. However, he lets one talk and even smoke throughout the sitting."

Four sittings, or rather standings, and the portrait was finished; it was considered extremely like, and is a fine specimen of the great painter's second manner; his kindness in making me a gift of this portrait, and many years after of a more valued head, the kit-cat life-size of my sister Constance Westminster, are deeds that pass thanks. For many years Paris and my work there attracted me more to the French than the English capital, and with old Richard de Bury, Edward III.'s Chancellor, I might then exclaim, "Oh, God of gods in Zion! what a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris!" Richard de Bury was attracted to Paris by its booksellers' shops, I by the galleries of the Louvre, and my studio far away on the left side of the Seine, where no Englishman ever came unless asked to do so. In a little stuffy room in the Rue Candolle, hard by the old Church of St. Médard, famed early in the last century for its *convulsionnaires*, and the more celebrated couplet these possessed ones gave rise to—

"De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu,"

was the studio which the young Italian sculptor, Luca Madrassi, since known to fame, and I shared between us; here waxed into form and finish the statues of the "Old Guard" and of Marie Antoinette. Social duties could not be kept up with art studies, and the former were as repugnant to me as the latter delightful, as appears from the following:—"*May* 2.—Left cards—another of the small curses of modern society; I wasted an hour in driving from a Madame de Poilly's house (a lady who had lately given a fancy dress ball) to half-a-dozen other houses where evenings had been frittered away, in order to leave a bit of cardboard on people who could not possibly care if one did so or not, or, probably, if they ever saw your face again." Early in June I visited Oxford with a young artist whom I had met at a party at the Millais's, and who has made a name for himself by his graceful drawings and faithful transcripts of women's faces and English landscape—Frank Miles.

"*Sunday*, *June* 4.—By early train to Oxford, with F. Miles. We put up at the 'Randolph,' a Gothic but good hotel. The afternoon was a lovely one, pleasantly passed wandering from one college to another. Magdalen is certainly the most beautiful; there I made the acquaintance of young Oscar Wilde, a friend of Miles's. A pleasant, cheery fellow, but with his long-haired head full of nonsense regarding the Church of Rome. His room filled with photographs of the Pope and of Cardinal Manning. His father was the distinguished oculist of Dublin.

"Most of the next morning was passed in the Botanical Gardens, now in full bloom. Miles is a fervent and enthusiastic botanist as well as artist, and it was pleasant to find in him so much knowledge, coupled with so much healthy enthusiasm for God's creations, of which surely the world of flowers and plants is the most beautiful. We went to evening service at New College, where I had been once with Ruskin; the singing of the choristers and the playing of the organ worthy the place and its associations. We strolled later, till dark, on the banks of the Cherwell, Miles making a clever sketch of the graceful towers of Magdalen in the gloaming. Next day we had breakfast with a son of Matthew Arnold at Balliol, where was also a son of Childers; a copious repast, but the habit of drinking beer on the top of tea cannot conduce to good digestion—after not only tea, but coffee, chicken, and salmon! Arnold is a good musician. While performing on the piano he was sent for by the Master (Jowett), and returned to tell us he was 'gated' for a week, owing to a recent escapade. We saw Jowett, who looks a most inoffensive old gentleman, walking in the gardens of John's College; he is not popular in his own.

"We paid Blenheim a visit; lunched with the hospitable Marlboroughs, and passed a pleasant afternoon in rambling over that superb house and in the 'limitless gardens.'

"*July* 5.—To Holland House, where I dined and slept. Roden was also stopping there, far from well, and obliged to keep his room. F. Cadogan and I sat with him. We had a small party at dinner, a few foreigners, including the delightful Duchesse

de Mouchy, Mrs. Bishop and her daughter, and Augustus Lumley. My room is next Roden's, formerly lived in by Mary Fox (Princess Lichtenstein), and looks out on the entrance yard and Inigo Jones's beautiful gates. Up the next day at five and had a delicious ramble over the gardens and grounds, which naturally at that early hour I had all to myself. A heavy mist hung over the place and forestalled a day of great heat. We breakfasted here at half-past twelve. To-day is Sunday, and some of the party are attending mass at Kensington. All day people, mostly foreigners, come trooping in, and Lady Holland has an informal *levée* which begins at two and lasts till seven. We were fifteen at dinner this evening, Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, the Ilchesters, Huddlestons, &c."

A few days after I was again back at Holland House, in order to meet the Empress of the French. "At Holland House at four, the Empress had tea with the Duchesse de Mouchy and Lady Holland, and we four sat for nearly an hour in the little sitting-room adjoining the ground-floor reception-room, in which hang the portraits of Talleyrand and Madame de Lieven. We spoke a good deal, almost exclusively in fact, about Marie Antoinette, a subject that has always much engrossed the Empress, who, some say, thinks herself like that Queen. Of her the Empress always speaks as *la pauvre Reine*. The Empress told me the following story of the Prince Imperial *à propos* of that personage:—When a mere child, seeing a picture by Müller of the Queen in prison, he was so indignant that he begged the Empress to have her released at once; nor would he be pacified till his mother assured him that the Queen had finally escaped. The night of this conversation with the Empress I met the Prince Imperial at a ball at Marlborough House, and he told me he perfectly remembered the incident spoken of by his mother." Later in the month I went to see the Empress at Chislehurst, and had the honour of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with that august lady in the drawing-room on the ground-floor of Camden House. "Before leaving, the Empress gave me a little bust in alabaster of Marie Antoinette—a very faithful and unflattered likeness of that unfortunate Princess which the Empress had been able to save out of the wreck of her

possessions when leaving Paris. There was something almost fatalistic in a little incident which then occurred. Becoming animated in an account of her dangers in leaving Paris on September 4, the Empress knocked the little bust from off the table, and I picked it up with the head as clean off the shoulders as if it had been cut with a knife. '*Pauvre reine*,' sighed the Empress, '*elle n'a pas de chance!*' and she told me how a similar thing had happened when a bust of Louis XVI. had been sent to his daughter, the Duchesse d'Angoulême. When unpacked, the marble bust was found to be broken off at the neck; another was sent for from Paris, this time in bronze, but when it reached its destination a fissure was found that almost divided the neck. Who can wonder when such things happen that royalties are often superstitious? The Empress's account of her flight from Paris was deeply interesting, and I regret that I have not written down what she told me that July morning at Camden House. How well she described the hurried flight through the palace and the galleries of the Louvre, followed by only two or three attendants; of the respect with which the guardians of the galleries received her, and their emotion at seeing her almost a deserted fugitive in the palace of which she had so lately been the idol; of her great danger of being recognised while alone with Madame le Breton in the Rue de Rivoli, where for hours they had to remain, the street being blocked with a mob of Mobiles and the rabble forcing their way to the Hôtel de Ville to proclaim the Republic; of another terribly long period of suspense when, at some station near Paris, her only safety from detection while waiting hours for a train was a newspaper that saved her from recognition and probable death. She said such a death as that had terrors for her, which, if she could have remained and faced the dangers in the palace, she did not feel; and, indeed, it made one shudder to think what would have happened had that mob guessed who one of the two ladies in black was in the cab in the roaring street that bright September day. I believe the Empress has regretted ever since having left the Tuileries, and she had almost to be forced to leave the palace. She had the courage and the will to

stand alone against the mob, but then her fate might have been that of Hypatia."

Most of that summer and autumn I passed in Paris, my "Old Guard" being then in hand, and the statuette of Marie Antoinette being enlarged and worked in marble by a pupil of Carpeaux, in a little shed hard by the Versailles road, over which the poor Queen had so often passed.

During the autumn I paid two visits—one to Mouchy, the sumptuous château of the Duke of that name, near Creil; the other to the old Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, at Argenteau, near Liège. Of Mouchy I write:—"I must confess I prefer mine ease at mine inn to the mode of living even in this most luxurious of châteaux. We meet soon after twelve for breakfast, or rather for luncheon; if the weather is wet, as to-day, one passes most of it indoors, where luckily is a fine library, a room more like a chapel than a library, its only fault a want of daylight, as the windows are of stained glass; a mistake in a room in which there cannot be too much light. In the centre of this library is the original mask of the head of Voltaire by Houdon. We are a small party, only George d'Aramon and a Comte de Brissac. D'Aramon is copying for me a portrait of Marie Antoinette, representing her when fifteen, probably a gift of hers to that Marquise de Noailles (afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy) whom the Dauphiness styled Madame l'Etiquette. One becomes, I find, very hungry before twelve o'clock, and still more so before dinner, which here is at eight as with us, and consequently one pines for the two o'clock luncheon. Nothing can exceed the kind courteousness of our hosts; the house is internally both luxurious and comfortable, the outside rather too ornate, but curiously like Dunrobin, especially when seen from the approach. But it is smaller and not to compare in situation to the Scotch castle, for instead of the Northern Sea, at its feet is a little artificial pond. The life at a French country-house seems less attractive than it is with us; here one feels that men as well as women are pining to return to Paris. No hosts can be more amiable than the Duke and his charming Duchess; their children,

the little Prince de Poix, and his sister, Mademoiselle Sabine de Noailles, are as polished and perfectly brought up as it is possible for children to be; but they have a delicate over-old look for their age that most of these high-born French people's progeny have, and seem as if they had been brought up in a hot-house and fed on sugar-plums and orchids."

My visit to Argenteau took place in October. On my way there I had met in Paris Monsignor Capel, fresh from Lourdes and its miraculous cures. There was a smart lady with him, one, he told me, of the "miraculously cured;" but I failed to find out, from his description, of what particular complaint the lady had been healed. Argenteau, as already stated, is near Liège, delightfully situated on a hill overlooking the Meuse, and its beautiful valley, that fulfils more the biblical simile of over-flowing with milk and honey than any other scene I can recall. The present building in which the old Count lives is but an appanage of the old castle destroyed by Vauban, and of which but a fragment remains. There was no company at Argenteau, only the kind old Count, his daughter-in-law (*née* Princesse de Chimay, a blonde beauty of the Empire), and her sister, the Princesse Czartorisky; these ladies used to go out shooting together! I had not come to meet a party, but to overlook some letters kept at Argenteau—letters written by Marie Antoinette to her mother's minister, the great-uncle of my host, and bearer of the same name. About a score of these I found, and, by the Count's permission, copied before leaving Argenteau. A great charm besides the lovely view here are the orchards, or rather forests, of walnut trees; the harvest of those trees, quite an income to the Count, was in full activity while I was at Argenteau. "The Count is one of the old school, tall and commanding in stature, with penetrating dark eyes, clean-shaved, in elaborate English-made clothes, and always *bien musqué;* he looks like a marquis of the court of Louis XV. who had put on modern costume by mistake." That same autumn I paid a visit in Scotland, going with Lorne and his royal spouse to Inveraray to see my sister, who had been seriously ill. "The Archie Campbells and chil-

dren are here. 'Neil,' as they call the boy, and 'Neikie' the girl, a delicious little gipsy-like creature of two or three years old, are vastly improved. A year ago, the boy when he saw a strange face would set up a howl and a shriek, in which his little sister lustily joined; now they are perfectly tame and even amiable; the little girl the prettiest child one ever saw, with lovely grey eyes, black eyelashes, a dazzling skin, and cheeks like peaches, and any quantity of curly-brown hair; she is one's idea of Beatrix when a child, in Thackeray's 'Esmond.' I returned southwards with these children as far as Glasgow, in Argyll's yacht the *Columba*. Neikie enjoyed the yachting part of the journey, but cried dolefully on reaching Helensburgh. 'Me want to go back; Neikie don't like dose dark places,' meaning by 'dose dark places' the railway tunnels. She was consoled with getting some rosy-cheeked apples when we reached Glasgow."

Sunday, October 1, of that year, was the first day passed at my Windsor house. "Sunshine," I write that day, "after heavy rain. I take it as a good omen of my future, so much of which I trust will be passed in this little house. Robert has made it as comfortable as possible, and I ought to be grateful for so good a house and so faithful an attendant; his wife and child are here. Through the Long Walk, that best work of Charles II.'s, to call on Tait at the Home Farm; he was for many years head 'grieve' at Dunrobin, and is now the Queen's head farmer. How beautiful the Long Walk looked in the afternoon sunlight; it has the charm and almost the solemnity of some huge cathedral, more gorgeous even than Köln or Rheims." The year closed with more marriages of nieces and of nephews. Francis Tarbat and Miss L. Macdonald, Florence Gower and Henry Chaplin—the former in the Chapel Royal, at which Lord Beaconsfield was present; the latter at Trentham Church. Of the latter I write—"*November* 15: 'Happy may the bride be that the sun shines on!' and luckily it has been a singularly bright and summer-like day for November. There was a great crowd in the church, which was beautifully decorated with eucharis and white camelias. Mr. Edwards, who naturally (being the Rector of Trentham) took

the principal part in the service, was much overcome, and doubtless he felt much moved. I did, standing so near my mother's monument and Albert's bust; both of whom would have sympathised so warmly with Florence's happiness.

"The bride looked and went through the trying ordeal well. They left for Cliveden under showers of rice. A large assemblage at luncheon of guests staying in the house, and others from the neighbourhood. Among the latter, dear old Lord Harrowby wearing his Blue Ribbon and Garter Star; the Lichfields and others." On my way back to town I met Lord Beaconsfield at Stafford Station, on his way to Ingestre. "How is your Lordship?" "I am quite well," he answered somewhat coldly, not making me out; but then, in a tone of affection, he added, "Oh, is it you, dearest?" The year closed in with wars and rumours of wars; the black cloud in the East cast its shadow over snow-covered Europe, and for days and weeks no one expected that a great European war could be staved off. Writing on Christmas Day to a friend, Lord Beaconsfield, who had been invited but prevented from passing that time at Trentham, says:—"I don't know how things will end—everybody seems to despair of peace, but I never despair, and think that even at this last hour some settlement will be arranged. Nobody wants to fight, and least of all Russia, but she has played her cards so ill that she will find it hard to extricate herself from a false position without some discredit, though I hope we may even gild for her a golden bridge."

"*Christmas Day, Trentham.*—How much this anniversary," I write, "brings back old happy days passed here, and the dear faces of those I shall never see again on earth—'the old familiar faces!' The days when, a child among other children, this house was full of youthful joy and gladness—of games in the evening—in which the old and young joined; the Christmas gift-laden tree, and the theatricals in the drawing-room with the billiard-room for the green-room. The presents and the lotteries in which no one was forgotten or drew a bad number; the sleighing, and the hunting, and the skating. The old are dead, and many of the young also are departed now; the rest married, with children growing up around them."

CHAPTER XXVI

1877: "*VANITY FAIR*"—CARLYLE—THE GUILLOTINE

DURING the early London season of this year I wrote every week for the journal *Vanity Fair* accounts of what went on in "the world;" my chief reason for doing so being a wish to show "society" that one could write in a so-called "society" paper without writing ill-naturedly or being scandalous; and also because I found that it gave me often the means of doing a good turn to fellow-artists and others by alluding to their works in my weekly notices of what was stirring in the London world. That even artists who did not need any such notice were pleased and even grateful for one's writing about their work, the following passage from a letter by Gustave Doré, after he had seen a notice on his talents in *Vanity Fair*, will prove:—

"*Cher ami*," he writes, "*il me faudrait vous emprunter un instant le style avec lequel vous m'avez fait l'honneur d'écrire la page qui me concerne, pour bien vous dire combien je vous suis reconnaissant des lignes si généreuses et chaleureuses que vous m'avez consacrées, et combien je suis heureux et touché de cette si cordiale marque de sympathie de votre part. J'ai eu la bonne chance de me trouver tout de suite en possession du numéro de 'Vanity Fair;' vous ne doutez pas que l'on trouve tout à Paris rien qu'en tendant le bras. Au reçu de votre lettre je me suis précipité chez le marchand de journaux étrangers du Grand Hôtel, et j'y ai trouvé tout de suite mon affaire. J'ai donc pris une nouvelle et agréable leçon d'anglais* (*quand donc le saurai-je parler?*) *en lisant soigneusement vos aimables lignes; sans avoir le défaut de modestie bien marqué, j'ai dû cependant rougir à certains passages.*"

But in "the world"—the little, base, ill-natured, ill-speaking,

ill-thinking handful of men and women who form much of that world of "London Society"—I found to my surprise (for although I knew it to be ill-natured, I had not till then guessed its unfathomable stupidity) that people were ready to lay anything that might be construed into being offensive either to themselves or others in *Vanity Fair* at my door. I can only recall one expression that was brought home to me, and that I regret having written, for it gave annoyance to the person in whose house (a hired one by the way) the ball was given at which the lamentable revelation I plead guilty to having made occurred. This was not, as the reader might imagine, that the butler had been found drunk in the kitchen, or even that the hostess's daughter had eloped during the cotillon; no, it was something much worse, and showed an almost fiendish love of detraction in alluding to what must have been unpleasantly evident to all the guests—this was the prevailing smell of roast mutton that pervaded the building. But I repeat I regretted then, and do still, having recorded this misfortune, as it gave, I was told, annoyance to the gentleman who had gone to the expense of giving a ball, and who had included the writer amongst his guests. Poor man! Could he have foreseen that there was a "chiel" among them "taking notes," I imagine that my invitation would have been cancelled. But when it came to a relation writing to tell me that I was "roundly abused by all sorts of people" for writing those social notes in *Vanity Fair* without reluctance or ill-will to the silly folk who chose to judge of others too much by their own standard, I ceased to contribute the short articles signed "Talon Rouge," which, if any one cares to read them, will be found during the early part of that year (1877) in *Vanity Fair*—notes, rough and without pretence of style or elegance of diction, but which perhaps some day, like those I am now writing, may help the historian when describing the social life in England of this latter half of the present century. They only live now in a still (1881) recurring paragraph used as an advertisement, in which an anti-cold-in-the-head homœopathic medicine named "Glykaline" is highly recommended by "Talon Rouge."

Although still occasionally writing notices for the same journal in which appeared these ill-starred "Social Notes," all I subsequently penned for the paper concerned art or kindred matters, and society was left undisturbed, no longer to be shocked by revelations regarding the perfumes rising from its kitchens.

But to go to a pleasanter subject. Here is a morning passed in Burlington House on a critic's day, three days before the opening of that year's Exhibition in May. "Spent nearly all the day at the Academy, which the 'gentlemen of the Press' had all to themselves; going there with Billy Russell, who introduced me to Tom Taylor, and with these two literary bigwigs I remained for several hours. I cannot say how kind and complimentary people are about my statue of the 'Old Guard'—such as Tom Taylor, George Augustus Sala, old Planché, and in fact all those whose good opinion is worth having on such a matter. Wrote to *Vanity Fair*, signed 'Megilp,' a critique of the Exhibition at Grosvenor House in the interval between a dinner and a ball at the Marjoribanks's at Brook House, their splendid house in Park Lane, that night." A couple of days later, and the private view at the Academy takes place, where more kind compliments, from Millais and Leighton among others, are paid the "Old Guard." So, as I wrote, "I have enough to satisfy even one who loves praise as much as I do."

The following Sunday (May 6) I entertain at my little Windsor house Millais and Sir W. Harcourt; the little place sweet with Cliveden flowers. "We have been down to Eton to see Harcourt's son, who is there, and whom he calls 'Lou-Lou,' and who the father rather idolised too much. 'Lou-Lou' also did me the honour to come and have luncheon at my house. We then adjourned to Virginia Water. It had been a beautiful afternoon; Millais quite revelled in the beauty of that place, and was especially delighted with the Greek ruins; he seemed to enjoy himself as much as a boy fresh out of school.

"Holmes (Queen's librarian) came to meet my illustrious guests at dinner. The two young Wards, and H. Coulson and Percy Anderson, the former a professional actor, the latter a clever

amateur artist, joined us later. Millais had to return by the last train to town, in order to paint Lord Shaftesbury to-morrow early; Harcourt stays the night."

Later that summer I had another distinguished artist under my roof—Gustave Doré—who was accompanied by his boon companion, Canon Harford.

"*July* 9.—Luckily this has been a sunny day to show Doré Burnham Beeches, of which every Cockney is naturally proud. After luncheon in my little wigwam, which (the wigwam) seemed to please the painter, we drove about the park over to Virginia Water, where Doré made a sketch of the classic ruins. We called later on Prince Leopold at the castle, who was as gracious and cordial to the great artist as his own talent and charm would lead one to expect." A few days later and Doré again honoured me by his presence at Windsor. We visited Stoke Park and Burnham Beeches; fit place for his studies for Ariosto's great poem that he was then illustrating. We also spent a few hours at Cliveden, where my sister (although in the midst of the excitement of having just heard of her daughter's engagement to Compton Cavendish) received Doré with that kindness and *bonhomie* that she always showed to the least distinguished as well as the most illustrious of those who came within her genial and beautiful presence. And here a word about Doré's companion in these excursions—Canon Harford, himself an artist in the varied branches of painting, modelling, poetry, and music. I quote again from my journal:—"Canon Harford's rooms in the Dean's Yard at Westminster savour more of artistic Bohemia than of the English Church. Never did I see or imagine such confusion of artistic properties. It reminded me of a scene in Dickens's 'Old Curiosity Shop;' but with a touch of clerical confusion combined with Bohemian *bric-à-brac* of the most rampant order of disorder. Gothic carvings and stained glass, figures of angels, saints, dragons, corbels, griffins, and goblins. Heraldic blazonry, prints, and pictures, sacred a few, but mostly profane and pagan, litter every nook, corner, chair, table, floor, and even staircase, in vast and glorious confusion. For all the world his reverence's rooms look as if they had been

possessed by an artist who had lent them to a stage property maker, in which a bishop had lost his way and forgotten his alb, mitre, and crosier."

Another visit that I paid about this time to a very different ecclesiastical abode was to Archbishop's House in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, the barrack-like palace of the Cardinal of Westminster. "It is a gloomy building, formerly a soldier's club and athletic institution; now it is an archbishop's palace. I had gone there, as I had to Fröhsdorff and other curious places, to see a portrait of Marie Antoinette which Lady Herbert of Lea told me the Cardinal would show me. This picture I found to be a *replica* of the well-known portrait of which the original is in the Duc d'Arenberg's palace at Brussels. The Cardinal also showed me his other paintings—mostly copies or poor originals of saints and martyrs. But by far the most interesting feature in the place was the Cardinal himself, looking like a portrait of a Prince of the Roman Church by Bellini or Mantegna, out of place indeed in this featureless building, surrounded by the slums of Westminster, with his purple robes, scarlet skull-cap, setting off the Cardinal's ascetic-featured, parchment-hued face, and the massive, intellectual brow. His high-bred manner and gracious deportment recalled to me another great Church dignitary, but of a physically different stamp of man—the Bishop of Orleans—Dupanloup."

That season I renewed acquaintance with the owner of Ford Castle. "Called"—I write one summer's day in my diary—"called at Claridge's on Louisa, Lady Waterford, with whom I had a long and pleasant talk. She is to me one of the grandest and noblest of living women. So magnificent and stately, still bearing traces of her former beauty, withal so simple, so natural, and so completely unaffected." That summer, too, I made the acquaintance of a different type of beauty from the majestic châtelaine of Ford Castle. In some rooms at the end of Salisbury Street, looking out on the river, occupied by Frank Miles, I met "a Mrs. Langtry, *née* Le Breton, who hails from Jersey; she is certainly a very lovely woman, and Frank is quite in ecstasies about her, and declares that he with his pencil, and his friend Oscar Wilde with

his pen, will make her the Joconde and the Laura of this century! Went on from Salisbury Street with F. Miles to the Academy, where I had a rendezvous with the French Ambassadress, Madame d'Harcourt, who had asked me to show her my statue of Marie Antoinette. While there we met E. Argyll and Mary Campbell, accompanied by the ever-faithful Uncle Charles (Howard), who was chaperoning them through the Exhibition." More jottings from my diary of that pleasant summer in London. "One evening after dining at Grosvenor House I went with my sister and her daughter, Beatrice, to a theatrical entertainment at Bridgewater House (entertainments at Bridgewater House are nowadays such rarities that they deserve to be recorded), a successful dramatic performance which lasted till long after midnight. The following night went with my sister to a concert at the Albert Hall, when Wagner conducted. It was his third concert; the pieces mostly selections from his greatest work, the 'Ring des Nibelungen.' The hall crammed; our box next to the Spencers. I was intensely delighted with the music; quite glorious, unlike any other. Wagner received quite an ovation at the close. A proud position his; almost worshipped by thousands; and to have his great work so nobly rendered in that vast hall."

Later came pleasant expeditions to and from Windsor to Cliveden. "Left Windsor early with Harry. Up to town, this time for the Birthday Parade (June 2) at the Horse Guards, where the balcony of Dover House, as of yore, crowded with children, and still more with old memories. New generations springing up around one like mushrooms. The children of yesterday have now their children on this balcony to watch the prettiest military spectacle of the year in London! This year the show was marred by inclement weather. Later in the day with Harry to Cliveden, which was looking like a scene in Martin's picture of the 'Plains of Heaven!' The next day is a Sunday, when we went to Hedsor Church, walking through Lord Boston's lovely grounds. Mr. Robins (brother of the popular Windsor Garrison preacher) gave us an excellent sermon. In the afternoon, while basking in the sun on the terrace with my friend,

appeared others – H. Coulson and Percy Anderson. We all boated in the cool of the evening, and sat late out that lovely night while H. C. read aloud to us the new American book, 'Helen's Babies.' Trivial shreds of the past; of the happy far-away. *Vieux galons* indeed, but what exquisite beauty the mere thought of those summer days and nights at Cliveden recalls. And of what a friendship; one like those described by Moore in Byron's young days at Cambridge, or in later life with Lord Clare.

During that summer two old friends disappeared—one my old German tutor, Dr. Gaebler, who died at Lähr, in his sixty-third year; the other, George Loch, formerly M.P. for the Northern Burghs, with whom I had frequently made the tour of Sutherland, he as my brother's agent, and I as member for the county. In apparently the prime of a vigorous middle-age a terrible malady struck him down; during that summer he lay dying in the pretty little house hard by Englefield Green, which he had but lately finished building. Towards the close of his illness he received the greatest honour that a subject can have, a personal visit from his Sovereign. The Queen visited the Lochs a few days before George Loch's death, which occurred on August 18. "You know," said Her Majesty to him, "the interest I take in all that concerns the family of Sutherland!" And the kind heart that spoke thus knew how devoted both George Loch and his father had been to that family. "The funeral took place in the cemetery of St. Jude's Church, at Egham. Henry Loch, the chief mourner, the poor widow and daughters, a touching sight as they knelt at the brink of the open grave. Whilst waiting for the funeral in the little church, I was struck by the appropriateness of the subjects introduced in the stained glass windows—all the Saviour's gospel of mercy and pity for the afflicted and the poor shone from them; the divine gospel of pardon and infinite compassion came to one with vividness from these 'storied panes.' What an inspired thought was that of Murillo, which lined the walls of the Church of the Divine Charity at Seville with subjects taken from sacred legend and story—subjects illus-

trating in the highest art a divine compassion mixed with human pity—the parable of the Prodigal, and the cure of the afflicted by the sainted Queen of Hungary; the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, Moses striking the Rock, and Abraham welcoming the three Angelic Visitants at the door of his tent! The Old Testament is not one of pity and compassion—what misery and cruelty has it not excused? In it the merciful God of the New Gospel appears rather as a destroyer and the avenger—more like the terrible Judge in the 'Last Judgment' of the Sistine than as the Saviour on the Mount. Surely Christianity is a Gospel of Peace, of Love, and Forgiveness; is it possible to believe that the All-merciful would throughout eternity condemn the very vilest soul that ever bore body on this earth to a never-ending state of suffering? Or that a punishment which not the most cruel of men would inflict on a fellow-creature should be the will of the Deity? At any rate, in such a church as this of St. Jude, in which I waited for the funeral that August morning, such a belief was impossible."

Thomas Carlyle honoured my statue of Marie Antoinette (which had lately been placed in the Gallery at Grosvenor House) by a visit that autumn.

"*September* 12.—Mrs. Greville drove the 'sage of Chelsea' to Grosvenor House to-day in a royal carriage!" her sister, Lady Probyn, having the use of one of these regal conveyances. "I don't think," Mrs. Greville wrote after this visit to Grosvenor House, "Carlyle had the least idea he was reclining in a royal carriage. I am afraid he believed it to be my natural property."

Carlyle was in good spirits and talked much, but somewhat indistinctly. He appeared interested in the statue, and made allusion to the Queen's shoe, which she repaired herself when in prison, and generally of her heroic conduct during her infinite misfortunes. A tiresome old woman with corkscrew ringlets would come up to us and place herself between Carlyle and the statue in the midst of his talk, and made inane remarks about nothing in particular. She wished to be informed whether Dalou's statue of a mother rocking and singing to her babe—

(which is near my Queen's statue)—was not intended to represent one of the Grosvenor family, and other such idiotic questions. We drove back together to Carlyle's house at Chelsea, where he showed us his portraits of Frederick the Great, also those of Martin Luther's parents. Of these he is very proud. Carlyle was full of cordiality and good-humour; his natural and inborn courtesy is marked, insisting, for instance, on escorting Mrs. Greville back to her carriage and seeing her drive from his house, standing with his good grey head uncovered in the street. It is impossible not to feel an attachment for him, combined with the veneration that all must have for that vast intellect.

"Until," writes Mrs. Greville to me, still harping on this visit, "until you hear Carlyle groping and prancing among the men and women of the first Revolution, you cannot imagine what manner of man he is." One day I had the good fortune to hear him "groping and prancing" amongst the actors of that world-shaking drama. During that autumn the Social Science Congress (whatever that means) held its annual meeting at Aberdeen. I had been asked to preside at the section relating to Art. Having to deliver an address in that capacity, I selected the Scottish painters as my theme. Thanks to my kind host at Aberdeen and his accomplished wife (the Forbes-Whites), I was made to feel quite at home during my sojourn in Aberdeen. Of their house I write: "It is not only charming within as to decoration, but is full of good modern paintings, many of them by mine host's friend, the clever portrait-painter, George Reid, who is sure to rise to fame."

My duties at Aberdeen consisted in taking the chair of the Art section in one of the lecture-rooms in the handsome Marischal College. One evening a huge banquet of over two hundred guests was given in the Town Hall. "Very long, and the speeches atrocious, but the dinner good. Four pipers played lustily; the affair lasted many hours." The following day, after listening to endless speeches and lectures, which occupied all day, and of which Forbes Robertson's was the most eloquent, I

delivered my address that evening in the Court-House. "A relief when it was finished."

Before returning South I paid Huntly (an old Cambridge friend) a brief visit at Aboyne—"a hideous pile, all harled without; within it is comfortable. Granville Gordon and his sister 'Maggie' are here in their usual boisterous spirits; young Lady Huntly rather subdued by their side, but pleasant." Aboyne is surrounded by beautiful hills. A bit of scenery near the house left a picture on my mind—the foreground a field full of ripe golden corn sheafs, with a background of purple hills, with rolling banks of white clouds against a dark grey sky.

"There is some hope now," I write after hearing of the fire at Inveraray on October 12—"there is some hope of the ugliest building in Scotland being improved." About this fire I received a batch of interesting letters, one of which I copy. "It is a great wonder we are all alive," writes my niece, Mary Campbell, from the inn at Inveraray, where they had taken refuge when burnt out of the castle. "We were all quietly sleeping while the roof of the centre hall was being burnt to ashes. A contradictious old man who had been left in charge of a boat which he had moored to the pier the evening before, insisted on going to look after it, before five in the morning, though his wife tried to make him be quiet. He had no sooner got to the pier than he saw the smoke and flames in the castle roof, and having roused the townspeople, they came. It was dreadful, they said, to see all the place quiet with the house in flames. They found the doors locked, and called 'Fire!' and knocked and shouted for the keys. Once within, they awoke every one. The butler came to Frances and me, and, being met by Constance and her maid, we rushed downstairs by the side halls. The heat and glare were dreadful, and the shouts of men and the hissing and roaring of the flames quite deafening, while burning glass and plaster wrapped in sheets of flame, together with molten lead, were falling in all directions. I got separated from the others, and on going to mamma's room, found them gone; but on reaching the old dining-room I

could just see in the darkness a number of people. Papa and mamma were safe there, and the Lornes; he had just brought down Lady C. Charteris and Mrs. Campbell. In calling over the names, for it was too dark to see, Victoria and Evy and the Archie children were missing, and Lorne darted away through the burning hall for them. I ran to the door to call him back. Whilst standing there the gas chandelier that hung from the top began to sway, then we saw a perfect avalanche of fire, and then all was dark for a moment, followed by the most awful crash, which made me draw back—the roof had fallen in, and it was some minutes before we knew if Lorne had escaped. When we knew all had got away, we started, barefooted and bareheaded, in our dressing-gowns and any loose wrap we could find, for the stables. The night was very cold, the hills white with snow, and the ground wet, and constant hail showers. Having seen us safe at the stables, papa and Lorne went back. The fire was spreading so fast that the house was soon given up for lost, and 'Save all you can!' was the cry. The townspeople, workmen, and servants behaved splendidly, tearing down the pictures and the tapestry, flinging out the books, furniture, &c." My niece concludes her graphic description by saying that I will be glad to hear the Gainsboroughs are saved. Lorne, writing on the same subject, says: "The Jameson I asked you to come and see is no more!" (a portrait of the celebrated Marquis of Argyll). "It perished in the hall, which almost became a furnace after the fall of the burning roof. We had passed through it just before the crash, and were well out of it, but only just in time. A Zuccharelli, two Jamesons, a picture by Angelica Kauffman of the 'beautiful Duchess' and her children, besides others, are all gone. Somebody put his foot through Cotes's portrait of the Duchess of Hamilton, and some one else tore the Opie of Lady Augusta, but the Gainsboroughs are not destroyed."

For reasons not of a morbid kind I saw a sight that autumn in Paris that I certainly never hope again to see. It was an execution by the guillotine. An old woman living in the out-

skirts of Paris had been brutally murdered. So cold-blooded a crime could not be condoned even by a French jury or any *cause atténuante.* For several days, or rather nights, the quarter of the Rue de la Roquette (in which is situated the prison of the condemned) had been on the stir. The police had orders not to make public the day of execution, and a mystery hung over the fated morning when the guillotine was to do its work. Rumour went, however, that the morning of October 28 would be the day of execution. Capital punishment now, thanks to a merciful Republic, is extremely rare in Paris, and as much as possible the people are kept in ignorance of the day. The execution always takes place at early dawn, when it is presumed the city is wrapped in sleep.

It was a bitter cold night. The Place de la Roquette is not at any time an agreeable place to pass the long hours of an October night on—least so when waiting for such a sight as death by the guillotine, which, although probably the most merciful form of capital punishment, is surrounded by an element of tragedy far greater than our death by hanging or the Spanish garotte. But it was this very element—the associations of the terrible year of ninety-three—that induced me to pass the hours between two and seven in the morning of that day on the blood-stained Place de la Roquette. "By two o'clock," I quote from my journal, "a crowd had already collected when I left my cab and walked to a group of people standing in front of the prison. Showing my card to the sergeant of police, I was admitted into the enclosed space (outside of which the police kept back the crowd), wherein only the newspaper reporters were allowed to remain. About four o'clock two closed carriages rattled up and stopped in front of the prison. Out of the foremost stepped three men; one of these is M. Roche, 'Monsieur de Paris' as the head executioner was formerly termed here, who answers to our Calcraft; the two other men are his assistants. From out the other carriage, a long and sinister conveyance, these men rapidly remove some beams and planks, and by the light of a lantern the ghastly shape of the guillotine takes form and substance. No

scaffold is used. The machine is placed on the pavement, on which are marks that indicate the exact spot—four darkened stones. In order to make certain of its position, a spirit-level is employed. In a few minutes the hideous narrow instrument of death is fixed and ready for use. The dawn now slowly began to appear, a dull reddish light streaked the dark blood-red colour of the guillotine, that had before looked black. Now a cab drove rapidly up to the prison door, out of which a priest descended, and quickly disappeared within the gate. Then ensued another long wait. It was a relief when a body of mounted dragoons clattered up and halted facing the prison, the guillotine between them and it—a relief anything that for a moment took our eyes and mind off that ghastly machine standing within a few feet of us, which now Monsieur de Paris and his assistants were trying experiments on to see if the great blade of steel worked easily in the indiarubber-covered grooves. All this, with the wait of several hours, was beginning decidedly to make a disagreeable impression on my nerves, even without the knowledge that at this moment the victim had been summoned to his doom, and that the ghastly ceremony of his *toilette*, as they call the pinioning and cutting off the hair at the back of his head, was taking place. '*C'est épatant!*' was the whispered comment on all sides, and *épatant* it certainly was. Now the light broadens and spreads, a redder hue covers the place and the people, the guillotine, and the heavy prison gates. There is a horror in this light, for all seems bathed in blood—decidedly *épatant!* Watches are nervously consulted, and the cigars and cigarettes that seemed to fortify a few minutes ago are thrown away, for a creak from the prison gates has turned all heads in that direction. First one side, then the other, of these doors slowly draws back; then suddenly, as in a dream, pass out from the darkness into that bloody-hued dawn a small group of people, in the midst a man white as death, with his arms pinioned, and legs shackled so that he can hardly walk. On one side, and rather pushing him forward with hand on his shoulder, is the head executioner, followed closely by the two assistants. In front of these walks

the good old priest, who, as they approach the guillotine, raises the crucifix he carries to the lips of the prisoner; and then, but only for an instant, it seems that the man intends to stop, to attempt to address those around, but he only throws his white face heavenwards, and in a loud voice cries, '*Mon Dieu, pardonnez-moi!*' At that moment his eyes seem to fix themselves on the great knife hanging above; he seems to hesitate, but the strong arm of Roche is on his shoulder, and he is propelled up against the *bascule*, as the swinging beam is called, on which the sufferer lies face downwards, when it turns down and slides under the upright cross-beams of the guillotine. In a moment the *bascule* revolves, the man now stretched on it, and runs rapidly forward. And then—but then we did not look, a suppressed cry comes from all around—without a sound, and literally in the twinkling of an eye, the spring has been pressed, the great polished mass of steel has fallen like lightning, and the body and head are in separate baskets.

"It was enough, and one felt glad to turn into the crowd and feel oneself among the living. Beyond, on the outskirts of the crowd, were women shouting in carriages, rouged and painted, and far more horrible than the sight one had just turned away sick at heart from; but beyond these creatures one met the sober workman in his blouse trudging with his neatly-dressed wife to their daily honest toil and drudgery down to Paris; and the guillotine and the prison of the Roquette, and the horror of it and of its surroundings, seemed, as the bright day broke again over the great city, but as some horrible dream out of which one had awaked."

Less gloomy scenes closed happily the year.

Two marriages—one of another niece with a cousin, the other also of a cousin, both of which weddings I attended. The former of these alliances took place at Eaton, from where I write: "I came here for the marriage of Beatrice Grosvenor to Compton Cavendish. We are a small family in this yet most unfinished, gigantic building, but the Grosvenor Hotel at Chester has been taken for the occasion, and is full of wedding guests, relations, to

the tune of half a hundred; Cavendishes and Lascelleses -their name is legion. Dinner there this evening transported me to Chatsworth: fifty at dinner, and all first cousins! At Eaton the house, all except the private wing which contains the Westminsters, Ormondes, and children, is still uninhabitable. Years must elapse before the main building, which some one not inappropriately compared to a cathedral city, can be completed. It takes more than a hour to go rapidly over this portion of the house, without visiting the wing, the tower, or the chapel. The stables are a sight in themselves; the offices in every sense remarkable. 'Make me like one of thy hired servants,' said a visitor to Westminster when he saw how his dependants were lodged! The harness-room alone is finer than many a great country-house's state-room as to size and fittings. If the harness were removed from out the oak-glazed shelves it would make a handsome library. The kitchen is nothing more or less than a huge baronial hall; the steward's room has a central column of granite supporting its arched stone roof that recalls one of those in the cathedral of Durham; all the rest of the building, down to the merest office, is *en suite.* I think it was Rosebery who said, after being shown Eaton, that he thought the 'odd man' (as the man of all work is called in these big places) had grounds for complaint; at any rate, said Rosebery, 'I was not shown the odd man's drawing-room.'

"The marriage took place in Eccleston Church, on November 13. Chester that day was *en gala*, and its reception of the departing pair most cordial; the whole town seemed to be in the streets, which were bright with flags; the rice poured down on us as well as on the bride and bridegroom. Volunteers kept a way in the station along the red-druggeted platform. The proceedings wound up with an animated ball at the Grosvenor Hotel."

The other marriage I was at that month was that of "my cousin of Norfolk," to Lady Flora Hastings, attended with all the pomps and ceremonies of the Roman ritual, on November 21. "The Bishop of Southwark came late to the Brompton Oratory; the ceremony lasted from eleven till one o'clock. Among the

guests near me were Princess Louise and Lord Beaconsfield; the latter followed and watched with evident interest the different forms and stages of the service. The music was Gregorian, solemn and effective, but not so the posturing of the priests. The arrangements, except the departure, were well carried out. The wedding breakfast took place in the house of the bride's father in Grosvenor Street. Lord Beaconsfield proposed the health of bride and of bridegroom, to which the latter replied briefly. One responded heartily to Lord Beaconsfield's hope for this couple's future happiness. Considering the difficulties of his position, Norfolk has come out scatheless of what must have been trial enough to spoil a dozen young men; he is as simple as a child, liked by all who know him, open-hearted and open-handed, a true Catholic in the best sense of that much-abused term."

The following is from a letter I received from my old friend W. H. Russell, who says: "I write on the last day of this wicked old year 1877, which has brought so much misery, pain, and sorrow to the world, and left so much of these to the year to come. Famine in India and China, plague and massacre in the East, and every crime in the nearer East, where the records of battle and murder can only be exceeded by the accounts of what man did before Christianity was known, and that we find in the Old Testament."

In truth, not a cheerful retrospect for the passing or prospect for the coming year.

Writing on the same day at Eaton in my journal I find: "This world without Constance would be to me but a sad and doleful place. As years go by, one feels these anniversaries of expiring years sad and mournful, and one cannot but long for the time when in God's mercy all those we have cared for and loved on this earth may be met again in a far happier and more perfect existence." To which I say, Amen.

CHAPTER XXVII

1878: *TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK AGAIN*

IN the early part of January, while at Eaton, I made acquaintance with Hawarden Castle. "Several of us rode over there —a pleasant ride of some eight miles. The soft line of the Welsh hills lay on our left, and to the right appeared the towers of Chester Cathedral fading away in the distance.

"Hawarden Park is highly picturesque, with undulating ground. The castle is a pretentious modern Gothic building. We had not time to visit the ruins of the old castle, which flanks and towers above the modern house. Mr. Gladstone was in his study, surrounded by books; he welcomed us with his usual cordiality; he is excited regarding Lord Carnarvon's recent peaceful speech on the Eastern Question. His study is overcrowded with books; here he showed us the box made of carved bog-oak which had been presented him on his late visit to Dublin; also a tray on which lay, piled a foot high, a vast heap of printed cuttings from newspapers, many of these full of abuse. On one of these slips of paper I saw written 'Gladstone's Howl.' 'I never read them,' he said, laughing. Mrs. Gladstone was away in London, nursing a sick relative; but the young Gladstones were there.

"We had a most successful theatrical performance at Eaton of 'Woodcock's Little Game.' Westminster appeared as the footman in his own livery, and brought down the house!" Towards the end of the month I went with my sister, Constance Westminster, to Ireland; staying first at Carton, then going to Kilkenny to the Ormondes. "Crossing the town bridge, the view of the castle recalled vaguely that of Warwick. The town of

Kilkenny is a miserable-looking place, but there are some curiosities in it: the Black Abbey, for instance, and one of those quaint round towers that have mystified so many generations of antiquaries as to their origin and use. The old crones in the streets are full of blessings on Lilah's head, but mostly in expectation of alms. Poverty is terribly apparent here, and the old women are as repulsive as the witches in 'Macbeth.' A photograph was taken in the gallery of the castle, which would have suggested a group for Sir Joshua—my sister, with little Beatrice Butler in her arms, seated in one of the recesses of a window. She is the loveliest baby one ever set eyes on—an incomparable infant! What a country this is, and what a people! There is an indescribable appearance of misery over it and them, and, good Heavens, how they hate us! It was only this evening that we heard cheering, or rather yelling, accompanying an execrable brass band, not far from the castle. On inquiry, we were told this noise was caused by some of the people practising for the triumphant reception of a newly-released Fenian convict, who is expected to arrive at Kilkenny to-morrow! To the town with Arthur Butler. The cathedral is a fine building. A most amiable dean (Vane) did the honours. I was disgusted at the fearfully overcrowded and shamefully neglected state of a churchyard near the castle.

"It seems singular that in this country, where the hatred between Roman Catholics and Protestants is so strong, they should nevertheless be buried in the same churchyard. Generally the Roman Catholics respect the homes of their dead, but not here; perhaps they consider that the proximity of the bodies of those of the other faith is a reason for neglecting those of their own. I heard a good and sensible sermon from a young priest in the Roman Catholic church on Sunday, which was filled by an attentive congregation. The sermon might have come from a Protestant pulpit; it was full of good advice for these poor Irish, recommending them to forbear taking vengeance in their own hands. In the evening I went to the cathedral service: there the attendance was very meagre, but a bishop and dean, and

a crowd of choristers and clergy, did their best to make it look imposing. It was indeed time that the monstrous inequality of the English Church in Ireland should cease.

"We visited the beautiful home of the Tighes at Woodstock. Lady Louisa Tighe is a most amiable old dame; she was a Lennox. It is remarkable to find a very active old lady as fresh and lively as a kitten, who, when a girl, more than sixty years ago, was present at the ball given by her father, the Duke of Richmond, to Wellington at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Lady Louisa buckled on the sword of the great Duke on that eventful night." Returning through Dublin, we stayed a few nights at the castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were then keeping Viceregal Court in magnificent style. We attended one of the Drawing Rooms, where Lord Sligo preceded the Viceroy with a drawn sword of state borne before him! "There was a splendid banquet given in St. Patrick's Hall, followed by a ball. I liked the fashion of playing the jolly old French air of 'Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre' when their Excellencies entered and left the Hall."

Writing at the castle:—"How well I remember this rambling old place twenty-one years ago, when my dearest mother came with me here to visit her brother, 'Uncle Morpeth.' The place has undergone much repainting and upholstering (in the worst taste) since his reign. It was pleasant to talk of these old times with some of the servants here, and to find what a pleasant memory of kindness and geniality my uncle has left behind him."

Soon after this Irish visit I went for a night or two to Petworth, where Everard Primrose and Herbert Gardner distinguished themselves by acting "Uncle's Will" and "To Oblige Benson;" and then again I enjoyed the luxury of rambling through that vast house, crammed full of pictures of all schools and by various masters.

On February 8 I had a glimpse of Carlyle. Calling on him with Mrs. Greville, "we found the grand old man seated near the fire in the stone-coloured dressing-gown which Boehm has

immortalised in his superb seated statue of the sage. Carlyle was in force and in good spirits; his talk full of grist and humour. I gave him my reduced statuette in silvered bronze of Marie Antoinette. He seemed pleased with it, patted and caressed it, and placed it in the centre of his chimney-piece. He spoke with intense bitterness of Lord Beaconsfield, and called him, 'that melancholy harlequin.' Of the Pope (just dead) he said, 'At length he is out of this troublesome world;' and of Popery he said, 'It is the greatest humbug in the universe.'" On the 13th I report another visit to Chelsea. "An interesting day, for I have been with two of the greatest minds in the country—Carlyle and Tennyson. Mrs. Greville again drove me down to Cheyne Row, where we found Carlyle as usual seated in front of the fire. He referred several times to the little statuette on the chimney-piece that faced him, and told me that Tennyson and other of his friends had liked it. He read us two chapters in his 'History of the French Revolution'—those on the death of Mirabeau and on the Queen's trial and execution. Nothing could be simpler than the surroundings, but withal nothing more impressive than to see and hear this 'old man eloquent' read aloud those stirring chapters in that poetic prose, as he sat in his long-robed dressing-gown, his hands folded before him. Behind him on the walls hung the portraits of many of the actors in some of his histories —Cromwell, and Frederick 'called the Great,' his sister the clever Margravine, and near them Luther's parents. From Carlyle we called on Tennyson in Eaton Square. Mrs. Tennyson has a face like the Santa Monica of Scheffer. Tennyson said he found it impossible to write away from his home. They have come to town to attend the marriage of their second son to Miss Locker. A few evenings later and I passed a very agreeable one with the Laureate in his study while he smoked. He read the 'Ballad of the Fleet,' yet unpublished, and 'Boadicea'—glorious works, with the din and clang of battle ringing through every line. Tennyson thinks Gray (the 'Elegy,' for instance) less read now than formerly. He thinks that Shakespeare was careful about correcting his plays. 'Hamlet' he certainly corrected with attention. He thinks

Victor Hugo less great in tragedy than Molière; and on my asking him what Molière had written of tragic, he said, 'George Dandin,' 'that is infinitely so.'"

The day after that pleasant evening with Tennyson in Eaton Square on February 23 I was back again in Paris. The only event of interest that happened there to me was making the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, thanks to a letter of introduction from T. Gibson Bowles, who had known the poet during the siege. Hugo was living at 21 Rue de Clichy, close by the Church of the Assumption, where I took him Bowles's letter; he was courtesy itself, and invited me to call on him in the evening. I found him in a little room, all covered (even the ceiling) with crimson silk. There I passed a very pleasant half-hour alone with Hugo, only interrupted by the occasional visits of his grandchildren; one of them a pretty little girl of six or seven, who would run up to him and nestle on his lap. He spoke much of my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, or, as he called him, "Lord Francis Gower." Some forty years ago a correspondence relating to "Hernani" had passed between them, *à propos* of that tragedy, which my uncle translated into English, and had had performed by amateurs at Bridgewater House. I tried to get him to talk of the Revolution, the great one, but he avoided this, and plunged into the future of Europe. He thinks that at no very distant time France, Italy, and Spain will proclaim themselves "Les Etats-Unis de l'Ouest." He thinks our Constitutional Monarchy the best, next to a Republic, of any form of Government. In France he wishes for Parliamentary Government without even a President. Nothing can exceed Hugo's civility. It is quite of the old school, and he insists on seeing one to his door, in spite of all one's protestations. One cannot doubt of his patriotism, at the same time regretting the lengths it is carrying him. I mixed at that time in Paris with a pleasant Bohemian set of artist friends—Americans, Scotch, Irish, and English. "We used to meet at breakfast about noon at a little restaurant, called the 'Alsacienne,' in the Rue du Bac. The walls of this place are covered with works of art by former patrons of the establish-

ment. The tables are innocent of cloths, but the food, although modest, was not unsavoury, and it had the further recommendation of extreme cheapness."

I saw the Exhibition building before it was completed. "Probably a more hideous erection has never been imagined than this monstrous construction. To compare it to the ugliest of railway stations would be flattery; in its bad taste it surpasses all conception." While in Paris I commenced the statuette of Mr. Gladstone; the idea of it had been given by a photograph from life of the statesman, taken at Hawarden, in which he is seated on the stump of a recently felled tree; he rests one of his coatless arms on a woodman's axe. The attitude suggested a plastic work, and I believe altogether it has proved a success. Before completing this statuette I returned to England, having heard of a misfortune that had happened to a friend, who had become involved in a miserable family scandal, and, inspired by the worst counsels, had thought it necessary to leave England. The letter in which he announced this intention decided me to follow him, and, if possible, urge his return; at any rate, through good and evil report, I was determined not to desert him. It is unnecessary for me to enter into the details of the reasons that prompted me to renounce for many a month all that I cared for most; my one and engrossing wish was to be of use to my friend in his distress, and all other considerations made way for that one. I was ready to sacrifice a great deal for him, and I sacrificed much, but I do not regret the feeling that prompted my voyage to Australia, although few, I imagine, can understand it, and therefore there is little danger of many acting as I did. "Friendship," Lord Beaconsfield has written, "is the gift of the gods." I knew my friend was unjustly and cruelly treated, and I would not turn from him in the hour of trouble; on the contrary, I then only knew how deep was my friendship for him.

Events followed rapidly. Within half-a-dozen hours of hearing from my friend I was on my way to London, and within a week on board the Cunard vessel, the *Abyssinia*, bound for New

York. From information received I believed my friend's destination to be Australia, and by crossing America and the Pacific I hoped to arrive there at the time that he would reach that continent in a sailing vessel, in which I believed he had left Plymouth, bound for Adelaide.

As a rule, methinks nothing can be duller (unless thickly sown with adventures that too often owe their existence to the imagination of the writer) than the descriptions of long journeys and travels to distant parts of the world.

Recent American works of that kind are brilliant exceptions; there is, however, but one Mark Twain.

Nothing nowadays is easier and safer than to "globe-trot" round the world; far less troublesome indeed than to go out of the beaten track in France or in Germany, and infinitely less fatiguing than even the ordinary tour through Spain.

The risks of such a voyage are very slight when circumnavigating the world in the splendid floating hotels that now span it. As I lack the imagination that is required to render the account of travel exciting, I will make my narrative of my Australian journey as short as I can. But here again, as in the chapter describing my drive to York, I should suggest that a good deal of skipping will be of advantage to the reader. Leaving Queenstown on March 17, after a fair passage of ten days we arrived at New York. We had encountered only one heavy squall during the passage, but that was the one which proved fatal to the poor young fellows on the *Eurydice*. "New York harbour looked very picturesque as the sun sank like a great fire balloon, leaving a long red tail of light on the green waters; lights flashed in all directions from ships of all shapes and sizes, darting in and about the great estuary between New York and Brooklyn; where, high above, the yet unfinished suspension bridge loomed vast through the rising mist. A few church spires here and there pointed heavenwards. The most notable feature of the scene as we approached the landing-stage was the amazing bustle and animation all around. An unwonted sight to European eyes are the huge

steam ferries rushing through the waters, covered with passengers literally jammed together as tight as herrings packed in barrels. Landing in Jersey City, we drove through its Dutch-looking quarter to our hotel. I have already published a short account of my impressions of the Americans, and my feeling of admiration and regard for that great nation has in no whit been changed since I penned that notice three years ago. To me they are intellectually, as a people, vastly superior to any other nation, and the progress they have made and are making annually is one of the most gratifying facts in the history of civilisation. The superficial Englishman is apt to judge of the Americans by the specimens he meets with occasionally in England or on the continent of Europe. Let him, however, honestly say whether his own countrymen and countrywomen that he meets on his travels are any better than his American cousins? He will probably answer that he does not meet with such English folk in England, that he does not know where they come from, or who they are. But this is the same with the Americans that are met with often out of their own country; and it is impossible to judge of the Americans without having been amongst them. But to return to my peregrinations. While at New York I saw a good deal of an old theatrical friend, Harry Montagu, who made me free of the Theatrical Club, called the 'Lambs,' in Union Square, where we passed many pleasant hours. Little poverty is seen in the New York streets; no such contrasts of luxury and intense destitution shock the eye here as with us in London. The town, although it cannot be called handsome, is certainly not ugly; it reminds me both of Brighton and Berlin.

"*March* 28.—Lady Sykes suddenly made her appearance this evening in the hotel dining-room, a blaze of diamonds; she was on her way to some friends who were giving a ball in honour of the Mi-Carême—Sir Tatton was dining in solitary grandeur. Montagu supped with us after his acting at Wallack's Theatre, where 'London Assurance' is being performed. We have visited a gorgeous house in Fifth Avenue, belonging to the

Stevens. Within one might imagine oneself in Sir D. Marjoribanks's palace in Park Lane; we seemed suddenly to have returned there or to Paris, so elaborate are the fittings and decorations of this house. The ball-room floor, ceiling and all, had been brought over *en bloc* from an old Belgian château. As to the fashions here, the ladies' head-dresses are very eccentric, the hair rising to a foot above their foreheads, elaborately puffed and tortured into every possible shape. On Sunday to service at Grace Church, a building remarkable for the frightfully ugly stained glass in it. The congregation, formed of well-dressed men and over-dressed women, all most attentive. The singing rather operatic, but good; a tolerable sermon preached by a Mr. Potter. The Old Hundredth sung at the end made one think what a surprise it would have caused to any of the Pilgrim Fathers if they could have found themselves in this smart throng singing this grand old hymn on the spot where they had so often intoned it—then a mere swamp in the midst of a wild forest, now one of the wealthiest and greatest cities in the world.[1]

"I was disappointed not to be able to see Mrs. Beecher Stowe, but she was 'down South.' The Central Park reminds me both of the Regent's Park and of the Bois de Boulogne, but is more extensive than either. That Sunday the park was filled with swarms of well-dressed people. Montagu drove me there, and we admired Ward's really fine bronze statue of Shakespeare. The rate that some of the trotters spin along the beautifully kept roads of this park is a sight. How much Samuel Johnson, if he could have been by the side of one of those fair Americans, behind one of those trotters in one of those spider carriages, would have enjoyed himself!

"The best photographers in the world are Sarony and Mora; no one passes through the Empire City without giving one or the other a sitting.[2]

[1] *A propos* of this passage, Mr. R. Grant White points out to me "that the Pilgrim Fathers were never within 250 miles of New York."

[2] Since I wrote this I have sat to Taber of San Francisco, to whom I give the palm.

"*April* 2.—I begin to think this American climate the most perfect in the universe. All this week has been heavenly, the sky infinitely more blue than ours in England, and the air has a lightness and sparkle about it that gives one a sense of continually quaffing ethereal champagne."

My next entry is dated San Francisco, April 12. "After a week's stay at New York, I left for the Far West. Leaving New York on April 3, we found a most sumptuous railway on the Erie line; but travelling in summer on those Utrecht-velvet covered seats must be a martyrdom little inferior to that undergone by St. Lawrence. The scenery along the line is picturesque, but I find myself caring less and less for mere scenery *per se* unless associated with some historical interest; when that is combined with a beautiful prospect, or even with a succession of plains, as for instance, the site of some famous battle-field, or even a marsh, such as Runnymede, to me there is no greater pleasure than to look on such spots; but I care little for mountains, hills, or vales if these have no story or legend to give them life; and little can be less historic than the country this line passes through between New York and Buffalo. At the latter place we changed trains, and went on to Niagara, passing over the suspension bridge too late in the evening to see the great waters, but we heard their ceaseless thunder. We lodged at a little inn near the station, kept by a jolly fat Swiss named Rosli—an ex-courier, with an English wife. The little hostel is very clean and comfortable. The next day seemed to have been 'cut out' for visiting Niagara, which, in spite of all that man has done to mar it, is one of the grandest and most impressive sights in the world. I say 'impressive,' but, somehow or other, I have not the faculty of easily being impressed by nature; whether this is from being too artificial a creature, the fact remains, that on seeing these famous waters I felt no emotion, no 'lump in the throat,' such as very consummate acting or great music sometimes gives one. I saw Niagara from all points and from every side, or nearly all, for some of the summer platforms had been washed

away during the previous winter months and not yet replaced; but, protected by waterproofs, we got as near under the falls on the Horseshoe side as possible. On the American side, and with rocks at the base of that great unity of foam, and spray, and water, I thought the waterfall looked its best. There the topmost ridge of the cascade seems formed of the purest silver, sparkling against the deep azure of a cloudless sky; the mounting spray rises in wild wreaths like spirits, myriad-winged, rising and descending from the measureless base; an incalculable host of shadowy forms for ever hanging amidst earth and sky over the yawning gulf, where the turmoil and toil of the mighty waters never ceases throughout eternity! Man has done all he can to spoil the framework of land that surrounds these sublime cascades. Hideous passages and tunnels are cut out and pierce the ground all round, along and down which tramway and other infernal machines of misapplied ingenuity are constantly running, puffing, and rising and falling. On every side one is stopped and harassed by toll-keepers, and loathsome refreshment-stalls and public-houses spring like toad-stools within the spray of those awful waters. We visited the Goat Island, and stood on the brink of both the American—(where three rainbows played)—and the Horseshoe falls, and gazed on the rapids from the Sister Island. It was a grand sight, the wild waters dashing by, with stone pines making a weird-looking foreground.

"Then on westwards. The sleeping cars are as comfortable as beds can be made in a train; the only drawback is the want of fresh air at night—a great one.

"Chicago was reached the day after leaving Niagara. We breakfasted at the huge caravansary, the Palace Hotel, but we had only time to take a stroll through the streets, still bearing traces of the awful fire. In the afternoon we sped on in the North-Western, bound for Salt Lake City. The scenery flat and monotonous; dinner served by negroes in the train, a most comfortable way of crossing a vast continent. No nation understands the comfort of travel as does the American. The

chief drawback is the impossibility of getting a bath; in summer this must be a great misery. Reached Council Bluffs next day, where the State of Nebraska is entered, after crossing a huge suspension bridge, from that of Iowa. Omaha is not an attractive place, so little attractive that we gave up the idea we had formed of passing a night there, and pursued our journey. Our train was now that of the Union Pacific, more luxurious than any of the former ones; the carriages fitted up in good taste, the 'state saloon' comfort itself. The scenery all the next day a bare desert. Nothing can be imagined more mournful than the prairies, and had I not got Trevelyan's 'Life of Macaulay' to read over again, its hideousness would have depressed me. Not a live thing to be seen on earth or in the sky—only the remains of some dead bullocks, victims of a snowstorm that had overtaken them here a few days ago; all the rest a sea of desert, brown, parched-up land.

"After leaving Cheyenne we passed through a succession of snow sheds, wooden tunnels that showed how disagreeable this route must be for travelling on in winter. Even now—in April—it looked more like January here than spring; huge patches of snow lay along the line three or four feet in depth, and now and again snow and sleet fell, and for the season it was wondrous cold! We found it a comfort to have a compartment to ourselves, as the other part of the train was infested by the progeny of a Mr. M. Jones, and the youngest Jones roared and bellowed like a diminutive bull of Bashan. As we advanced westwards the scenery improved, and in a couple of days we got away from the prairie, mounting into a wild country. We ate at log hut stations, the food piled up in grotesque forms; tea and coffee execrable, and meat uncertain. It seemed strange to find familiar prints nailed on the walls of these shanties—Correggio's 'Magdalene' in one, and a print after Landseer or Ansdell in another.

"Next evening we reached Ogden, a beautifully situated place; the hills around recall Switzerland. Here we entered a branch line, which in one hour brought us to Salt Lake City.

A lovely amber-coloured sunset turned the neighbouring hills into a deep amethyst hue. The Walker House is a capital hotel in every respect. As to its position, no town can be more beautifully situated than this of the Mormons—infinitely finer in situation than even Florence, but recalling a little the position of that city. An Englishman named Leamon, who belongs to the Walker House, took us over the sights, and showed us all that was most noteworthy in the city of the self-styled prophet and his apostles. We began with the Tabernacle and the New Temple now building. Near it is the great block of granite under which Brigham Young continues to lie. This is in a kind of refuse yard; some of his relations rest under a mound near him. A strange character, this Brigham Young. One is curious to know whether he imposed upon himself as well as on others. Although a thief, a murderer, and a fanatic, he certainly had extraordinary influence over the minds of the people, and Salt Lake City is a standing proof that in his way he was a genius. Since Moses brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, no such expedition as the one Young led across the pathless prairie to Salt Lake some thirty years ago has been better conducted, or the people who formed it so well kept together. Some of the stores (shops) here are excellent, large and well stocked; but it was impossible to admire what they are very proud of here, and that is a pretentious villa called 'Amelia Palace,' in which the last of Young's wives and widows resides. Amelia was flaunting her finery in the sun in front of her palace. The views on all sides are beautiful; the distant snow-covered hills, with the fertile valley at their feet, and the foreground all pink with peach blossom, make up a bewitching scene. We called on the successor of the prophet—the President of Mormondom—Mr. Taylor, a fine, handsome, powerfully-jawed, deep-eyed old man of about sixty-five. Mr. Taylor was most courteous, and his manner most dignified; in appearance, at least, he is more suited to represent the great Republic than this curious little offshoot. Around the room where he receives visitors hang some execrable daubs—portraits of Mormon

prophets and apostles. Mr. Taylor is contented with only five wives. Returning to Ogden, we went on our voyage to the West, still accompanied by the Jones tribe. By nine o'clock at night all the beds are made, and every one disappears behind the drawn curtains, and soon from either side sounds are heard proclaiming that most if not all the passengers are unconscious.

"The following day's run was through the finest scenery we had traversed since we left Buffalo. The line passes beneath a series of mountains, the great Nevada range, remarkable in shape and colour. At many of the stations west of Ogden, Indians were squatting or marching about the platforms—the squaws with their 'papooshes' strapped to their shoulders; most of them are beggars. One of our passengers was a curious hermaphroditical object, a being with long dark hair falling on sloping shoulders. It appeared at first a woman, but turned out to be a Polish youth born at San Francisco, named Leuchtenberg, a violinist already of some fame. This youth's playing varied a little the monotony of the evenings passed in the train.

"The next morning the sun rose over valleys covered with Californian firs, and lighted what seemed a great lake, hundreds of feet beneath the line. From Cape Horn, where the train halts a few minutes and seems to hang over the side of a bottomless abyss, this lake of mist had a wonderfully fine effect; only some of the higher points of the fir-capped hills were visible as one gazed down into that mysterious valley, lying like islands in a hazy sea of cotton wool. What a study for Gustave Doré! We reached Sacramento that day at noon, and from there on to San Francisco the country one runs through is like an immense English park; oaks abound, and the pastures are as green and fresh as those of Kent in May. Crossing a ferry at Oatland in one of those triple-decked steamers on which hundreds of passengers and dozens of carts and horses can all be stowed away comfortably, looking like a Noah's ark, we reached 'Frisco, as the Western Americans invariably call the City of the Golden

Gates, and there we put up at the hugest wooden inn in the world—the Palace Hotel. On arriving at San Francisco, Mr. Mackay should be called on. Whatever is required he will obtain for the traveller; whatever there is to see he will show; he is the most obliging and willing of cicerones, and, as he does not fail to impress on you, he makes no 'personal charge.' The sight *par excellence* at 'Frisco is in the harbour, where, on some surf-beaten rocks, the sea-lions congregate, their half-yelp, half-bark-like cry distinctly heard from the shore. This and the Chinese quarters are the principal curiosities of 'Frisco."

On April 15 I left the City of the Golden Gates, having parted with my faithful Robert that morning with regret, he to return to England, while I had to traverse the Pacific, bound for New Zealand and Australia. "It would have been selfish folly to have taken him on with me so far from his wife and bairns, but I feel very much alone in this wide ocean. The rain came down in torrents as we steamed out of the crowded harbour, and the start was not a cheerful one for my far-away goal. The first days were detestably cold, with a heavy sea running; our vessel, being laden to the deck with coal and cargo, rolled like a barrel, and we shipped seas innumerable. The water soaked through nearly every place between decks, and I believed I had the only dry cabin on board. Some luckless ladies woke one morning to find their dresses floating about the floor of their cabin. However, one drop of water found its way to my berth, and gave me some idea of the water torture as practised by the gentlemen of the Inquisition, and at the Hague, where in the prison a round hole has perforated the tiled floor of the cell, made by the constant dropping of that little volume of water during the Lord knows how many years; when applied to the victim's forehead he dies or goes mad within a few days. Among some sixty saloon passengers the pleasantest were the De Vœux, on their way to Fiji, from Trinidad. He had been some fifteen years in the West Indies, and those years have left their mark on his tall form and handsome face; his charming wife I had known slightly in

London before her marriage, where I had met her at her father's house—Mr. John Pender. Their boy, a fine little fellow of about two years old, was of the party. It has been quite a godsend to meet this pleasant couple, for besides their being most agreeable people, they have been generous with the good things they have brought on board with them; among others is some cider, real nectar compared to the horrible stuff called wine and beer supplied by the ship. Reading is the only distraction, except a game on deck of quoits, but one soon tires of that. What longings during those long weeks at sea one had for green fields! How beautiful must now Windsor be looking (I write on Good Friday, April 19) in all its freshness of the new spring foliage; the Long Walk like a cathedral with windows in emeralds and sapphires, and all the glory of the young summer bursting over the grand old park; my little plot of ground in front of my cottage all in flowers! Alas! I shall not see the green leaves of 1878!"

On the afternoon of May 2 we saw land—the island of Hawaii, *alias* the Sandwich Islands; and early next morning we landed, and saw what we could of the place during the limited time—but four hours—that we were allowed to remain there. With the De Vœux I landed on a wharf, where we got a two-horse carriage driven by a native whose English was remarkable; asking him the time, he told us he could not say, as he had left his "turnip" at home. Our Jehu was a most intelligent fellow, and apparently doing well in the world. We passed a neat verandahed house; he told us that that was his property, and that he had refused 10,000 dollars for it. Even the De Vœux, fresh from Trinidad, were struck by the tropical beauty of the island.

The houses of Honolulu are neat and well-built, and each stands nestling among gardens, with balconies festooned with fruit and flowers. The people have prosperity and contentment writ on their happy, smiling faces—the men not ill-looking, and some of the women, with their coal-black eyes and rich bronzed complexions, would be good-looking but for their flattened noses; the children are delightful. It was quite a pretty sight

to see them salute one as we drove along. We called on the English Consul, Major Wodehouse; his place surrounded with creeping plants that one only sees in hothouses with us. On the walls of his stable grew in wild luxuriance a creeper, one mass of mauve colour—the beautiful Bougainvillæa. Unluckily, time did not allow us to visit the far-famed Pali Valley; but we had enough to have a capital breakfast on land; and, after our ship's fare, how we did enjoy this meal at the hotel, where the fresh fish, eggs, and water-melons were appreciated! We drove to a beautiful valley from whence the view of sea and hills, with the pretty outskirts of Honolulu and its bright villas, formed a lovely picture. The only ugly object was a hideous stone wall, created around his property by some barbarian of an Englishman. On our way back to the harbour we met some of the native ladies on horseback, riding male fashion, wearing jaunty straw hats, and attired in a kind of loose dressing-gown.

Before ten we were again aboard, and soon after steaming away from one of the happiest and brightest-looking places that exists in either hemisphere. Here, at any rate, the much-abused missionary has done good service to the cause of civilisation. The natives have had ten years of compulsory education, and those who were savages twenty years ago are now civilised as much as any, and more in fact than many, Europeans. The islands looked beautiful as we left them—their long tracts of sand skirting the deep blue sea; beyond waved the graceful trees, and above, the hills faded away into the sky. The days passed on without interest. To watch the flying-fish was among our greatest excitements, and at night the Southern Cross was also gazed at with interest; but, between ourselves, this is not a cross at all, but a very palpable child's kite.

On a Sunday we crossed the line. The usual antics took place on board, and H.M.M. Neptune was duly honoured. The next entry in my diary is dated from "Government House, Wellington, New Zealand, May 10.—Arrived here last night in this wise. The last few days on board had been quite as uneventful as the former. One day, however, we saw an

albatross, on another what we imagined were whales, but which were only 'black fish!' On May 7 we entered Auckland Harbour. It was a beautiful morning; the sea and sky of a deep-blue colour; porpoises sported and waltzed round the vessel's prow. The pilot boarded us, full of exciting European tidings. No war, but warlike news. Twenty ironclads have been sent up the Baltic, which Bismarck considered a menace to all European States. One hundred and fifty thousand (?) Indian troops are said to be on their way to defend Constantinople."

The general situation of Auckland put me a little in mind of New York; the harbour much larger than I had expected. On landing, I called on the Governor, Lord Normanby. "You come," said his Excellency, "at an unfortunate moment; we start early to-morrow for Wellington." On hearing that I had no wish to remain any time in Auckland, or in the north of New Zealand, Lord Normanby kindly proposed that I should go with them to the capital, Wellington, which proposition I gladly accepted. I dined on board the *Wolverine* with Commander Hoskins and the Governor, and slept at the Auckland Club. With regret I bade farewell to the De Vœux, who were going on to Fiji from Auckland. At dinner on board the *Wolverine* we met an interesting old Polish Count—Zabra—with a shrewd Italian-like face, reminding me of Poerio. He is travelling with his daughters, and lectures on Polish literature. The Count is in great hopes of war breaking out between England and Russia. He was at the Polish bazaar at Chiswick, and spoke with much admiration of my mother. "What a smile she had!" said the dear old fellow. On returning to the club I found that Lord Normanby's son, Hervey Phipps, had been entertaining the middies of the *Wolverine* at dinner. These jolly boys made the harbour musical far into the night with "Auld Lang Syne" and other melodies. Early next morning we were off in a special train to Onehangu, where we embarked on board the steamer of which Mr. Fairchild was captain—quite a character.

The scenery along the coast more curious than beautiful; the volcanic origin of the island is very apparent. During the day the weather was fair and the sea smooth; but at night the wind freshened, and off Cape Egmont it began to blow hard, and many on board disappeared to the privacy of their cabins. Lord Normanby, his A.D.C., Le Paturel, and myself, were the only three that put in an appearance at meals or on deck. We were to have called at Taranaki Bay for a certain judge, who was there awaiting our steamer; but Captain Fairchild thought it more prudent to keep clear of that bay on so rough a night; and so the poor judge, for all we know, is still pacing the shore of that steel-covered beach. I regretted not to be able to see snow-capped Mount Egmont, but we ran by it during the hours of darkness. Passing by Cook's Straits the following afternoon, a line of picturesque hills lay on either side—on our starboard, Cape Farewell and Massacre Bay, off South Island; on our larboard, the coast range of the extremity of the North Island, and the wild range of hills, the Taranaki.

Darkness had fallen over sea and land before we reached Wellington. The lights gleamed from the wharfs, reflected in red and gold in the silvery sheen of the moonbeams that plashed in myriad rays like gems by the landing-stage. During the next ten days I lived under the hospitable roof of the Normanbys, in Government House. What a contrast was my large bedroom there to the narrow cabin of the vessel in which I had come across the Pacific! The view from my windows most picturesque; but the foreground spoilt by some ugly Government buildings, that half shut out the harbour from sight. "This," I write from Wellington, "is my Capua; and here I have been able to get my linen washed." In the excellent public library close by Government House I spent many an hour, and there I met a Sutherland clansman—Nathaniel Sutherland—who has passed thirty years in New Zealand. He remembered seeing my uncle Ellesmere riding through Edinburgh, bearing the sceptre in his hand, when George IV. came there in 1820. This kind old clansman gave me a Maori walking-stick, carved by one of the

chiefs. These fast-disappearing people are still to be seen in the streets of Auckland, their under-lips tattooed, and wearing their black hair long down their back. Except for their clothing, I imagine they resemble not a little the ancient Britons. In the Museum is a large room containing a complete Maori stone-carved temple, grotesque and hideous. The weather is of the most boisterous description; it blows tomahawks and tornadoes; at present the idea of a sea-voyage is not inviting.

My next entry is dated from the Melbourne Club. "*Melbourne, Australia, June* 1.—Nearly a fortnight has passed since I last wrote in this diary. Much of the intervening time has been passed at sea, and consequently there is but little to chronicle. On my last night at Wellington we went to 'inaugurate' the new Opera House, a handsome and commodious building. We saw a grand ballet, in which little fellows dressed like British tars danced capitally; the scene represented either the British Channel or the Sea of Marmora! We sat facing the stage, like foreign royalty. An oyster supper, given by the A.D.C.'s to Judge Johnson and others, finished the evening." On the 21st I left Wellington in a comfortably appointed steamer, the *Wakatipu*, for Sydney. Rain fell in torrents; on board was the Governor of the New Zealand Bank—a gentleman ridiculously like Blantyre, a martyr to asthma, and obliged to pass the nights on the landing of the cabin stairs gasping for air! As we left Wellington harbour we met a heavy sea, but our little vessel—commanded by a pleasant Scot, Captain Cameron—cut her way bravely through the waves in splendid style. The next day was lovely: great white banks of clouds piled against a deep-blue sky, like a landscape by Carle du Jardin. On the last two days head winds delayed us, and it was long after dark before we sighted the lights of Sydney Harbour. Early next morning, May 26, I saw that the place fully deserved its reputation for beauty. The islands clustered amidst the richly-timbered banks that surround the town, make a most striking effect, and for a modern English-built city Sydney is highly picturesque. Being Sunday, I attended morning service in a frightfully ugly Gothic church,

and went on later to Government House, on the way passing some public buildings that would not for size and magnificence be out of place in a second-rate French town. Government House is a handsome building of freestone, of the domestic Gothic style, and stands in beautiful grounds, surrounded by stone pines and other picturesque trees and foliage, and commands a fine view of the fine harbour—fit for a scene for a stage or a drop curtain. There I was received by Sir Hercules Robinson like an old friend; and I shall never forget his kindness and that of Lady Robinson to me whilst I was in Australia. Sir Hercules is a smart, well-set-up man of about fifty; his face full of energy and intelligence. His fondness for the noblest of animals is apparent in his well-fitting costume. A more kind and genial host it would be hard to find. I had not been in his study a couple of minutes before he insisted on my making his house my home while I remained in Sydney. Lady Robinson was at Melbourne nursing her boy; but her daughter kept house for Sir Hercules during her absence, and a most cheery family I found them, full of fun and badinage, a family with whom one feels at one's ease at once. Their Irish blood doubtless accounts for this. "I met here with an old Eton chum — Lyttleton, a son of a Staffordshire neighbour, Lord Hatherton—private secretary to Sir Hercules. The gardens of Government House are a little paradise, full of intense light and shade and colour. There the scarlet Poinsettia is as common as poppies in an English corn-field; the tree ferns and palms are here, too, as common as birch trees in Scotland. Would that I could but name the tropical plants here! In these gardens is a house full of the rarest ferns collected by Lady Robinson. Things that should be visited here are the Observatory; the flower and fruit market, full of gorgeous parrots; and the Union Club. Sad tidings reached me from England the day after I landed at Sydney (May 28). Lyttleton brought me the news of my eldest sister's (Elizabeth Argyll's) death the day before in London. It was not unexpected, but it was most sad to think I should never see her again on earth. But, as I wrote, after

hearing this, to my sister Constance, after our mother's and Albert's death no fresh one could greatly grieve or shock me now; but I added, that were she to be taken from me, life would then, indeed, be not worth the having. Since 1861, what gaps in our family death has made, and how few are now left of our once large and happy circle! My sister Elizabeth had much in her nature and character to admire—excellent, good, pious, and learned, far beyond the average of women in her station. In her the world of London is deprived of one of its best women, a *grande dame—s'il en fut*—and the loss to her husband and children is irreparable."

Left Sydney on May 29 in the *Ly-Moon*, bound for Melbourne. The sailing vessel, the *Beltana*, in which I expected my friend to arrive at Adelaide, was now daily expected at that port, and in order to be there to meet her I left Sydney for Melbourne, *en route* to Adelaide, on the day already named. "A sublimely beautiful sunset covered the whole expanse of Sydney Harbour in a tissue of scarlet and silver; the sky out-Turnered Turner. My fellow cabin passenger was a pleasing young Australian, a solicitor at Albany, named Percy Carney. The other passengers a grubby lot of scrubby people; bright exceptions, however, in the shape of two charming ladies—a Mrs. Watson and a Miss Mackenzie—both Melbournians. The former was the image of the blonde Lady Westmoreland. In a couple of days we arrived at Melbourne, on June 1. At the club I made the acquaintance of Captain Standish, who is a kind of informal president of that admirable institution. With him I saw the principal sights of the place—the Museum and the Library—and called on Lady Robinson, who is nursing her boy 'Hercy,' and sanctioning the betrothal of her charming daughter to Alec Findlay, an old Cambridge friend of mine. After seeing Sydney one's first impression of Melbourne is not favourable; it strikes one as having all the ugliness of an English with all the rowdiness of a bran-new American western town. The low houses skirting the absurdly wide streets make the former appear even lower and meaner than they actually

are. There is here also an air of unpleasing pretension and self-assertion pervading the place—a kind of 'I'm the Capital' impertinence, writ large in every line of the formal and gridiron-like plan of the streets of this city.

"*June* 8, *Adelaide Club, Adelaide.*—During the last week I have made another sea-voyage from Melbourne, which place I left in the s.s. *Aldinga*, a small vessel of some four hundred tons.

"Dined in the huge Government House with Sir George and Lady Bowen, when I made the acquaintance of a local magnate, Sir Edmund Barry, to whom Melbourne owes its public library and museum. It was a pleasure to hear that the good-natured, energetic old gentleman's presentment was to live in bronze before the latter building shortly. Sir Edmund wears a blue coat of the old swallow-tail pattern, with brass buttons, and pumps, and looks for all the world as if a squire of half a century ago had been buried, passed through the bowels of the earth, and reappeared at the Antipodes in the fashion of his day. He showed me over the institutions he has done so much to create, both of which are admirable. Leaving Melbourne on June 5, after a rough passage of a couple of days I landed at Adelaide, and put up at the club, where its *doyen* member, George Hamilton, who has been in those parts half a century, made my stay in it most agreeable. At Adelaide, as at Melbourne, the public buildings are splendid and immense; but the charm of the place is its admirably laid out Botanic Garden, where I passed much of my time. The day after I reached Adelaide the *Beltana*, in which I hoped to find the friend for whom I had made this voyage, was signalled, and in a few hours I learnt that no passengers were aboard, so that as far as meeting him went my journey to the Antipodes had been a bootless quest."

The Fates had not been propitious. I lingered on for some more weeks in Australia, for the chance of his turning up by some other ship; but this was not to be. The Governor was absent from Adelaide, but in his deputy, the Chief Justice, Mr. Way, I found a most kind and civil functionary, who went out of

his way—no pun intended—to make matters as pleasant as possible during my stay there. At Adelaide I remained a week. "The people here," I write, "are most kind, and I am inundated with invitations; but I prefer a ramble in the Botanic Gardens, with a book, to any outings. A dinner with the mayor, Mr. Scott, and his wife, at Glen Osmond, and an excursion to a villa in the hills belonging to Mr. Ross, are all the excursioning I have cared to go in for. Mr. West Erskine at the club is artistic; he produced lately a little Greek antique gold 'Victory,' which made me feel back again in a second of time at the Louvre." The scenery about Adelaide is uninviting; the vegetation terribly monotonous. One wearies as much of the everlasting gum tree in Australia as one does of the olive in Italy. "*June* 23.—Back at the club, Melbourne. Returned here again, having left Adelaide on the 18th. What I most regretted leaving at Adelaide was dear old George Hamilton. After an uneventful passage in the s.s. *Victorian*, lasting two days, I was welcomed here by genial Captain Standish, with whom I have been to a place some way inland called Geelong, not a pretty name, but appropriate to the place, which is full of race-horses. Nothing can be imagined more hideous than the country all around Melbourne. I found an artistic couple there, Sir George and Lady Verdon; their house is quite æsthetic and full of art treasures. After a farewell dinner given at the club by Captain Standish, I was off again once more, returning to Sydney, this time overland, for a change. The first nine hours, as far as Albury, in the train; there I stayed a night and following day, and posted thence in a buggy. Albury (for Australia) is quite a picturesque spot; the clean little town nestles among the gum trees, surrounded by gently-sloping hills. My driver was an active little man from Melbourne, who rattled two very workman-like little horses over the rutty roads at an average rate of eight miles an hour. The roads in England in the time of Queen Bess must have been like those we jolted over; in places our little conveyance all but stuck or turned right over, but we managed to get to our night's shelter without accident. This was at a mere clearing in the bush, a place

which rejoices in the musical name of Billabong; here is a long, low, single-storied shanty, the only building, exclusive of outhouses and stables, in the place. A track leads through the endless woods up to this residence. Within, a log fire was blazing; a grateful sight after that long cold drive. Some artistic decoration has been attempted in the little parlour of the inn, in the shape of a varnished dado of pitch pine with ceiling to match. A neat little maid bustled about, and soon laid before me a comfortable repast. A tidy little bedroom at the back of the house next this neat parlour made up a model little inn. There are many more pretentious but far less good in England than this wooden one of 'Ring's' at Billabong. Up and away early next day, having a drive of some fifty miles to make before reaching Wagga-Wagga, of Tichborne-Orton fame. There I put up at the Criterion Hotel, where I met at the *table-d'hôte* a cheery and gentlemanlike set of young Wagga-Waggaians.

"Left Wagga-Wagga next day by coach, driven by one Alexander Gordon, a great whip and a great wag; occupying the box seat, I was able to hear all Gordon's good things, and look out for the parrots that should have been in every tree, but not one did I see. To this day I cannot understand why that coach was not upset—not once, but a hundred times. I never saw anything so reckless as Gordon's driving; whenever he saw two of those gum-trees very near one another, with about enough room to trundle a wheelbarrow between, he lashed his five horses to a more furious gallop, and somehow or other shot the great lumbering coach between them; now and again he would heave the wretched carriage over two or three trees that lay on or near the road, and then, inspired apparently by some Satanic agency, dash in and among the trees until one wondered how he would ever find his way out again. No wonder the parrots did not put in an appearance; I believe Gordon's driving frightened all living things everywhere near the road far away into the bush. In this *ventre à terre* fashion we drove more or less all day, and reached with unbroken necks, which was a marvel, the railway station (after night had

fallen) of Bethungra, where, taking the train, I reached Sydney early next day, and for the second time the hospitable doors of Government House were open to me." Here I remained for nearly the whole of the month of July. In that cheery household one might almost have been expected to forget anxieties and disappointments, but I could not forget, and it was a relief to be alone for hours in the beautiful Botanical Gardens that join those of Government House, and which dip in the waters of the bay—a terrestrial paradise, if such a thing could exist. There, with a book, I passed most of my time, and it was there that while reading Leigh Hunt's autobiography the idea came into my head of writing and of publishing these pages.

"We (the Robinsons and their family) made many excursions about the lovely harbour, and some inland. One of the latter was to see the Zig-Zag railway in the Blue Mountains. The view over the valleys towards the Harbour Heads is a fine one—for Australia; but some views nearer London, Leith Hill for instance, are preferable. The pleasantest expeditions were some made in the harbour in Lady Robinson's steam launch. More than once we crossed the harbour to call at a villa perched among the woods on the North Shore, belonging to the Bloxams. Some clever marine pictures are in this house, by Brierley. The officers and middies of the *Wolverine* often took part in these expeditions, and a nicer set of young fellows than the latter it would not be easy to meet. One of these expeditions up the Paramatta River was particularly successful, and in its way nothing can be prettier than the scenery here. We returned through the harbour under a Venetian-like sunset sky; the bay all aglow with amber and purple lights reflected from the upper glories. Commodore Hoskins showed us some torpedo and Gatling gun practice from the *Wolverine*. We also inspected the defences under construction at the harbour entrance; defences which would make the Heads impassable to any vessel, for a double line of torpedoes now spans them, and were an enemy's ship to attempt the passage certain perdition would await her.

"It is to be hoped that no British fleet will ever be used

in an inimical manner against our Australasian possessions. A king such as George III., or First Minister such as Grenville, might, if they reappeared, jeopardise our vast Antipodean continent, and make British rule there unpopular; but at present there is little wish to throw off the gentle yoke of the mother country. Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon arrived at Sydney while I was there, on their way home from Fiji, where Mr. de Vœux had replaced him temporarily. What paints Sir Arthur Gordon to the ground is a story told of him when he was Governor of New Brunswick, where he is said to have reproved the clergyman for not substituting in the prayer for the Queen 'Thy servant Arthur!' for 'Thy servant Victoria!' Sir Arthur has not had the advantage of roughing it at school or at the university; this may account for some of his idiosyncrasies. I can hardly imagine anybody quite such a superior person as Sir Arthur Gordon appears to think himself. 'Thy servant Arthur' shakes your hand as if it were truly *trop d'honneur*, in a limp fashion, which, were it not so comical, would be almost insulting. But I must add that Sir Arthur spoke with great feeling about my sister Elizabeth, who had liked him for his father's sake, I suppose, and with deep affection about his father—the Minister; and what he said respecting the loss of those one loved, making the ambitions of after life valueless, made me forgive the limp shake of the hand and the terribly self-conscious manner. He is said to be liked by his staff, two of whom were with him—one his cousin Arthur Gordon, the other Mr. Knollys; both of these gentlemen have distinguished themselves in the fighting in Fiji.

"*July* 30. —On board the *Brisbane*, s.s., of the Eastern and Australian line, off Townsville. Here I am on a steamer of some thirteen hundred tons, which I have nearly all to myself. I had postponed leaving Sydney, hearing that although the passage through the Torres Straits was not one of the safest in the world, still that I should probably have the steamer almost to myself; and thus I have found it, and here one is as if on board one's own yacht. The vessel is clean and

comfortable, with a first-rate captain (Reddell), a capital fellow. The other saloon passengers consist of a pearl-fisher merchant and his wife, on their way to the north of Australia. Pearl-fishing is not, he tells me, a lucrative profession, as the pearl-fishers invariably swallow the pearls that they find. We are waited on by Chinese, as noiseless as if they were ballet dancers. Moore's delightful 'Life of Byron' has whiled away the long hours of the voyage. How I would have loved Byron, with his intense friendships and need of affection, his unswerving likes and hatreds, putting aside his soaring genius! We have passed some fine scenery to-day (July 29), a succession of rocky islands, rugged and barren; in the golden haze they looked like immense amethysts rising out of a sea of emerald and silver.

"*August* 2 (my thirty-third birthday—off Brisbane). I see in Byron's 'Life' that Dante calls his thirty-third year the *mezzo cammino* of life. That, I imagine, means the middle half-way house of the journey of existence. 'D—n your *mezzo cammino*,' writes Byron to Moore (on his thirty-third birthday); 'you should say the prime of life—a much more consolatory phrase.' Three days ago we landed some pigs at Cooktown—a good riddance, and took some Chinese on board; of these we have now two hundred, only one a saloon passenger, a wealthy merchant, and a most inoffensive creature, as most of these long-tailed folk appear to be. However, it would not be pleasant if these two hundred Chinese should take it into their heads to set on the dozen Europeans or so that man this ship. I landed at Cooktown with the captain. It is the place about which the story is told of one of the Cooktonians after death, who, finding himself not in heaven, asked leave that he might have his greatcoat sent him, as he was afraid of catching cold. We came across some strange folk in Cooktown; one of those a certain ex-constable, an Irishman of the name of Closey. This policeman volunteered to show us something of the place that he guards, and drove us some miles along a picturesque road. A local merchant and his wife gave us tea in their house, where we met an old Scotch body, a Mrs. Reid, very full of anecdotes and recollections of my

mother, and of admiration for her. Mrs. Reid was very anxious I should tell the Queen on my return how loyal she and other colonists in Australia are to Her Majesty. We are now passing through the great Barnes Reefs, along a very savage-looking coast range. We have had more than once to lay at anchor at night, as the navigation here is difficult, as our captain is aware, he having come to grief, with one of this Company's boats, the *Normanby*, which ran on a hidden rock. The passengers had to pass a fortnight as agreeably as they could on this inhospitable coast, until another vessel appeared and rescued them. What makes this sort of adventure still more exciting is the fact that in these parts the natives are very savage and do not object to roast Englishmen."

The next entry is dated from "The Club, Hong Kong, August 19." In Cathay at length! To return to the *Brisbane*. We passed through the Torres Straits on the 3rd, entering that evening the beautiful Arafura Sea. Volcanic islands were seen, and in action. Four days after we crossed the Line. On the 8th we passed the Celebes Islands, where the scenery is highly picturesque, the hills covered to their summits with verdure and trees, great masses of palms growing almost to the water's edge. Graceful-shaped and bronze-coloured sails of fishing-boats, looking like buff-coloured butterflies against a blue sky, skim about these islands, which are Spanish property. The natives live in bamboo huts, huddled among the cocoa-nut groves. On the following day we were again out of sight of land, steaming through the hot Chinese Sea. Here the moonlight nights were inexpressibly beautiful. On the 13th land was again in sight, China at last. The rugged hills loomed faintly through the hot mist. In heavy rain we entered the harbour of Hong Kong; but in spite of the rain and mist I could see that this harbour was one of the most beautiful things I had seen since leaving England, an impression which better acquaintance with it confirmed. The first landing in China in a "sampan" is one of those events that make a lasting impression; and the sedan-like chair, which is the hansom cab of Chinese towns, is another

novel sensation not soon to be forgotten, as remarkable as the first cruise in a gondola or the first ride in an Irish outside car. I found the Club a delightful place, the freedom of a hotel with the privacy of a first-class club combined, and with many what Dr. Johnson would call "clubbable" young men belonging to it. Carried in the palanquin sedan through the crowded streets of this marvellously picturesque place recalled one's childish ideas of some scene in the "Arabian Nights," but infinitely more quaint than anything one had seen on any stage, scene, or picture. I found myself transported two thousand years back in ancient Rome or glorious Carthage. This illusion is helped no doubt by the coloured dresses and graceful drapery of the Chinese, and by the somewhat classical style of the white houses, with their porticoes and colonnades and balconies sparkling under the intensely brilliant sunshine outlined sharply against the almost purple sky. But here are Chinese instead of Romans, stucco and coloured bricks instead of marble and freestone. Still the flat-roofed houses and luxuriant vegetation on every side made one fancy how like some ancient Southern city Hong Kong looks, at least to the eyes that see it for the first time, and the rare carriages and many chairs carried on men's shoulders with white draped figures in them help the illusion.

Shortly after landing I received a civil message from the Governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy (conveyed me by his aide-de-camp, Major Palmer), asking me to make use of His Excellency's palanquin and red-clothed native chairmen during my stay in Hong Kong. Thus was I carried in state by men in regal scarlet in a mirror-lined sedan, and saluted by the police—Indians, a fine body of men—during my progress through the streets of Hong Kong. The drawback to this form of progression is that I could not make myself understood to my bearers, not having mustered up sufficient "Pigeon English," as they here call the barbarous and childish *patois*, a mixture of English, Portuguese, and Chinese lingo, and the consequences were highly absurd. For instance, the other day, wishing to be carried to the public gardens, I was borne away, protesting, but vainly, and placed

right in the middle of the dockyard. On another occasion they did their best to carry me into Government House (now empty, as His Excellency during the great heat lives up in a bungalow at the top of the Peak). I had barely time to get them to desist from doing so, but not before the sentry, seeing the red-coated bearers, had called out the guard with a shout of "Present arms!" Never have I felt the advantage to my fellow-creatures so much as now of being a light weight, for the poor chairmen have carried me to the top of a mountain, some seventeen hundred feet above Hong Kong, under a blazing sun; but they seem untirable. Up this mountain I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pope Hennessy, in an atmosphere some ten degrees cooler than down in the town, where it is stifling; the glass is never much under one hundred and ten, day or night. Pope Hennessy in looks reminds me a little of Irving, and also of what Shelley might have looked had he lived ten years longer. He was kindness and cordiality itself, but every one was this to me at Hong Kong; and space would fail to name all those to whom I was indebted for much hospitality while there—to Messrs. Locock and Gibbs, the agents of the Steamship Company I came by, to the officers in the barracks, and to a score of charming fellows in the Club. Of these my chief friend was young Gower Robinson.[1] What pleasant early and late swims we had in the bay, where a wooden building is carried round a watery enclosure to keep one from the attentions of the sharks!

No one goes to Hong Kong without visiting Canton, the Liverpool of China. I passed a night there under the hospitable roof of Mr. Duval, in the English quarter. Canton is more like a dream than a reality, like a page realised out of De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," an amazing, astounding scene. Immediately on landing you find yourself in a seething, swelling throng of myriads of semi-nude Chinese, choking up the narrow streets, crowding one after the other until the eye wearies and the brain turns. The river is almost as much peopled as the

[1] George Gower Robinson was killed in Japan by a Lieutenant Hetherington of the U.S. Navy in February 1892.

streets, an infinite number of boats and of barges, of junks and of sampans, turn it almost into another dense thoroughfare. Temples, walls, towers, crowd on every side. Leaving Hong Kong by steamer at eight in the morning, in half-a-dozen hours you reach Canton. For hours all day, in fact without a moment's rest, I went from one sight to another in that wonderful place, seeing oxen grinding corn precisely as they did in the days of Nineveh and of Sardanapalus, viewing countless shops and bazaars and manufactories of jade and of ivory, of lace, of silk, and all kinds of embroideries, through streets so narrow that it seemed impossible one's chair would not stick between the houses, up to the old town walls, and down again to more shops, and then across the river in a boat to the famous temples on the South Islands—temples in which were hundreds of gilded idols and scarlet pillars, gardens, divinities and altars, pigs, and posturing priests. The service in one of these temples began by a hideous noise made on some ear-splitting gong, followed by a procession of priests, all shaven and shorn, attired in red and purple robes. These as they walked chanted, their hands clasped before their faces. When they have marched round the temple several times, each places himself in front of an altar, and prostrates himself repeatedly at the sound of a bell. Much of this performance recalled the ceremonies of the Roman Church. Many things in these Pagan temples remind one also of a still older religion. For instance, to see two fat old priests waddling up to one another and audibly chuckling, recalls the augur of old Rome. Among these temples are kept sacred animals: turtles in a tank in one, and some very fat pigs in a marble sty in another. In this custom do the Chinese priests also resemble the Roman. The long day of Canton sight-seeing closed at length under a superb sunset sky all pink and grey; a great pile of coral-tinted cloud stood out grandly like some huge aërial continent on a cloud-mapped chart of some other world.

But for the intense heat my stay at Hong Kong would have been delightful. There, and in fact nearly wherever one goes out of Europe, I found the English of the place courtesy itself.

Dining out one evening with Mr. Gibb in his villa on the mountain-side was like making a visit in fairyland. From the balcony of his house one overlooks the harbour, then one vast coruscation of flickering lights. One was put in mind of the story of the German prince who, on arriving at night in Edinburgh, and looking out of his hotel window in Princes Street at the old town, said that he was gratified to observe that the people had illuminated in his Highness's honour! Hong Kong harbour on such an August night is one of the loveliest visions in the world—the whole place ablaze with thousands of variegated lights, flashing and darting like fireflies, the deep purple panoply above dotted with myriads of stars, the moon sailing majestically above all.

August 23 was my last day at beautiful Hong Kong. Finding that Pope Hennessy, like another Moses, had descended from the Mount, I called at Government House—an ugly square building, but commanding a glorious view over surely the most beautiful harbour in the world.

It will be long before the writer can forget the pleasant days passed with friends at the Club, among whom the French Consul La Grancy's name must not be omitted, and especially with Gower Robinson and the officers of the 74th.

On the following day I was on board the huge American vessel, the *City of Pekin*, a splendid ship of over 5000 tons, and some 400 feet long, superbly fitted up. Slowly we steamed through that glorious Ly-e-Moon passage, which for beauty baffles all description; and soon the harbour of Hong Kong, its town, and its hills grew lessened, till they at length vanished from our view. It was too hot to sleep below deck between China and Japan, and I got a cool berth in the "Social Hall," as the deck saloon is called. Three days after leaving Hong Kong we were in for the tail end (only, luckily) of a typhoon. Among our passengers were some officers of the 74th Regiment, quartered at Hong Kong. Their colonel—Mr. Jago—had passed many years in India—he has a look about him of a French cavalry officer—was one of these. Among the others was an army doctor—Campbell

by name—I liked much. On August 30 we arrived at Yokohama. From early dawn till anchoring in the evening we had passed picturesque islands; but the first impression of Japan, coming fresh from Hong Kong, is one of disappointment.

Our steamer was soon besieged by shoals of boats full of almost nude Japs, whose fine bronze-coloured frames were in striking contrast with the half-starved sickly-looking Chinese coolies we had left behind us in Chinese waters. On landing at the Bund, as the jetty is called, near which the Club House stands, we felt as if we had suddenly returned back to some English seaside town, so European does the place appear. We were soon installed at the comfortable Y. U. C. (Yokohama United Club). As the *City of Pekin* was to continue her voyage to San Francisco in a couple of days, I had to make the most of my short stay in Japan, but hoping in some future year to become better acquainted with the "Land of the Rising Sun" than I could be on this voyage. Had I not left in the *City of Pekin* I should have been obliged to wait for another such vessel in Japan a couple of months, and this I was not able to do, although the military contingent proposed me to "do" Japan with them. But even had I not been anxious to be back as soon as possible in England, I should not greatly have cared to see that country with them; for, like most Britishers, and especially the military ones, they appeared to think it the proper thing to treat the politest people in the world, as these Japanese are, as if they were a very inferior kind of animal to themselves. No wonder that we English are so cordially disliked wherever we go. There is nothing more insolent to a foreigner than an English civilian, unless it be a military Englishman. The Y. U. C. (Yokohama United Club) is smaller and less pretentious a club than that at Hong Kong, but also is most comfortable. There were some agreeable men in it—most of them English, but a few Americans as well. Of these Mr. Howland, a very intelligent young man, I liked much; and a young Mr. Ritchie has been most civil to me, doing me the honours of the place. With him I have been over the principal shops—and what shops! Lock King's famous "store" at Hong

Kong fades into insignificance compared to those "stores" I have seen to-day. Never had one seen more beautiful wares, or in greater profusion what are here called "curios"—marvellous toys and gimcracks, in ivory and in lacquer, in bronze and in jade, in metal-work and wood of all sorts, forms, and fashions; fans, screens, and boxes, inlaid with gems and mother-o'-pearl, as if by fairy fingers, in patterns of flowers and prints, insects, birds, and feathers, gleaming on the wood and metal ground, and jewellery and gold-work as delicate as any of the best antique or cinque-cento Florentine workmanship. In such shops one lets prudence, caution, and other such "dirty passions and bad propensities," as Sterne calls them, go hang, and allows that delightful virtue, unbridled extravagance, to run riot. Oh, for boundless wealth, and a yacht in which to store to the brim those treasures! First impressions are generally the strongest; and certainly Yokohama and the Japanese do not impress me one quarter as much as did Hong Kong and the Chinese, where all is colour and every detail makes a picture, while here there is but little "local colour," not as much as in an English village on a sunny day; for the houses are mostly covered with black tiles, and many have even their wooden walls painted the same colour, funeral hangings of dark blue only relieved by white letters hanging over the doorways. At Yokohama, too, the dresses, although quaint, are not brilliant like those of the Chinese; and there is an absence of that element which made me feel when in Hong Kong and Canton as if one had been transported into some ancient Roman or Assyrian city. Although it may be said that this is owing to Yokohama being much Europeanised, even at Yeddo this brilliancy of colour as compared to China does not exist. There is, I think, much exaggeration in saying that the Japs have lost so much of their nationality in outward things and appearances. The natives who wear European dresses here are the exception, and you may not see half-a-dozen in an hour's walk in the streets of this place, or be taken miles in the gin-riki-show (a little two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a man in the traces), without seeing anything more European than a Japanese lady wearing a "billy-cock" hat.

In one of these conveyances I was taken all about the town; up to the Bluff, where the wealthy Europeans live, and on to a tea-garden, where a pretty little damsel brought us (Ritchie and myself) some straw-coloured decoction they here call tea in a little cup fit for fairy fingers to hold. In this tea-garden, round which a myriad minute shrubs grow in pots, one could judge of the extreme civility of this people, not only to strangers, but to each other: a woman passing through the garden where we were having our pale tea, espying the maid, doubled herself up, and bowed repeatedly, till we began to fear for her spinal marrow, so long did she remain in the shape of a right angle; the little maid was also quite as good a right angle as the other! Imagine two English girls of their class doing this, or when meeting giving anything more than a saucy salute to each other. The next day at Yeddo we saw a native soldier, a private, remain for certainly two minutes in his right angular position; and if you think, madam, that two minutes is not so very long a time to remain thus, pray attempt to remain one, or even half one; the soldier did this not to an officer but to a brother private who was long ago out of sight before the other had resumed a perpendicular attitude. After dinner at the Club my travelling companions all adjourned to No. 9, but what No. 9 is I am not obliged to tell. On the next day, a Sunday, September 1, we visited Yeddo or Tokio; in Japan a tiresome habit obtains of calling the same place by two entirely different names, a practice that is apt to lead to confusion, and is especially hard on one if one's memory has difficulty in retaining even a single name; it is carried here so far that I have seen an English map of Japan in which that island is called by some entirely different name, but what that is I have now no recollection. At the station we found a capital Pullman car train of English construction; the guards are natives, but the engineers English or Americans.

Throughout the hour that the trip lasted we passed through a land which is a perfect garden—along fields of rice and of Indian corn; the soft hills covered to their tops with summer-houses and "gazebos"—a truly flowery land, much more deserving that

term than does Cathay. Our party numbered eight, and in two *chars-à-bancs* we drove all that day about the capital of Japan—first, in duty bound, to write our names at the English Minister's, Sir Harry Parkes, then to view the principal lions of the place.

A town Tokio can hardly be called. It is, in fact, a number of towns, surrounded by other towns, having citadels defended by castellated walls and wide moats, behind which, even in these days, it would be possible to stand a siege. Nothing that I had yet seen in Japan was so fresh and delightful as these moats, in which floated great beds of huge pink water-lilies—as I first thought they were; but they are the rose of Egypt—the sacred lotos of old Nile, the glorious flower whose beauty makes it worthy of its ancient traditions and of its deathless fame. Many temples we visited, all far superior to any of those I saw at Canton. Here the one I most liked stands in a park called Uyeno—it is like something in an opera, and resembled vaguely a scene in the "Prophète." The temple is approached by a stone-flagged way, passing through a grove of large trees, most picturesquely grouped in a thick wilderness on either hand; this road is bordered by double rows of quaintly-shaped and elaborately-carved lanterns in stone. The temple itself, "all glorious within," is also very ornate without, as much so as paint and carving and gilding can make a building. The interior is of wonderful beauty. Before entering you have to remove your boots and so slide in your stockinged feet over the black-polished lacquered floor, which is nearly as slippery as burnished steel. The ceiling is perfect both as to colour and pattern, formed of squares framed in ebony in high relief; on each projecting beam a most delicate cross-shaped pattern, made in what looks like gold, but probably gilt bronze, is worked. Between these beams the groundwork (which is again subdivided by smaller cross beams in ebony) is of a rich gold colour. When I allow that this temple ceiling is even more beautiful than that in my house at Windsor, I have said all that can be said in the manner of praise.

In this temple we watched some of the worshippers; these were Shintos. A large circular mirror is placed in the centre of

the temple; before it the worshipper stands with clasped hands, and silently invokes the Deity.

What according to the guide-books is the finest of these temples at Tokio, that of Sheba, we were unable to visit, as some relations of the Mikado were inside it, and the priest had fastened up all round it long black and white curtains, denoting that there was no admittance during that service at all events. After much trouble our guide prevailed on one of the priests to let us walk round the inner enclosure of the principal temple, the bronze gates of which are said to be marvellous works of art.

Asakusa and its temples is quite a town in itself; hundreds of booths surround the temples—an immense fair. In one of these temples hang monster paper lanterns, some twenty feet high; and near here are wax-works surpassing those in Baker Street, and such as to make Mrs. Jarley turn in her grave for envy.

Our party began to show signs of hunger coupled with acerbity of temper, and our poor little guide got some sharp language showered on him. "What the ——," said one of our military heroes—"What the —— does this —— fool of a guide bring us all this —— way to see some —— waxworks for? —— him!" You know the eloquence of our tongue when wagged by irascible military youth. And so the poor inoffensive little Jap was sat upon and abused, called all manner of hard names, and repeatedly asked in most pressing manner to visit a nameless region for having merely done his duty. I suppose when we accustom our youths to regard corporal punishment, fagging, and such other public-school customs, as fine and manly, and especially truly English institutions, we can hardly be surprised at their carrying out these practices on an extended scale when they are able to bully some harmless coolie or kick a defenceless native Indian. Not until we had breakfasted were our party appeased; but their ill-temper and language returned when we had to make a laborious climb up some hundred and fifty steps of stone, at the top of which there is a panoramic view of the town and harbour; a view more curious than fine. The thousands of dark-roofed

houses look mean and tawdry, and the eye seeks in vain for some tower or steeple to relieve the dull monotony of this wide expanse of dark house-tops; nor can the distant harbour and country be called by any stretch of imagination even picturesque. This was our last general look at the capital of Japan. As we jolted over the roughly-paved streets to the station, sitting at the door of a shop was a thing that in my short-sightedness I took to be a cat, but some one said it was not a cat, but a frog: and a frog or a toad it turned out to be, of immense size. One of our party made a sign to the owner of the creature to follow us; he lifting up the frog rushed after our carriage, but seeing business was not meant put it down again, and it followed him back to his house at a run. One of our companions, Whitehead by name (an officer, but not one of the 74th), affirmed with many an oath that he had seen a frog at Tokio so large that it required two men to lift him, and that when they set him down he would gallop off on all fours "just like a racehorse!" He repeated that he would be everlastingly lost in a future state of existence if he had not with his own eyes seen this running frog; further, that he would wager a very large (the sum was not named) amount of money that this running frog could easily outstrip the fastest horse that ever ran in a race. We were now all attention, and he continued that he was convinced he was in imminent peril of everlasting perdition both as regarded his body and his soul if he did not thoroughly believe that this running frog, this extraordinary animal, could reach Yokohama—always supposing that such was froggie's intention—long before our train could. "For," said he, and this indeed seemed to me conclusive, "the —— train stops at all the —— stations, but I am —— if the frog would!" Whitehead then prayed fervently that he might never meet that particular frog in a lonesome road on a dark night; and also swore that he would soon return to "this —— hole of a place," in order to purchase this remarkable frog and enter him in the ensuing St. Leger, or some other equally great race. When he does, "may I be there to see."

Whitehead is one of the drollest fellows I ever met, with real

wit (how rare a quality with our young army men!) His conversation is not only amusing, but his appearance is so too. He has added to the charms of his outer man by being tattooed over back, arms, and chest. Birds, reptiles, fishes, and flowers meander in graceful confusion over his body; and his chief regret in life is that there is no room left on which to immortalise in imperishable tattoo the great running frog of Tokio. My second and last evening passed at the Club at Yokohama was a very sociable one. Colonel Jago and Whitehead told their best stories, and tried to cap each other.

I met that same evening Lord Ebrington, also bound for San Francisco in the same steamer as myself. He has been "globe-trotting" the last year, and for his age, about four-and-twenty, he has already seen much of the world. He is an amiable youth, but has some of the *brusquerie* of manner and huffiness which I have often remarked in the eldest sons of peers. Next day we were aboard the mighty *City of Pekin* again. My American friend Howland steered the boat which took us aboard from the shore. On our way we had a race with a six-oared boat manned by almost totally nude Japanese boatmen, rolling their oars in the water, and cutting through it in their flat-bottomed boat at a great rate. Although our boat was manned by an equal number of Chinese sailors, pulling in English fashion and as well as any English man-o'-war's crew, they had some trouble in reaching the ship's side the first. On board the steamer I parted with Howland and Whitehead, with the hope of seeing them again. Soon after ten we were towed out of the harbour, and there was an end to my short visit in Japan.

The Trans-Pacific voyage was most uneventful. On landing at San Francisco the custom-house officers made a strict search of our luggage; and although they inspected our Japanese purchases, they confiscated nothing, nor did they make us pay a cent of duty on them.

I found myself, on going to the Palace Hotel, in the very same room that I had occupied six months before. The same afternoon I left 'Frisco on an expedition to the Yosemite Valley—an

excursion which I should not recommend any one making so late in the summer; advice which, I think, the following account of this expedition will sufficiently explain :—

"*September* 26.—At the El Capitan Hotel, Merced. Since my last entry I have passed six as tiring days as I have undergone in any of my travels. The train left Oakland in the afternoon at four. We crossed the ferry in a steamer, where I made the acquaintance of an English youth, a son of the proprietor of the *Times*, bound also for the Yosemite. That is an expedition of such labour and toil that, compared to it, a felon's task would be an agreeable change. We have risen every morning before daybreak; we have been devoured by mosquitoes; we have had every bone in our bodies bruised, every muscle and nerve wrung; we have been covered inches thick in dust; we have been roasted in the sun; our food has been bad; but we have certainly seen one of the greatest sights in the New World in that Titanic valley of the Yosemite, and in the largest and most ancient trees that exist in the world.

"The first part of the expedition was easy-going enough. This consisted of travelling in crowded cars for about half-a-dozen hours by rail to Merced. On getting up the next morning by moonlight it dawned upon us that mosquitoes had been, during the night, engaged at their bloody work. I had escaped easily enough, but my companion Walter, whose skin is ten years younger and tenderer than mine, appeared in a sad plight. We had been able to get little supper the night before, and less sleep, for it was a ball night, and revelry reigned in the Merced Hotel till we had to rise, when we found the place all *dessus-dessous*, the waiters more or less drunk, the whole place looking like a third-rate *baraque* at a fair. What a night that was! What with the big fiddle and trombone, and a hound under our windows in the yard, who howled a dismal accompaniment to these, until at length, tortured by mosquitoes and maddened by this variety of music, we could stand it no longer, and rose fevered and unrefreshed! After a hurried breakfast in a partially-lighted room, full of the remnants of the previous night's revelry, our party, which had now increased

in numbers, started, and was composed, besides my companion and self, of an American and his son—the father short and thick-set, a railway director or surveyor, I imagine, from the attention paid him by the natives; the son, 'Ed,' as *le gros papa* called him, a youth from Harvard University (rather what the Germans would call *ein Lump*)—two young Englishmen, brothers—sons, I imagine, of a rich haberdasher, on a 'lengthy tour'—and two Germans, one an unmistakable Prussian, solemn and consequential, but gentlemanlike, Köster by name, and his friend, a youth from Leipzig, pig-faced, with merry little twinkling eyes—and, last, by a thorough Britisher, a well-to-do burgher of sixty, and a bachelor, with a red face, close-cut grey whiskers, who has seen all the world, but thinks nothing comes up to Cheapside or the Borough, and comes to see the Yosemite because, 'you know, it is a sort of a place one must see, I suppose.'

"Such were our *compagnons de voyage*. *Le gros papa* took up all the front seat of the carriage, a kind of unfinished *char-à-bancs*, not unlike a bad imitation of the trap I drove from London to York. In the middle seats were the young Germans and the English brothers; and in the back seat, with a bar of iron that stuck into one's ribs and spine, and on which two people could have been uncomfortably seated, sat the middle-aged Englishman, Walter, and I.

"Off we started soon after six, the sun even then hot. Little did I know till that drive what the tortures of dust can be. In a few minutes we were all of one colour; and in an hour or two almost of one and the same shape. In spite of knowing that one is from dust, and that to dust one will return, I did not experience any more liking for that element on account of this knowledge.

"The horrors of that drive are indelibly engraved on my mind, as the marks of that iron bar behind our seat were then on my person. Imagine eleven guinea-pigs in a small box, violently shaken together for fourteen hours; who would not feel pity for those animals? But ours was a worse plight, for not only were we violently shaken and banged about in that instrument of torture of a carriage, but the dust literally made sight and hearing,

putting aside smell, disappear—'E'en reason might well have tottered on her throne.' This torture lasted from six in the morning until ten at night, with but one little respite of half-an-hour for luncheon, when we scraped a few inches of the mud, for the heat had turned the coating of dust that covered us into a solid crust, from off our faces. Its effect on us would have been comical had it not been attended with so much suffering; the German from Leipzig's face looked like nothing so much as the lower half of the inside of an hour-glass when the sand is falling, his tip-tilted excuse for a nose being the only portion of his face that was visible. Dust was not only around and in front and behind us, but it was impossible not to breathe it in at every respiration, and I only wonder that the painful internal malady that Sir Henry Thompson has made his special study has not made its appearance since this fearsome dust drive in California. In vain we tried fitfully to be cheerful as we rocked wearily over the sandy plain. For the first dozen miles or so we traversed a hideous waste; nothing, as far as the dust enabled us to see, but sand flats and sand hillocks, burnt grass, rocks, and stones, and desolation. Now and then a prairie dog loomed through the dust clouds, dogs that are said to make their burrows with the prairie owls and live amiably together. 'Of course they must do so *à la* Box and Cox' —the dog out all day and the owl all night—suggested some one, and we tried to laugh at the witticism, but could only choke out some of the dust from our parched throats. 'But how,' objected another, 'how about the rattlesnake, who is also said to make its home with the owl and the dog?' 'Oh, that of course is Mrs. Bouncer, the landlady,' and we choked again a little more of the dust. Towards dusk we left the flat prairie ground, and jolted up and down hills, and dashed through pine and fir woods. As the shadows lengthened and the sky turned from blue to apple green, the woods reminded one of some of Doré's landscapes. After climbing what seemed endless ranges of hills we arrived at night-fall at the top of the valley, and then for the next five hours it was all down-hill going and at a rattling pace. We had reached the summit of the Sierra, some three thousand feet above the sea, and

now entered the Mariposa Forest. The carriage lamps were now lighted, or tried to be, but they were modest lamps and constantly disappeared. At length, when tired to death and vowing that no possible scenery on earth could make up for such a day's journey and such a drive, we drove up to the Big Tree Station, kept by an intelligent man named Washburn. There we sought and obtained for that night the repose we certainly all needed. The station consists of some rough log huts; in the largest of these is the dining-room, sitting-room, and kitchen *en suite.* The bedrooms are in the other huts scattered all about the place; these are clean and comfortable; nor was the food bad, but the charges are exorbitant, and nothing, except perhaps a glass of water, is charged less than half a dollar. To have one's boots dusted costs half-a-crown. Our start was an early one next morning. Compared to the former this was a short drive, only of four-and-twenty miles instead of nearly seventy; but most of the way was uphill, and we were six hours over it. We passed over the Merced River, a clear stream; from there the scenery began to be beautiful; immense trees, like gigantic masts, rose on either side of the road, with here and there a gap in the forest, when one's eye rested on some well-timbered valley below.

"On reaching Allder Creek we were two thousand feet above the halting-place of the night before. Thence commenced the descent, and in a bend of the road we caught sight of the Yosemite Valley, two thousand feet beneath us. Almost opposite and on the other side of that narrow valley rose the perpendicular and mystic peak named 'El Capitan,' some thirteen hundred feet high. On our left fell the Bridal Veil Waterfall, sadly diminished and brought low by the summer droughts, not unlike the Giesbach, but nine hundred feet in height. This and the Nevada Falls were the only ones in play (if one may use such an expression of a cascade).

"In the spring one of the chief beauties of the Yosemite consists in its many waterfalls; one of these has a fall of three thousand feet. However, the Bridal Veil did its best in the absence of its sister falls; and as we paused a little on this turn of the road,

which has been rather appropriately named 'Inspiration Point,' we saw the cascade robed in a diaphanous and rainbow-coloured glory, like a stream of chequered light thrown athwart from the stained-glass of some ancient minster. Beyond rose peak upon peak of perpendicular rock; these are named the 'Brothers,' the 'Cathedral Rocks,' and the 'Sentinel,' all more than two thousand feet above the valley; and again, towering higher yet than these prodigious crags, a still more gigantic mountain monarch rears its head of jagged granite, half of its rounded brow cut off as if by some monster cleaver, which seems to have shorn its high crown from the giddy summit into the Yosemite three thousand and odd feet below. This is the 'Half Dome,' and yet again beyond this in the far-away distance towers the great 'Clouds' Rest,' higher than all—sublimely awful!

"As we drove on through the valley one felt almost oppressed by the gigantic cliffs that shut it in on either side. It appears but a path between these huge granite walls. Walter, the Americans, and myself, elected to stay at Black's 'Hotel,' a long wooden shanty; the others went further in the valley to another inn. That evening we visited the 'Mirror Lake,' which I consider a swindle. Expecting to see something like an English lake among Swiss mountains, which is the impression given one by Bierstadt's great painting of this 'Mirror Lake,' we found nothing more than an enlargement of the little Merced River, that flows through the valley in tortuous curves; a lake not much bigger than many an artificial pond in an English or French garden, some thirty yards wide perhaps. That the surrounding rocks are reflected in its waters is a fact, but not, I imagine, a particular or peculiar phenomenon; and I feel almost certain that I have seen such reflections of surrounding objects in other waters and on other lakes. What particularly disgusted me with this Mirror humbug was a tout of a guide who, in the way those detestable pests have, pounced upon us and jabbered away at some nonsense respecting the 'lake' and its reflections, and the shapes and forms and figures that could, if one chose to see them, be found on the sides of the rocks above us. Here, he said, you could distinctly see the form

of a monkey's head, and there the rump of a bear; Washington's profile on this side, and that of a pedlar on the other. With Hamlet I felt inclined to say, 'It is backed like a weasel—or like a whale? very like a whale;' but the tout was even more insupportable than old Polonius, and I wished him at the bottom, if deep enough, of his Mirror Lake. At length I had him on the hip, asking him how many miles wide his Mirror Lake was. This query made him, to use an Americanism, 'telescope;' but as we turned to leave he had his revenge, demanding as a right, 'toll,' for, forsooth, having plagued us with his weasels' backs and pedlars' profiles; but the impudent scoundrel, for all that, got half a dollar a head from us. This system of fleecing sightseers by demanding 'toll' obtains more in America than in any other country, and more in this Yosemite Valley than any other place in the States. Niagara, on the American shore, is in this respect a scandal; no scenery can repay one the annoyance of being told that one must give a mercenary fellow a dollar for one's having traversed a bridge or for having walked up a badly-kept path. At the Yosemite, when riding up to 'Glacier Point' or some other coign of vantage, one has to pay for having ridden up to the place; but the unwary pedestrian, who fondly imagines that, not being on horseback, he will escape payment, is also equally fleeced, and, doubtless, if he thought to evade the blackmail by crawling up on all fours he would be told that he must pay double 'toll.' In fairness to the Mirror Lake I must add that as we gazed at this piece of water, not as wide as the lake in St. James's Park, the top of the rocks, whose white peaks were then gilded by the setting sun, were certainly vividly and beautifully reflected in the still waters, of which one of the Germans had expressed his admiration by saying that they were '*Ach Gott, wie schmutzig!*' Darkness was over the valley before we got back to our wooden tenement, where we found a supper and comfortable beds.

"The next morning, October 23, there were two sensible people in the Yosemite Valley—these were Walter and myself. We had bound ourselves by a solemn oath on the previous evening, that nothing except a grand conflagration of the wooden house we were

in should make us leave our beds at such unseemly hours as we had been obliged to do of late; and although our American friends woke us up by rising at an indecently early hour to do what they call here the 'Round Trip,' we would none of it, either round or square, and wisely only broke our fast some two hours after 'Ed' and his stout parent had left the shanty. We breakfasted well off porridge and trout, and at ten rode off, accompanied by a venerable fossil of a guide who reminded me of the portraits of John Brown, abolitionist and martyr. We sat on Mexican saddles, which are well adapted for the kind of riding we had that day—up and down precipitous tracks. Our horses were little wiry nags, sure-footed as mules. Up we rode some three thousand feet to Glacier Point: before this a hut is reached from which a superb view is to be had of the great Half Dome Mountain, but we had still to ascend. Riding through a forest of pines, none of which can be much under sixty feet high, at length we attained the summit of the mountain—a wide, bare plateau—one huge boulder of decaying granite. This they called the Sentinel Dome; from it the whole of the Yosemite Valley is seen, four thousand feet below. All around stand the great cone rocks, and in the valley winds like a chain of diamonds the Merced River. The intense desolation of this scene is its most striking and peculiar feature, beyond all conception desolate. This to me is the most remarkable effect in this Californian valley. It is on such a spot and in such a place that the Almighty might have thundered His anger forth against the rebellious tribes of Israel; on such a blasted crag—where only a dwarfed stone pine can live—one can imagine Moses receiving the Tables of the Law from the omnipotent Jehovah, in storm and whirlwind; or here interceding for his people camped below many miles away in that peaceful valley among their tents and their flocks. Awfully grand it is, this Valley of the Yosemite, beyond all question; but not beautiful—at least not in my sense of that term. I could name half-a-dozen infinitely more beautiful places in Switzerland, and two or three in Scotland; though none indeed more sublimely impressive, both as regards the form and wonderful declivity of these great

bastions of rock. Probably at other seasons of the year there is more colour here; now the grass is yellow and parched up, but even in the spring the prevailing colour—from the amount of pine woods—must be a sombre green. The rocks are a dirty white, not like snow, unless it be our London snow, that some people would have them: they are a dull dirty grey, stained in many places by the water that has coursed down their steep sides for so many thousands of years. In some places they are so discoloured that one might imagine that, in the times of the Giants, some of those Colossi had used them as writing-desks—their pens, pines eighty feet long, dipped in the waters of some inky lake, of which a little had coursed down the sides of the stony desks.

"Our companions joined us at luncheon at the hut on Glacier Point. We could not but rejoice that those unfortunates who had been since early dawn in the saddle, doing the 'Round Trip,' were not in the best humour with it, and declared that the view we had before us was the finest they had seen that day. Ed's father did nothing but bewail himself at not having remained like us comfortably in bed till nine that morning.

"A few yards from the luncheon hut is Glacier Point; it forms the corner of one of the mountains, and commands a grand view of the valley below. To test the height we threw some empty beer bottles over the edge; about eighteen seconds elapsed before we heard the slight 'bing' that announced their arrival below. Descending the mountain, Walter preferred going on foot to riding down, confessing that he had not the nerve to ride on so narrow a path, from which a false step of the brute would send him rolling down where the empty beer bottles had disappeared.

"We started off at cock-crow on our return drive next morning, October 24. Our party had increased—a fat German of the name of Schutz, and an English clergyman of florid hue and white-bearded, a face that only wanted a monk's cowl over it to turn it into a Friar Tuck, and his sister-in-law, a gushing damsel of no age in particular. I was glad to bid adieu to the Yosemite. Of course, if sketching is one's object, three or even more

months might be profitably passed there; but for the general impression of the place I had seen enough in those two days. That it is a place worth seeing there can be no question; but whether the miserable journey is repaid by what one sees is another. I strongly advise all but the most ardent admirers of scenery not to undertake the expedition in the autumn; and not for an empire would I go through that drive again from Merced to Clark's. We were told that on an average 3000 people visit the Yosemite yearly; of these about half are Germans and the others mostly English. Returned to Clark's, we set out on horseback to see the far-famed Mammoth Trees—the *Sequoias gigantea;* the trunk of a portion of one of these trees I remember twenty years ago in the Crystal Palace. Walter was too knocked up to join those who rode to the grove, some six miles away from the inn. A more beautiful ride cannot be imagined. The path leads through a dense pine forest; trees which anywhere else would be considered of prodigious size, look quite puny to those we saw later in our ride.

"The first of these mammoths we came upon are two mighty towers of wood, standing like giant twin-brothers on either side of a small glen; the others are beyond these, scattered throughout the forest. It is not easy to recall individually even the greatest among some six hundred of those gigantic pines; the one which impressed me most is called the 'Grisly Giant,' and stands almost alone in solemn majesty. One is therefore the better able to gauge the enormous size and height of this monarch of the forest, which is some three hundred feet high and nearly one hundred in girth. The first bough which juts out from the red stem is over eighty feet from the ground, and at six feet from the trunk measures twenty feet round. These trees are altogether beautiful—beautiful from their prodigious height and size, and of inexpressible majesty and solemnity; their colouring, too, is another of their many beauties. There is one called the 'Forest Queen,' more like a polished pillar of porphyry than a tree—a pillar some eight hundred feet high! Much sooner would I have missed seeing the Valley of the Yosemite than these glorious

trees; they made one feel, while riding beneath them and looking up at their matchless height, as one only does when seeing or hearing some glorious work of art—before a cartoon by Raffaelle, or listening to a march of Handel's or a requiem of Bach's. They brought one's heart into one's throat and a mist to one's eyes, and one felt under them nearer to God and to heaven! We measured one of these forest giants—him they have called by the great name of Washington; he is one hundred and seven feet round his base. Many, alas! are fallen, and some bear witness to having been burnt. Through the hollow trunk of one you can ride. With what delight could one pass days in this natural temple, the dome of which is the blue sky, the pillars these stately purple columns! But we had to get back to the inn before dark, as the forest track is not a pleasant one to ride along after nightfall.

"Next morning we were up by moonlight, and off again before dawn. Of all abominable things, none, I think, is worse than having to get up by the light of a candle; it is better not to go to bed at all than to do so. And then the weary sixty miles' drive recommenced, the dust and the jolting, but mercifully not as bad as in coming; for the second day's torture can never equal that of the first, the torn nerves are deadened with the former anguish. We again halted for luncheon at Mariposa; from there we rattled at a good rate over the weary prairie, beyond which the great globe of orange colour was setting in a sea of amber and scarlet sky. A great cloud swept athwart the eastern sky shaped like a monster sickle, and above lay a row of tumbled clouds like a frozen sea against a saffron sky. On the horizon the long range of the Mariposa hills formed a dark barrier over a wide desert of tawny yellow ground; a weird and telling picture.

"*October* 5. –Hotel Brunswick, New York. Here I am back again after an absence of nearly seven months. I have little to chronicle since leaving Merced. The autumn tints on the Wahsatch Mountains looked like gems scattered on the hills, with the bright Weber River glancing and reflecting them. I made the acquaintance of a young American naval lieutenant, *en route* for Albany. We spent a pleasant day at his father's, Admiral

Strong's, home. From young Strong I learnt the sad news of my friend Harry Montagu's sudden death at San Francisco in August. I had looked forward to seeing him again on reaching New York, but it was not to be. New York had gone into mourning for the bright, handsome young actor so suddenly cut off. On October 1 we reached Omaha, crossed the Missouri that evening, reaching Chicago on the next day. On the following we arrived at Niagara, thence on to the Hudson, crossing it at Newburgh, where for the day I was the guest of my friend's father, as fine a specimen of an old salt, although crippled with rheumatism, as one could see. Newburgh is a delightful Dutch-looking clean town, surrounded by trim gardens and studded with pretty villas. From Newburgh by steamer down the grandest river in the world. The view from opposite West Point is glorious, combining something of sea, a lake, and a river all in one. Under a fine sunset sky we passed the Palissades and reached the Empire City that evening. At the Lamb's Club I heard from one of poor Harry Montagu's best friends—Mr. Beckett—the details of his last hours. It was during this, my second short stay at New York, that I made the acquaintance, and I hope the lasting friendship, of one of the most delightful, and of the kindest and most generous of human beings, 'Uncle Sam,' or, as I dubbed him, 'Jupiter Ammon,' or, as he is officially known, Samuel Ward, Esq., poet, politician, and prince of good fellows. Writing to me on my return to England, and referring to Uncle Sam, Rosebery says: 'It is quite a liberal education to know him, and it is worth having gone round the world to be rewarded by his acquaintance at the journey's end;' a sentiment and opinion with which I entirely agree. We, Uncle Sam and I, made several excursions together; the longest and most interesting was that to see Longfellow at Cambridge, near Boston. (An account of this visit appears in the next chapter.) Many pleasant outings owed I to Uncle Sam; one of these, to Long Island, was most enjoyable: and to many a sumptuous dinner did he invite me at the Brevoort House. At one of these I met the Minister, Mr. Evarts, the best type of what the English call a Yankee statesman, shrewd, trenchant, and incisive. One of

Uncle Sam's friends, Mr. Stewart, an English ex-M.P., introduced me to Madame Modjeska, then appearing before an American audience with almost as much success as followed her after-career in England.

"It would take too long to do more than barely allude to the unfailing kindness and the splendid hospitality that I met with on all sides during my too short a stay that autumn in New York.

"October 12 saw me on board the *Adriatic*, White Star Line s.s., when I shared a cabin with a most agreeable and sociable companion, Mr. Howard Paul. The captain (Jennings), a splendid old sailor, full of quips and cranks, conundrums and stories, all more or less *tant soit poivré*, regarded not storm or hurricane signals, as we found to our cost, for we went out almost in the teeth of a great gale, which disabled six of the crew and played old gooseberry with the boats and portions of the deck gear. Everything was battened down, and for three days, I believe, no one was seen out of his cabin. Howard Paul, who has made this voyage sixteen times, said he never remembered such a gale; however, we were neither of us the worse, and I enjoyed being so much in the society of my companion, whose fund of anecdote and drollery made even these long days between decks in our darkened little cabin pass agreeably. A sad incident occurred as we reached the shores of Ireland. At Queenstown news reached our good old captain that his eldest son had died in China. The poor old man had shortly before been telling me how proud he was of this son of his, whom he expected home soon, after an absence of five years. Such are the things that make life hard to bear, and if one had not faith and hope in another and a better state, one would be willing and anxious to leave this.

"On the morning of the 22nd we arrived at Liverpool. Soon after sunrise I was on deck; a gorgeous sky of grey and silver clouds all around, like one of Cotman's paintings. On the steam-tug that came out to meet our steamer were some friends, the faithful Robert among them. At Chester station I was met by my dear sister, who had driven from Eaton. She had seen me

off at Euston on the night of March 17, and now she was here to welcome me back with all her blessed affection."

In November I went to Paris with Frank Miles. It was his first visit there. I had not yet seen the Exhibition opened in the early summer of that year. During that time I began the statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, as a companion to the one of Gladstone.

On November 24 died poor old Dr. Quin. Of him, at the time, I wrote the following notice, of which this is an extract; a poor *oraison funèbre* of that genial little medico:—

"In the world of London—in that little portion of it that considers itself the best—Dr. Quin will be greatly missed. The close of a life that has been so long and painfully drawn out during a score of years will be felt a real loss, for in his line Quin had no equal. If not 'a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,' he was certainly the last of the wits of London society. Not that his humour was of the best or of the most brilliant kind. By the side of Theodore Hook's fun Quin's would have been thought flat, and his style of pleasantry dull compared to that of Douglas Jerrold. But in these days we must put up with small wits and poor conversationalists; and until the asthma, with which Quin was latterly so cruelly afflicted, had made his presence at social gatherings more painful to his friends than exhilarating, no dinner would have been considered a success without the presence of his short form, and that face not unlike an ancient comic mask. . . . Quin was something more than a mere jester, or an amusing guest. He had the rare quality of being a true and sincere friend, and both men and women could consult him with a certainty that the advice he gave them would be the best, and that their confidence would not be misplaced. Probably half the scandals that taint London society were known to him during the last half-century: what a fearful catalogue of wickedness he must have carried in his head! I have heard it said that, after reading Charles Greville's disgraceful 'Memoirs,' Quin destroyed those he had written. This is to be regretted, as what he wrote could not have been ill-natured as were those of old 'Punch' Greville. Quin never, I believe, said or did anything ill-natured, and his great popularity in society

was doubtless owing to this. What a profound contempt he must have felt for that same society, with its ill-nature and its spite, its back-biting, tale-bearing, and petty slander! Quin had known nearly all the people best worth knowing these fifty years and more. He had been an intimate friend of the widow of Charles Edward Stuart (call him the 'Young Chevalier,' or 'the Pretender,' as you will). He has talked scandal with Napoleon's favourite sister, the lovely and frail Pauline Borghese—she who sat to Canova 'naked but not ashamed,' and when asked how she could do so, replied that there was a fire in the room at the time. He had taken snuff with and listened to the *bon mots* of Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. 'Betty' Foster, whose likeness by Gainsborough when Duchess of Devonshire every one has seen either in photography or engraving, died in his arms more than half a century ago. And when Buonaparte lay dying on his prison rock, Quin volunteered to go and attend the moribund Cæsar, and was on the point of starting for St. Helena when the news arrived that the Emperor was dead. More recently Quin was one of the *habitués* of Gore House, where he often met Louis Napoleon, D'Orsay, and Benjamin d'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

"From the widow of Charles Edward to Lord Beaconsfield, from past to present, from the widow of the man who in his own right sought to tear the crown of England off the head of the victor of Dettingen, to him who has placed the imperial diadem on that of his descendant—what a long space that seems for a single life to have seen! But yet, it was only yesterday that the man who knew these people was among us. There is no occasion," I add, "to do more here than merely allude to the services Dr. Quin rendered homœopathy in this country. He was the first of our medical men to follow in the steps of Hahnemann, and even those who had never met the cheery little doctor in society ought to feel grateful to his memory for ridding us of the abhorred draughts and nostrums, blue pills and disgusting potions, that the old-fashioned school of medicine delighted in."

Christmastide that year was saddened by the news of the death of the beloved Princess Alice. "Seventeen years have passed

since such a profound national feeling of sorrow for and sympathy with our Queen and her family has been called forth; it reminds one of that black Sunday immediately following the death of the Prince Consort," I write, on hearing of this fresh and terrible grief that had befallen our beloved Queen.

"*December* 23.—At Trentham. Snow shrouds this place in one vast winding-sheet. Gardens, shrubs, hills, woods, lake, statues, and temples all under that white canopy. I struggled through the snow up the park to see our dear old nurse, Mrs. Ingram, at Hanchurch; she and all the folk about much excited at the visit which the Prince Imperial is going to make here. He will not have much fun on the ice, for although the gardeners are clearing the snow off, it is rough and rugged. The Borthwicks are here, and Sabine Greville, whose recitations are admirable, especially those of Tennyson's 'Grandmother,' and 'Sir Richard Greville.' The Prince arrived that night from London with the Duc de Bassano. Lord Beaconsfield was to have been also of the party, but he writes to me saying, 'I am disappointed that I have not the pleasure of meeting you at Trentham. I had quite made up my mind to spend my Christmas there, but the severity of the season and my haphazard health keep me here a close prisoner in a white world, and the snow still falling.'

"*December* 27.—Still at Trentham. A thaw has set in, making the ice on the lake in a terrible state, but the Prince Imperial perseveres in playing hockey on it all day long, and comes back after dusk wringing wet from head to foot, much to the old 'Duc's' concern. Never was there so energetic a young man. We all like him immensely. His charm of manner, frank cordiality, and thorough enjoyment of everything he takes part in accounts for this. He is as courteous and civil to the *employés* and people about the place as he is to my brother and his wife. Yesterday he was taken all over the offices, stables, home farm, poultry yard, carpenters' yard, &c.—beginning at the stables and finishing with the kennels. He paid old Mrs. Roberts a visit at the clerk of the works' house. She has been here half a century, and had told me how anxious she was, good soul, to see this 'Bonny Party,'

for she remembered when a child her terror of England being invaded by the great Napoleon. The Prince told her that he hoped he at any rate caused her no fear. The old lady, who is eighty-six, was naturally highly delighted. The Prince spent nearly half-an-hour overlooking the account-book of the labourers' and artificers' wages in the office. He has also been taken over the Stoke potteries by Minton Campbell, who did him the honours of that interesting place.

"Poor Eliot Yorke is dead, aged only five-and-thirty. I feel deeply for his brother 'Alec,' who was devoted to him, and for his poor mother, Lady Hardwicke. He was one of the handsomest fellows in London ten years ago. What good times we had in the old Cambridge days together, when I used to see him at Wimpole! '*La vie est une triste chose quand la jeunesse est passée*,' said Gustave Doré to me the other day in Paris. I do not agree with this sentiment, but if those we have most cared about and loved best in this world leave us, or are taken from us, then, indeed, this life becomes '*une triste chose.*'"

CHAPTER XXVIII

IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICANS, AND A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW

SOON after my return to England, Mr. T. G. Bowles asked me to write for *Vanity Fair* my impressions of the Americans. The following was the result. Appended to these "impressions" is a short account, also written for *Vanity Fair*, of a visit paid to Longfellow.

"You have asked me to give you in a few lines my impressions of the American people. This sounds to me like asking a fly to give his impressions of the mind of a man on whose head he has alighted. Altogether, I was but a fortnight in the Imperial City —as I believe New York is now called—on my voyage to and from San Francisco; for I hurried across the vast continent, only stopping on my voyage out a day at Niagara and one at Salt Lake City, on my way from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. In New York I saw but little of the society of that place, not caring for dining out or for calls of ceremony, and passing my days in walks about the town, and my evenings at the theatre, or in a theatrical club yclept 'the Lambs,' in Union Square, where poor Harry Montagu, one of the best fellows that ever stepped, had on the day after my arrival entered my name as honorary member. Not being a *personnage*, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening, and having wished to see the social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveller, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan, than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment

would do. I mixed with all classes, in the street-car or omnibus (which in its American form is as superior to our London 'bus as is a Parisian victoria to a 'growler'), in the Union Club—the Travellers' of New York—and in the palatial steamer of the River Hudson, to which steamer and to which river we have nothing to compare in the Old World. Wherever I went I found all classes of the Americans not only civil, but highly civilised, as compared class for class with the English; not only amiable, but, as a rule, kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the invariable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustled in silk or wore linsey-woolsey or homespun; however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighbouring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises, I believe, from a mutual and intuitive good-breeding with which, as I said before, the Americans of every class are endowed.

"For instance, if one entered a room in a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a 'Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know? and what the Dash does he here?' sort of look; nor, if one entered into conversation with some one in a railway car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which, in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without waiting for an introduction?'

"My experience has been in America that if you ask a service from a stranger it is accorded readily, without condescension or fuss; that among them is little of the snobbish wish to appear to those we do not know as greater people than we really are, little of that disgusting patronage of manner that prevails in this country among the richer classes, and none of the no less disgusting cringi-

ness of manner which as greatly prevails among our tradespeople, and which makes me for one hesitate before asking my way in the streets of a well-dressed man, or entering a shop where one will (if known as 'a good customer') be received by a mealy-mouthed mortal all smiles and grimaces, who will think that he will more readily secure a purchaser by showing some article ordered by My Lord This or My Lady That. On the contrary, the New York tradesman or shopkeeper receives you with civility, but without any of that cringiness of manner which seems to me little less insulting than actual insolence; he will allow you to look as long as you like at any of the articles his shop may contain, and will be equally civil if you purchase or if you do not; but he will not rub his hands and contract his features into a leer; and if you were to show him your superiority of position by affecting to look down on him as being 'only a tradesman,' he would probably show you that there is something more in being a citizen of a Great Republic than mere sound; and that although you may fancy yourself a superior being from not being a Republican or a shopman, he might be able to prove to you that one man is as good as another.

"I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came into contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility—the civility of equals, which is after all the truest. I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves.

"I grant that the Americans we meet on the Continent of Europe are often offensive in manner, and give a very unfavourable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions. As a rule they are those who have inherited or made fortunes which they know not how to spend, and therefore have come over to the Old World, which they astonish with their vagaries and extravagances. But it would be most unjust to judge the American people by these units. What Englishman but regrets, and is heartily ashamed of

his fellow-countrymen and women whom he meets on the boulevards of Paris, on the Rhine steamers, or in the galleries of Rome? 'Where,' he cries, 'do these originals come from? What corner of England has produced such frights? Great Heavens! to think that they should belong to us!' And what can be more preposterous and unfair than that, because the Palais Royal Theatre and Mons. About regard the 'Milor Anglais' as a subject of everlasting ridicule, all English lords should be put down as having long red whiskers, teeth two inches long, and wives and daughters with poke bonnets, limp curls, and huge splay feet? It would be as unjust to judge of all English men and women by such types as to think that the Americans resemble the American who certainly is not an agreeable feature in an Alpine scene or in an Italian church; and yet this is precisely the injustice we English have dealt out to our great kinsmen ever since the War of Independence. I would wish every young Englishman of means—and especially of position—to visit the great country across the Atlantic, and to mix with that great people. He would learn more by spending a few months in the States of matters appertaining to humanity and the ways of the world — not what Londoners call the world, but the real world of thought, of intellect, and of the future—than he would by passing a year at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the House of Commons. A young French noble, having visited England towards the end of the *ancien régime*, on his return being asked what he had learnt in England, replied—'To think.' This might be the reply of one of our *jeunesse dorée* after visiting the States.

"These are some of my sentiments and my impressions concerning the American people."

A friend of mine, whose title and family name are both floral, and who appreciates and is appreciated by the Americans, hearing that I had made acquaintance, and consequently a lasting friendship, with Sam Ward, or as his friends, who are legion both in the Old and New World, call him, "Uncle Sam," wrote that to know the aforesaid Sam Ward was in itself "a liberal education!"

Those of my readers who have been at the Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue, New York, will not require to be reminded of the invariable kindness and courtesy that all Englishmen experience at the hands of Uncle Sam; and for such as have not had the privilege of making his acquaintance, I can only say that the sooner they go to America and do so the better for them.

I had been taken by Sam Ward to see a day's racing on the new course at Jerome Park, a four miles' drive out of New York. A prettier racecourse I never saw, but my acquaintance with racecourses is of a limited kind, and I daresay Goodwood would be reckoned a finer one. Jerome Park is in a valley, admirably laid out and planted; a serpentine racecourse winds in and out of the plantations; the stands are as smart as those of Longchamps, and much more comfortable.

A pleasant idle day was closing in; the last race, a steeplechase, had been run, won, and lost; and as we were making ready to return to town, Uncle Sam suddenly remarked that I could not think of leaving America (I was going in a couple of days back to England) without paying Longfellow a visit.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied; "but how is one to get to Boston, a ten hours' railway journey, visit Longfellow, and return to New York, to-day being Wednesday, and my boat sailing on Friday?"

"Nothing simpler," Uncle Sam responded; "we will leave New York to-night by the ten o'clock train, breakfast at my club in Boston to-morrow morning, drive over to Longfellow at Cambridge, catch the mid-day train, and be back in New York to-morrow night; that will give you time to pack up, and, as you must go, time to start on Friday morning for England."

That night, after dining at that best of restaurants, Delmonico's, we passed in a Pullman car, and found ourselves at seven the following morning in Boston—the most English-looking town in America.

On one side of a park, which is not unlike our St. James's, runs a street lined with handsome private dwellings and clubs, that made one half think one had been suddenly transplanted

to Piccadilly. In one of these clubs—the Somerset—a most luxurious place, we breakfasted as one only can in America or Paris; for here every meal is a study, and this was emphatically a "square" one. Then we drove over to Cambridge, a pretty town of villas about four miles from Boston, where lived the greatest of American poets. Within a short distance of the house we saw Longfellow, walking with one of his daughters. Although I had only seen that "good grey head" once before, and that ten years ago, I recognised him even sooner than did my companion, who, however, lost not a moment in embracing his old friend, for Sam Ward and Longfellow have been fast friends for half a century or more.

If asked to describe Longfellow's appearance, I should compare him to the ideal representations of early Christian saints and prophets. There is a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression which one associates with St. John at Patmos saying to his followers and brethren, "Little children, love one another!" Longfellow's house has an historical interest attaching to it apart from its being the poet's dwelling, for it was here that Washington had his headquarters after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the room which tradition says was occupied by the General was curiously enough the same which Longfellow first inhabited when, a new-fledged Professor at Cambridge, he lodged here in 1837, little expecting that this house, then let to various lodgers, would one day be his. In this historic chamber, on the second story, the earliest of his poems were written; here the translations from Old Spanish and German poems were made; and here his "Outre Mer," the first series of the poems that made his name known throughout the world of literature, was penned. The building, which is known as Craigie House, from the name of a former proprietor, once Apothecary-General of the Northern provincial army, is not unlike in character to many an old mansion about Chiswick or Richmond of the time of Queen Anne or George I.

The grounds in which it stands are said to be beautiful, but I saw nothing of them, for our visit, being necessarily a very short

one, made one not inclined when once in the poet's study to leave it, even were the gardens of Armida close at hand; but on entering and leaving Craigie House I noticed some fine old trees, venerable enough to have given shade to Washington and to have dropped their leaves at his feet more than a century ago.

The walls of the entrance hall are lined with wainscoting, and the staircase is of dark old oak. On the landing stands an ancient clock, that must, I should think, bring one of the best known of Longfellow's poems into the mind of every visitor. Almost involuntarily on seeing it one repeats the lines on "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

The poet's study is on the right and on the ground-floor; this room also rejoices in ancient wainscoted walls. Here are no modern decorations, no modern wall-papers, or new-fangled furniture; above the chimney-piece is placed one of the circular diminishing mirrors that our grandparents liked so well; this is crowned by a golden eagle with outspread pinions; but whether the bird is emblematical of America or not I cannot tell.

The poet's study-table—the anvil on which so much precious ore has been hammered out—occupies the middle of the room. It is littered with books and papers. The latest arrival I saw from Europe was the new edition of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." German and French literature are well represented, as well as English, on the well-filled shelves of the book-cases that line the walls of Longfellow's sanctum.

By the side of this table stands a statuette of an elderly man in a long frock-coat, his hands placed behind him. This is said to be the best likeness of Goethe extant. On the walls are portraits of relations and friends of the poet. Had I the power that the late Nassau Senior possessed to such an extraordinary extent of being able to remember and set down conversations, I should write a more interesting account than this one I fear is, but not having it, I must be content with merely recording that for upwards of an hour I listened to as pleasant a conversation as I ever remember to have heard between these old friends. Mr. Ward's flow of recollections and reminiscences is amazing, and Longfellow,

although no great talker, proved himself to be, what is almost rarer, a capital listener.

Longfellow spoke as if his journeyings were over, as if he should not return to the Old World; his impressions of his travels in Europe, the first of which he made more than forty years ago, are pleasant ones. There are certainly few places in Europe which could be more attractive to the poet than his home in Massachusetts. Longfellow has had the rare fortune of being thoroughly appreciated in his own country and in other countries during his lifetime; how different probably would have been the career of Byron, of Keats, or of Shelley, had it been thus with them! It would be presumptuous for me, and out of place, to do more here than allude to the universal popularity of Longfellow's works wherever English is spoken; I believe it is not an exaggeration to say that his works are more popular than those of any other living poet. What child is there who has not heard of "Excelsior," or "Evangeline," of "Miles Standish," or of "Hiawatha"? What songs more popular than "The Bridge," and "I know a maiden fair to see"? Or who, after reading the "Psalm of Life," or the "Footsteps of Angels," does not feel a little less worldly, a little less of the earth, earthy? The world, indeed, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Bidding me note the beauty of the autumnal tints that make America in the "fall" look as if rainbows were streaming out of the earth, Longfellow presented me with a goodly sample of the red and golden leaves of the previous autumn, which, although dry and faded, still glowed like gems; these leaves I brought away with me, and they now form a garland round the poet's portrait; a precious *souvenir* of that morning passed at Craigie House.

Many years ago Cardinal Wiseman alluded to Longfellow in words that bear repeating.

"Our hemisphere," said the Cardinal, "cannot claim the honour of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the moral

teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

That evening we returned to New York, and the following day I was on board my steamer, bound Eastward Ho! over "those three thousand miles of everlasting wet."

CHAPTER XXIX

1879: *PARIS, ITALY, RUSSIA, AND SPAIN*

IN the middle of January I lost a friend and Windsor neighbour in E. M. Ward, M.A., the historical *genre* painter, whose works were highly admired some twenty years ago, and whose name will rank high among our historical painters as long, indeed, as his admirable pictures of "Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room," and "The South Sea Bubble," both in the National Gallery, exist.

"I had seen Ward shortly before his death, when he appeared depressed and in very low spirits; but the terrible cold and darkness of this winter were quite enough to account for this on an impressionable mind." His wife, equally known with her husband for her artistic talents, supported her great trial heroically, and even had I not known her sterling qualities before, I should have discovered them when this great sorrow overwhelmed her—a sorrow that would have crushed down to the ground a woman less gifted with courage and strength of character. Of my friend Mr. Ward I write at the time, "His misfortune was to have been early in his career written up by the critics and in later life written down by them; the fact being that his style of art, which belonged, but was not equal, to Leslie's, but superior to Newton's, had lived its day, and had ceased to be the fashion among art-dealers and picture-buyers. When the Pre-Raffaellites came into fashion the English school of historical *genre* painting received its death-blow. Ward will always hold an honourable place in English art through his paintings in the Vernon Collection; but even up to the last his hand had not lost its cunning, as the last important picture he finished, that of Voltaire at Sans Souci—for which,

by the way, Robert gave him some sittings only a few days before the artist's death—proved; it is full of vigour and imagination. So is a charming but unfinished painting representing Marie Antoinette, when Dauphine, with Edmund Burke. Of this sketch Frith said that his friend had never painted anything better. This bears out what I have said of his artistic powers not having left him; but the critics and the fashion had, and this poor Ward felt with a bitterness even unto death." This unfinished work was most kindly given me by the family of my lamented friend. During most of that terribly severe winter I was hard at work in Paris on the statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, of which I sent him a photograph while the work was incomplete, and received the following acknowledgment:—

"Downing Street, *February* 4.

"Dear Ronald,—I never presume to give my opinion of self-resemblance, but everybody to whom I have shown your photograph greatly admires it; they think it excellent as a work of art, and all agree that it is the first satisfactory likeness that has been produced of your friend and servant, Beaconsfield."

And later in the year, when I sent him a cast of the statuette, he wrote thus: "You have conferred on me a great honour. All my friends, who have seen your beautiful work, pronounce it the best likeness which has yet been accomplished of your present correspondent." A still more precious mark of approval was given me by the Queen, who graciously accepted one of these statuettes of a Minister who, whatever one's views of his policy may be, was undoubtedly the soul of loyalty and devotion to his royal mistress. That gracious letter in which the Queen wrote her approval of this likeness of her great Minister is more precious to me than a dukedom or the Order of the Garter.

Much snow fell that winter in Paris, and with it Macmahon and his Ministry.

On January 30 Grévy became President of the Republic.

"Except," I write at the time, "except a greater number of

'*sergents de ville*' walking two and two in the streets, there is little indication of any excitement in Paris; but there is a very noticeable look on people's faces of what, for want of an English equivalent, one must call '*soulagement*;' and no wonder the people were tired to death by the endless crises which Macmahon, whether rightly or wrongly I do not pretend to say, has made them go through during the last two years. What the feeling regarding this change of Government is in 'society' here I cannot say, as although I went out in it but little during former visits to Paris I have latterly entirely given up so doing, as it interferes with work in the studio—one cannot serve society and art; but I imagine the Legitimists and Bonapartists would have preferred some one more radical than Grévy, in hopes that matters would more quickly come to a crisis, and enable one of their chiefs to step in '*à la Louis Napoléon*'—to 'save society!'"

"February 1 has been an interesting day, as I have passed some of it with Hugo and Doré. The former lives at 130, Avenue D'Eylau. It seems odd that a wealthy old gentleman of seventy-seven should not settle here in some house of his own; for this place he only hires. He was out when I called, but I met him as I was leaving his house; he asked me to come again in the evening. He was in great spirits about Grévy's nomination to the Presidentship; and said that he would be certain to remain at the head of the Republic for seven years. He seemed pleased when I told him that I intended making a statuette of him.

"Doré was hard at work painting a group of English beggar children more carefully touched than his pictures generally are. Last time I saw him he was not in a pleasant mood, at not having received any reward for his works at last year's Exhibition; but since then he has got the 'Grand Cross' of the Legion of Honour; yet even with that he is not happy. He said, what I believe to be a fact, that the civil distribution of that order does an immense amount of harm and causes endless ill-feeling among the French." But to return to Victor Hugo. I called again on the poet a few days after the visit I have mentioned, one evening, accompanied

by my friend T. Gibson Bowles. "We were shown into a small unlighted sitting-room, on the ground floor of the little house in the Avenue d'Eylau. Voices proceeded from the adjoining room, where the author of 'Les Misérables' was finishing his dessert. Soon from the dining-room half-a-dozen men and two or three ladies filed in; last of all Victor Hugo, followed by a maid who lighted a score or so of candles set in rather tawdry gilt sconces, others in a gaudily-coloured Venetian glass chandelier. The room is a small one, hung with mirrors, with heavy carved-gilt Florentine frames; on the floor is a Persian carpet, and the chimney-piece is covered by a gorgeously gilt embroidered scarlet velvet hanging; near which the *Maître* sat. The others formed rather a solemn circle round him. My companion, whose French is excellent, and whose *aplomb* is perfect, began and sustained, greatly to my relief, the conversation; which, as they say here, principally rolled on the Eastern question, and on the future of Europe. According to Hugo, Europe in the twentieth century will form one great Republic, like the United States, of which, of course, France will be the centre and the governing power; and Paris, of course, the capital. No more wars then will be possible; and men will wonder as they look at the obsolete instruments of destruction in the museums what these infernal machines were meant for; and marvel how it was possible that armies could have met each other for the purpose of mutual slaughter at the bidding of those exploded institutions, monarchies. The race of great captains is at an end; nor does Victor Hugo or the Almighty intend that any more great soldiers should exist. The late war was a proof of this! That was indeed but a war of machines and engineering. France is all the better for that war—a war which has enriched her and ruined the Germans. *L'argent que nous leur avons donné*, said Hugo, has only impoverished them and made us rich. The English, he thinks, will be the last of the European nations to conform to the Republican Confederation, but sooner or later they will have to do so—'*und so weiter, und so weiter!*'—as say the Germans.

"Now and then Hugo spoke with animation and with eloquence,

but his talk is always about '*Moi*' and '*les idées glorieuses de la Révolution*,' and this after an hour or so begins rather to pall.

"'*Je suis l'humble serviteur de la France*,' he said, '*parce qu'elle voit clair, et marche dans les vrais chemins de l'esprit et de la civilisation; sans cela je ne la servirai pas.*' Turkey he pronounces to be at an end as a nation—'*Le Sultan crée les Pachas et les Pachas volent le peuple.*'

"Bowles tried to put in a good word for the Turks, but on entering with some detail on his ideas regarding that people, Victor Hugo gradually fell into a peaceful slumber!

"We walked back through the Champs-Elysées; it was a glorious moonlight night, the Arch of Triumph and the Luxor Obelisk looked under it sublime; above floated fleecy clouds across the track of the radiant full moon, and Paris glittered all around."

A visit to the famed *prestidigitateur* Desbarolles I also made that winter when in Paris. "This wizard lives at 95 in the Boulevard St. Michel, on the fourth story. He occupies a little pair of rooms literally covered from floor to ceiling with pictures—Italian landscapes and oil portraits. In his study he has an electric machine. Desbarolles in 1846 accompanied Alexandre Dumas and his son to Spain, and, as well as the great author, wrote an account of his impressions of that country. He looks at the palms of your hands, and then tells your character, tastes, and luck in the future, much as any other of the 'cross my hand, my pretty gentleman,' tribe. There was nothing remarkable in this part of the business, but on my showing him a portion of a letter from Lord Beaconsfield, he said at once, '*C'est l'écriture d'une personne d'un grand talent, un esprit qui travaille toujours, ambitieuse, sans crainte; ce que vous appelez en anglais* "a go-ahead."' Could Dizzy's character be better described? That Mons. Desbarolles had not, could not have had any idea of the individual whose bit of a letter I showed him I cannot doubt; and when I told him whose handwriting it was he was as surprised as myself. Among other singular things he told me that I had lately been on a distant voyage, that I had a great attachment and a great

disappointment. Also that I had been seriously ill when three-and-twenty, which was true, and that some five or four years ago I had suffered a great loss in the death of some one who was very dear to me, which also was the fact. What I think really surprising is Desbarolles' wonderfully truthful description of Lord Beaconsfield's character from merely seeing a few lines of his handwriting."

In one of my daily visits to that exhaustless treasure-house of art, the Louvre, I obtained some interesting information from one of the cocked-hatted guardians belonging to the sculpture gallery. "He said never was such distress known in Paris as during this hard winter. Daily between two and three thousand workpeople pass all the day in the Louvre to escape the outer cold; all of these out of employment. Never was the city in his recollection in such a lawless state, robberies and murders being so frequent that he never ventures out at night without a revolver in his pocket. He doubts the present Government lasting more than a year; the Ministers, he says, are hand and glove with the Communards, and the Empire is certain to be restored. He was one of the officials marked by the Commune; between fifty and sixty of the other guardians of the Louvre were to have been executed, and only escaped at last by a miracle."

Leaving Paris one moonlight night, "we (Robert I took to show him the marvels of Italian art) reached Mâcon early next day, passing by the purple waters of the Lake of Bourget amidst soft and smiling scenery. I prefer the meadows of Holland to the Alps, unartistic although they may seem. But which country has produced the great landscape-painters, Switzerland or Holland? At Turin we visited the armoury. Few rooms in the world can equal the *coup d'œil* of that splendid gallery; along the sides mounted knights in full panoply are drawn up in a gallant row, paladins of the great Italian houses, in the armour which their living representatives wore and fought in. That, and the wonderful Chinese lacquer room in the palace, and the Vandyck of Charles I.'s children—finer than any of his portraits at Windsor—are *the* things to see at Turin, which otherwise is a place to be avoided,

with its detestable glare and dust, and the gloomy covered archways along its wide and melancholy streets.

"Thence to Milan, where the cathedral looked to me more than ever like a frozen fountain; but how tawdry the painted ceiling! Renewed acquaintance with Raffaelle's 'Sposalizio' in the Brera Gallery, and was interested in finding that in the grand St. Jerome, by Titian, the background is almost the same as in the burnt 'Peter Martyr.' The finest thing in the Ambrosian Library, in the art line, is Raffaelle's study for the fresco of the School of Athens.

"From Milan to Parma, where we lodged in a picturesque hotel at least two centuries old, the 'Croce Bianca,' an odd mixture of former splendour and modern discomfort. We broke our necks craning to look up at Correggio's 'Assumption of the Blessed Virgin' in the cathedral. Some of the old buildings here recalled to me the cluster of palaces round the Radcliffe Library at Oxford; but here the knowledge of their antiquity makes them far more impressive. Correggio's 'Putti,' in the convent-room of St. Paolo, which I knew well from Toschi's superb engravings, rather disappointed me; but they have greatly darkened.

"Reflections at a *table-d'hôte*, where many of one's countrymen are present:—How few people are worth the pain and trouble that it took to bring them into the world! Which is the ugliest sight, that German eating gravy out of his plate with a knife, or that lady who has just been using her hairpin as a toothpick?

"From Modena on to Bologna. From the sights in the latter town I should be inclined to rank it fourth in interest among Italian cities—Rome, Florence, Venice, and Bologna. It is worth the journey there alone to see Raffaelle's 'St. Cecilia.' No copy, print, or photograph can give the least idea of the rapt, almost ecstatic expression of the principal figure, which is perhaps somewhat thick and almost stumpy. The great Guido of 'Our Lord after the Crucifixion adored by the City's Saints,' is magnificent, and, although I am not an admirer of the Bolognese painters, they have a grandeur and a *bravura* which almost defies criticism.

The fault of that school was to paint too much and on too large a scale; in this gallery one is oppressed by the number of paintings of gigantic saints in gorgeous robes. It is, however, more adapted to the *culte* of the Roman Church than the earlier and purer school of Italian painters, of the divine Raffaelle and his almost as divine master, Perugino.

"Then on to Florence, where we had five days of sight-seeing. After the Louvre, the most enjoyable galleries in the world are those of the Uffizi and Pitti. In such galleries as those Thackeray's words often recur to me: 'Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.' At Michael Angelo's house —to me the most interesting in the world after Shakespeare's—in a little closet are still seen the artist's writing-table, his sword, and the crutch-handled stick, with wide jagged ferule, that he used when old and blind. What a mind his was, what an arch genius! He and Leonardo da Vinci, the two most extraordinary creations of a marvellous age. The grave of Benvenuto Cellini we also visited. I stood long over the place in the Chapel of St. Luke by the Church of the Annunciation, 'where, after life's fitful fever,' the great artist, it is to be hoped, 'sleeps well,' for in life he had little rest. The more one sees of Florence the more one feels how too short even the longest stay would be there, how inexhaustible the wonderful wealth of its artistic and historic treasures is. It is pleasant here to be wakened by the jangling of the church bells, and again in the evening to hear those pleasant chimes, like the cawing of melodious rooks seeking their nests in the tall campanile towers; and at eve to watch the lights slowly stealing over the bridges and in the windows of the old houses along the Arno—while the sunset glory pales over the cypress-crowned hills studded with a hundred domes and towers. From a distance Florence is enchanting, but within the town the narrow and unsavoury streets are disappointing; and there is a gloom in the prison-like buildings that is not easy to get used to;

therefore, like gifted Ouida, I should prefer some beautiful villa outside the town to any palace within. While at Rome I met with much kindness from that most justly popular of men and cardinals, Monsignor Howard, and was hospitably entertained by Sir Augustus and Lady Paget; with them I went one night to a reception of the French Ambassador's, at the Farnese Palace. The great gallery is splendid, one of the most beautiful rooms in the world—lighted *a giorno*. It was filled by a mob of well-dressed people. After having a good look at Carracci's frescoes on the ceiling, I fled from the heat and the crowd.

"Poor Spencer Cowper was lying ill at a hotel opposite the one I was in. I saw him, and felt that he was not long for this world, though he was still full of it and of its doings. Rome, or rather Naples, has killed him; both are places that one holds one's life in one's hand to remain long in; both resemble beautiful corpses, outwardly yet lovely, but internally full of death, decomposition, and decay.

"Thanks to Lady Paget, I was able to see Raffaelle's last great work, the frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the Farnesina Palace Villa—the story of Psyche—the loveliest legend of Paganism. The owner of the villa, a Spanish duke, has shut the public out of his place since the new Government Works on the banks of Tiber have been undertaken. Among other artistic visits I called on old Penry Williams, the painter of Roman peasants; and met Augustus Hare after a large dinner at the English Embassy, mostly composed of rather undressed ladies, much painted. Among other visits I made was one to the Colonna Palace, to Mrs. Lock—whom I found in a room hung with Breughels and water-colour views of Rome in the last century. Mrs. Lock's granddaughter, the Duchessa Marino Colonna, had just been confined, so I had not the pleasure of seeing that delightful lady.

"From England news reaches me that Sibill Grosvenor has had a son—an heir to the kingdom of Belgravia.

"Leaving Rome on March 28, proceeded to Naples, the most overrated place in Christendom. A dirty, unhealthy town, with

a ruffianly population of filthy beggars, insolent cabmen, and dissolute upper crust. The people of Naples are loathsome, their habits disgusting. How true to-day is what old de Brosse wrote of this people a century and a half ago! They are, he says, '*la plus abominable canaille, la plus dégoûtante vermine qui ait jamais rampé sur la surface de la terre.*'

"After Vesuvius, Pompeii, and the Museum have been seen, there is absolutely nothing to look at here. I was told that, however much one disliked Naples itself, the neighbourhood was delightful, enchanting, ravishing; so I tried the neighbourhood, going to Sorrento, where the weather was cold and damp. Here a fine effect was produced by a storm, which, after it had cleared, left the north side of Vesuvius clothed in a wide cloak of snow. The sun set in glory; on the west lay masses of golden and pink clouds, in long banks and ridges; the eastern sky changed from grey into deep blue, these colours reflected in varying shades in the waters of the bay. Next to this sunset the prettiest thing at Sorrento was a concert of peasant boys and girls, given in the hotel; one of the latter was really beautiful, with a profile like a cameo; and two of the boys might have sat for angels to Raffaelle. We visited Capri, and its blue grotto. Surely Capri must have been a very different place when Tiberius lived there. On the whole, I did not find the wonderful charm in the neighbourhood of Naples that I was led to expect. It is intolerable, when once a place gets overpraised, how visitor after visitor apes the others, and echoes parrot-like inane cries of admiration. The coast of Devonshire is infinitely more beautiful than anything near the Bay of Naples; and how can there be any comparison between that sea, with its filthy shore, which no tide ever laves, and the glorious bright green of the Atlantic? One might as well prefer a lazzaroni to a Devonshire sailor.

"Naples was looking like some monstrous sore, with the sun blazing over its white and yellow houses, when we returned from Sorrento before setting out homewards on April 8.

"The cruelty of these filthy Neapolitans to their beasts of burden is horrible, and makes one almost wish that this hot-bed

of dirt, disease, and superstition might be overwhelmed by another and more complete destruction than even that which the gods sent Pompeii and Herculaneum."

A last glimpse of Florence from the Boboli Gardens the night before leaving the City of Flowers. "I had crossed the Ponte Vecchio—the night a bright moonlight one. Finding the gates of the Boboli Gardens open, I passed through them. Never shall I forget the effect of the moonlight on those solemn old gardens of the Medicean Palace. Ascending the hill on which stands the Observatory, and entering it, I gazed down on the old city, flooded by the moonlight. So bright was this that even the rich warm tones of the cathedral dome seemed as distinct as in the daylight." I may have appeared unjust to the beauty of Italy, but my deep admiration of Florence on that night should make amends. I believe no scene on earth, either in the historic or picturesque sense, can exceed or equal this of Florence, as seen as I saw it that night; recalling, as it must, the career of those great citizens who founded that fair city—the "City of Flowers"—the undying name of Giotto, and of Dante, of Brunelleschi and of Michael Angelo. Two days after this I was again in Paris.

During that May in London I took the opportunity, when Lord Beaconsfield attended one of the meetings of trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, to urge him to sit for his portrait to Millais. He said he would like much to do so, but feared that he could not find time to sit. "It would be," as I wrote to Millais, "quite a national misfortune" did he miss the opportunity of painting Lord Beaconsfield; but it was not until several letters had been written on the subject that this consummation was arrived at; unfortunately too late for more than a graphic sketch to be taken of that remarkable face, before the fatal attack laid Lord Beaconsfield low in the early spring of 1881. Still, unfinished as it is, the portrait is by far the best that was ever done of him. Angeli's is terribly and painfully like, as far as the mere mask goes, but Millais, as he generally does, has shown the man's mind and character behind the outer flesh-mask. But to

return to May 1879—writing of Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone: —"It is a truly majestic work, one of, if not the finest portrait Millais has yet produced. The face is irreproachable, the expression life-like, the eyes are alive with mind and genius." Writing to me of this portrait, the painter says:—"I am happy to think his (Gladstone's) own family like the picture, and that I am the humble means of giving to posterity some of the characteristics of so great a man."

"*May* 12.—When will my nephews and nieces cease to marry and be given in marriage? I was loth to leave Windsor this bright May morning. Spring seemed everywhere and in everything, as I walked with Drayson under the young leaves of the old elms in the Long Walk; but I had to go up to London for one of these ever-returning ceremonies. This time it was Frances Campbell's turn, who has taken to husband a tall, dark, good-looking youth, named Eustace Balfour. They were wed at a Presbyterian Church near Campden Hill. Dean Stanley performed a portion of the rites, which consisted of a mercifully condensed form of the Scottish marriage ceremony. Bride and groom are great contrasts as to colour and height. We adjourned for tea and cake, like good charity-school children, to Argyll Lodge. Gladstones, Salisburys, and others there!—an odd jumble of different politicians. Little Freddy Gower, and many other children, with cartloads of infantine Campbells of the second generation, gambolled about the garden lawn. On May 16 attended a meeting at Grosvenor House in aid of the Deaf and Dumb—Prince Leopold president. The Prince read an address —both address and its delivery excellent. Ill-natured people now say, since the Prince has had some success with these addresses, that they are not completely his own. This is just like the world, which never allows any merit to the comparatively young and unassuming. My conviction is that his speeches and addresses are by the Prince, and by him alone. Argyll told me he was struck by their likeness to those of the Prince Consort." George Augustus Sala and Palgrave Simpson were my guests that year at Windsor. Literature and the drama could not have been

better represented. "I drove Sala over to Cliveden, which he thought even finer than Richmond, with which sentiment I agree."

We little then thought how soon my dearest sister Constance Westminster was to leave us.[1] "What shows most the progress of time," I wrote at Cliveden, "are the numerous grandchildren now here. Two little Butlers—the eldest girl Lawrence would have loved to have painted; she is not unlike the child in his portrait of my mother—and two little Grosvenor girls. 'Lord Belgrave' is yet too young to be brought out here, and remains in London." Going over Hertford House to choose (thanks to Sir Richard Wallace) some of the pictures to get photographed for the publication then commencing—"The Great Historic Galleries of England"—I found in the visitors' book the following characteristic entry: "Lord Beaconsfield in the palace of genius, talent, and art."

During the early summer I paid short visits to Oxford and Cambridge: at the former to see Julian Story, second son of the American Roman sculptor, author, and poet; and to the latter with J. Oswald. "It is a dozen years since I was last here (Cambridge), in 1866, I think, when I rather abruptly left Trinity degreeless in order to go into Parliament. What happy times those I passed here were, happier than any other away from home. Looking back to that 'golden prime' seems even now to make me as young again as when here at college a dozen years ago." On June 9 I met the poet Swinburne for the first time, at the house of his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts, near Putney. "Swinburne's talk after luncheon was wonderful; among a host of things worth remembering, he told us of a strange encounter that his grandfather (who only died in 1860, when nearly a hundred) had made about 1789, while travelling in France. Meeting a French gentleman in difficulties in a forest, his carriage having broken down, the Englishman invited the Frenchman to continue his journey with him—an offer which was accepted. The latter, who had been swearing terribly at his postilion, turned out to be a most fascinat-

[1] My sister died at Bournemouth in December 1880.

ing fellow-traveller, and never had Swinburne's grandfather heard any one talk so well as did this Frenchman, who turned out to be no other than the great Marquis de Mirabeau. To hear Swinburne tell this was worth the pilgrimage to Putney. What, far beyond the wonderful flow of words of the poet, struck me, was his real diffidence and modesty ; while fully aware of the divine gifts within him, he is as simple and unaffected as a child. He spoke with high regard of G. A. Sala's talent as a writer." A few days after this meeting I was back again in Paris. "Never do I remember the stately gardens of Le Nôtre, a favourite haunt of mine, in greater beauty than in this warm month of June. It is a delight merely to stroll beneath the great horse-chestnut trees and under the *charmilles* of clipped limes ; by the old orange-trees in their gigantic green-coloured boxes, and by the marble statues and stately Louis XIV. vases. The whole aglow with flowers and colour." The Salon in the Champs-Elysées was at this time crowded with people as well as with paintings and sculpture, and lighted at night with electric light. One evening I went there with Lady M. C. "She was much looked at by the crowd ; no wonder, for a more beautiful creature does not exist in Paris, and would make effect anywhere. Last time I left Paris she came to see me off at the station, bringing a large box full of lovely flowers ; she looked a very Flora.'

"*June* 19.—Walking along the quays this evening on my way to the studio, the view of the great city from near the Pont des Arts was a thing to make a note of. There is surely no finer aspect than this in any other capital. The vast length of the Louvre, the long line of palace after palace, broken only by the poplars growing on the river's edge ; the succession of spacious bridges, the distant Elysian fields crowned in the far distance by the Arch of Triumph ; and beneath, the flowing river, all purple and silver. On the left the picturesque dome-crowned pavilion of Mazarin's hotel, the fronts of the ancient houses on the Quai Voltaire, under which so many revolutions have passed—all alive these quays with carriages and people ; the lights twinkling gem-like below the bridges from out the steamers darting beneath ; the book

sellers along the river way closing and packing their wares; every doorway with its group of people sitting out in the open air to enjoy the cool of the evening after the heat of a Paris day in June; all make up a scene that no other city in the world can match.

"Hamlet is now on his pedestal: I think it successful, and has thought, melancholy, calm, and character about it; not too mad, but the look of one half distraught by pity, sorrow, and the knowledge that a terrible destiny, that of the avenger, is his."

"*June* 30, *Friday*.—A very sad piece of news reached Paris this (Friday) afternoon. The Prince Imperial is slain—killed on the 1st of this month; surprised and slaughtered by a band of Zulus. I only heard this late in the evening, on leaving the studio. The boulevards were thronged. Many of the evening papers already bordered with black. There is more feeling visible in people's faces than I have seen in Paris since the 4th of September 1870, but of a very different kind. At the newspaper kiosque, near the Grand Café, the person who keeps it told me all the people who passed by or bought papers were speaking of the Prince's death; there was not one, except a little beast of a *gavroche*, who had not seemed deeply affected by the news. Many women and even some men wept; and I saw many faces that still bore marks of tears. But in a few days this last sensational news will be forgotten, and make way for some other; and the only popular requiem of the poor Prince in Paris will have been this crowd on the boulevards and the black-edged papers sold as special editions about the crowded streets to-night. One's heart is sad for the poor lone Empress at Chislehurst under this 'sorrow's crown of sorrow.' Her reverses of fortune are really extraordinary, and her cup of sorrow seems to be destined to be drained to the lowest dregs. Since Marie Antoinette no crowned head has had misfortunes approaching hers. At a restaurant, where I often dine, near the studio on the Boulevard Montparnasse, the proprietor was indignant, and with cause, at the Prince having been killed while the other officers escaped. '*On meurt*,' he said, with an oath (*à la Cambronne*),

'*mais on ne se sauve pas.*' This must be the general feeling here among all classes of men." "There can be little doubt," I write a day or two later, "had one of our princes been in his place, he would not have been permitted to take part in such an expedition as that in which the Prince was killed. He would have been kept under the eye of Lord Chelmsford, or at any rate not been permitted to adventure his life in such a harum-scarum adventure. It is more than a dozen, perhaps a score, of years since I visited the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides. I was there to-day. What a striking monument it is, and how full of the vain pomp and glory of earthly ambition! All the magnificence of the 'Grand Monarque' has been employed to add glory to the last home of the greatest enemy of the Bourbons (except those of their own family). The double L's, with the kingly fleur-de-lys crown above, surround the Great Parvenu's tomb. That splendid block of porphyry has now but one solitary faded wreath near it to mark where the brainless skull of Napoleon Buonaparte resolves itself into dust. 'Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay'—how poor the hard-bought honours of this vain world are! What has the conqueror of Europe left fifty years after his death? A name, indeed, but not even now a party; and yet more tears have been shed over the death of the poor little Prince who died so bravely fronting the foe on the first of this month at Natal, than have been wept over the grave of the hero of Arcola and the victor of Austerlitz." At the end of that month I left Paris for St. Petersburg, my object being to see the gallery of paintings in the Winter Palace, and to find if any letters of Marie Antoinette's existed in the Public or Imperial Libraries of that capital. "At Minden Station I had the good fortune to meet Lord Dufferin, and continued the journey with him to Berlin, and then on to Russia. At Berlin we lodged at the new and gorgeous Kaiserhof Hotel, immortalised by Dizzy having stayed in it during the Congress two years ago. We finished the evenings at Kroll's Gardens, the Cremorne of Berlin. Dufferin is as easily pleased and as 'unblasé' with such things as he ever was, and not at all changed or spoilt by having been a Governor-General, and a present Ambassador Extraordinary and

Minister Plenipotentiary. His is certainly a delightful nature; no wonder he is so popular and universally liked wherever he goes, whether it be Syria, Canada, or Russia.

"We left Berlin on the night of the 30th of June, and reached Petersburg on the evening of the 2nd of July. What a situation for the capital of a vast empire; placed in a semi-swamp, semi-desert! Lord D.'s attachés met him at the station—Grosvenor (who had headed an expedition into China a year or two ago), Plunkett, and W. Compton. During the next five days I saw Petersburg thoroughly; the first day I took a little bearded man at the hotel—who professed to be the English courier, but whose English and French were so Russian that one could only guess what he was talking about—and with him in a drochsky jolted over the horrid pavement of this barrack-like city in that most uncomfortable of all carriages. To the English Embassy first, a hideous rhubarb-coloured house, unfinished within; then to the Director of the Imperial Library, M. Delanoff, for whom I had a letter from Count Schouvaloff; on from there to the Military Governor and Prefect of Police, General Zouroff, whose staircase was lined with soldiers and the waiting-room full of men and women, and met with a cordial reception from the General. I was unwilling to remain longer than civility required, on account of the poor folk waiting to see the General, any of whom may have been spies, but also, perhaps, claimants for mercy in these hard times of Nihilism and of terror. General Zouroff is a handsome, tall man, somewhat like the Emperor of Austria; he never stirs out without a guard of Cossacks. Then on to General Greig's, Minister of Finance, a bright cheery man of fifty, who received me most cordially; he is a devoted friend of Schouvaloff's; he speaks English perfectly; his grand or great-grandfather was Scotch—a distinguished admiral in the reign of the great Catherine.

"The collection of paintings in the Hermitage, part of the immense Winter Palace, is amazing, both as to quality and splendid arrangement; there, like Dominie Sampson, one can only exclaim 'Prodigious!' and again 'Prodigious!' Alack!

that all the Houghton Gallery should have left England for the banks of the Neva. As to lighting, arrangement, and placing of these paintings, this gallery of the Hermitage has but one rival in the world, that of the Louvre.

"The chief glory of this collection of paintings, which to an art-lover amply repays the journey to Petersburg, are the Rembrandts. No gallery, even in Holland, can approach the Hermitage in this respect, either in number or quality of that master's works.

"Regarding letters to be found here from Marie Antoinette, my visit to Petersburg was not a success, for there is but one in the Imperial Library; but at the Hermitage I found enough to see in the way of art that would take a good month's study. The director of this gallery, Baron Koene, was courtesy itself."

Altogether my visit to Petersburg was full of interest. "One day I met at breakfast at the English Embassy the French Ambassador, General Chanzy, who looks what he is, every inch a soldier; and one evening I dined with Lord Dufferin at the Italian Ambassador's, M. de Nigra, and met General von Schweinitz, the German Ambassador, as distinguished a soldier as is the representative of France."

"*Sunday, July* 6.—The great bells of St. Isaac's Church were booming and pealing with fine effect as I went there to see what was to be seen of the service at ten this morning. The effect of the dark church within, lighted here and there by hundreds of tapers placed before the gorgeously gilt and gemmed images, has a theatrical but telling effect. A crowd of the poorer class of peasants filled the large building; all appeared profoundly devout —many of the women and some of the men kneeling on the pavement and touching it with their bowed foreheads.

"That evening by rail to Oranienbaum, near Cronstadt, when, after leaving the train, drove by the Menschikoff Palace to General Greig's villa, which had been given by the great Catherine to his grandsire in consideration of that ancestor having burnt or blown up the whole Turkish fleet! Next day Baron de Koene introduced me to the head director of the Hermitage, M. Alex-

andre Wassiltchikoff, a superb giant, with the manners of the *ancien régime*. It was the late Emperor's birthday, and the Czar was expected to breakfast in the Hermitage, after paying his devotions at his father's tomb in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. That night I left Petersburg for Moscow; at the station I made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose name will reappear in these pages—the Prince René di Santa Severina; his stepfather, Count Catacazy, was the well-known Russian Minister at Washington when Grant was President. Thanks to the Prince, my time at Moscow was made most agreeable; but had I not had so amiable an interpreter there I should have found much difficulty in that jumble of dirt and palaces, where no English and little French is spoken. Between Petersburg and Moscow the buffets at the stations are sights in themselves—waiters in attendance in evening dress and white gloves; excellent refreshments; shops and chapels all meet in these refreshment-rooms, where you can eat, buy, and pray at the same time and in the same place!

"*Moscow, July* 8.—About ten this morning, after an uneventful journey of fourteen hours, we came in sight of the spires and towers of this city, which is wretchedly paved—and resembles more a huge squalid village than a capital. That strangest of European palaces, the Kremlin, is a vast mound of palaces and churches. I am reminded here both of Tokio and of Canton.

"Sight-seeing all day with my Italian acquaintance. We have been to the Slavinski Bazaar, the Kremlin, and other places, of which an interesting account will be found in the guide-books. In the Kremlin the show of silver plate in the great groined hall would make the Goldsmiths' and the Fishmongers' Companies collections to pale their infinitely poorer display of old silver pots and pans, pewters and loving cups. I recognised some *repoussé* work of our Charles the Second's time—plate probably brought here by my maternal ancestor, Lord Carlisle, when on his embassy to the Czar of Muscovy about the Archangel difficulty. Among the imperial jewels and regalias is much barbarous rubbish, but in its way the show of jewellery at the Kremlin exceeds anything I have seen in extravagant profusion.

"A drive of an hour brings you to the top of the Sparrow Hill, over an execrable road, from whence Moscow is seen lying at your feet. It was from here that Napoleon and his cohorts, so soon to perish miserably, glutted their eyes on the gilded domes of Moscow. Baleful mirage of the Russian steppes—fatal phantasmagoria raised by wicked lust of conquest and hope of spoil. What a sight the burning city must have been two weeks after that host had paused on this hill! As we saw it with the setting sun reflected from a hundred golden steeples, the place seemed to be again in flames. In the yet unfinished Cathedral of St. Saviour we found one of the most distinguished of Russian painters at work on a fresco. This was Verrisaki, who looks like Gustave Doré Calmuckified. The dome of this gorgeous church is painted by Muncasky.

"The Governor-General, Prince Dolgorouki, was also visited. One day we had a lively breakfast with his aide-de-camp, General Velitchkovyky, at an excellent restaurant, that of the 'Hermitage,' and wherever we went, and whomever we saw, we met with the greatest civility and kindness.

"On my return to Petersburg, I visited Tsarskoe-Sélo. There I saw the Czar's private librarian, who told me that no letters existed in the Imperial Library from Marie Antoinette, so that I had to content myself with having copied the unique one at the library at Petersburg. The little château in the park, containing a superb collection of armour, deserves a visit, but little else. The park is a mere wilderness of birch trees and firs. The palace is a long straggling building in the worst *rococo* style; but I cannot say what the interior of it is like, for, the Czar being there, no one was admitted. The only pleasant drive at Petersburg is to the 'islands,' where the smart people of the capital go in the evening; in fact, it is the Hyde Park of Petersburg. I have a pleasant recollection of those islands, as I was taken there by Lord Dufferin one beautiful evening. One is reminded both of Kew and of Twickenham, in the pretty villas lining the banks of the Neva. The view at the end of the drive, over the Gulf of Finland, all ablaze with the setting sun, was certainly a thing of beauty.

"Ere we returned to the capital, the Grand Duke Constantine, a handsome, middle-aged man, in general's uniform, dashed by in his drochsky. The poor peasants, as he passed them, bowed low, some actually crossing themselves, as if the Deity had driven by them in cloud and whirlwind; a military salute from the white-gloved hand was the only response to this *quasi* adoration. Poor peasants! poor princes!

"On July 15, I returned to Berlin with Santa Severina. We beguiled the tedium of the route by playing the only card game of which I am guilty, 'Beggar my Neighbour;' our stakes were cigarettes or cups of tea at the different stations. On the 19th I arrived at Dresden. Altogether its gallery of pictures disappointed me, always excepting that most inspired of all paintings, Raffaelle's 'Madonna di San Sisto,' a vision transferred to canvas. Before it one is silent with thoughts too deep for words.

"On Sunday I went to the Hofkirche, the Roman Catholic chapel attached to the palace, a poor imitation of the chapel at Versailles. Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning contrasted with the great organ and the lights on the high altar. A shameful thing that the descendants of the protectors of Luther should, for such a paltry bauble as the Crown of Poland, have changed their faith for that of Rome.

"By all means, at Dresden, do not omit to visit the Castle Museum. Never did one see such a collection of mediæval curiosities as are there placed in those narrow and lofty galleries —arms, trappings, portraits, rare old furniture, &c., besides splendid examples of the artistic designs of the last three centuries of German art —'Kunst.' It is a dream realised; a perfect preserved storehouse of royal heirlooms, handed down for generations. Such a collection as one might imagine the old halls of Heidelberg once contained. Talking of Heidelberg, the old courtyard at the palace at Dresden recalls that old ruin. How such treasures escaped the ravages and wars of the last three centuries, and the rapacious French, is a marvel. Probably Augustus of Poland's apostasy had something to do with this. When next in Paris I made the acquaintance of a *très grande dame*—Madame

la Princesse d'Henin—(I like writing that old name, so full of memories of the last century, of Voltaire, of Diderot, and of D'Alembert). From her I received a precious relic, a fan that had belonged to Marie Antoinette when dauphiness."

Whilst at Windsor during the month of August, I wrote a little book on the "Figure Painters of Holland;" *à propos* of this little work I write, "However bad one's work is, it has one advantage to oneself, and that is obliging the reading of much on the subject on which one is engaged; it is always a matter of astonishment to me to find how little one knows even of those subjects that most interest one." One night that August at Windsor a storm broke over it that deserves a line. "It was the night of the 2nd, about midnight, a terrific thunder and lightning performance commenced in the heavens; the lightning literally turned night into day, darkness into light. Delighting in such sights, I went down to the raft at Goodman's. As one passed through the streets, the castle seemed literally ablaze with electric light; now every stone distinct, and instantly the whole again in total darkness. The thunder crashed and tore itself into shivers overhead in a deafening and ear-splitting way, as when a heavy salute is fired from a man-of-war. It was almost as exciting a scene as if one had found oneself in the midst of some great artillery combat, and the deserted town made it yet more striking. Surely Herne the Hunter must have been abroad in the old forest that night." Some friends came to me that summer in my little lodge, Augustus Hare and Alfred Haggar among others. The former I took to see Cliveden, and introduced him to the cleverly restored prison chamber in the Norman tower of the castle, and to the lady who had shown such rare taste and skill in its restoration. "Augustus was worthy both the chamber and its *châtelaine*. He is always agreeable, and has enough individuality never to be tedious, and of how very few people can one say as much! Others too appear. 'Bill' Farrer, from Zululand, where he saw no fighting, but, what is far better, Billy Russell, and something too of the poor Prince Imperial, and was within an ace of accompanying him on the fatal reconnaissance; nor must I omit a visit from Lady Ponsonby,

who with her daughter brought Mrs. Craven to see my little house. They took nearly two hours to do so; it had never struck me before as having so many things in it to look at. When one is with such intelligent persons as Lady Ponsonby and the authoress of *Le Récit d'une Sœur* are, it is a real pleasure to show what is of mutual interest."

At the beginning of October, accompanied by an American friend, F. Blackinton, I made a tour in Spain. "We went by Bordeaux and Biarritz—where I met the Goschens—Irun, and passed the first night in the Peninsula at Burgos, in a filthy inn, which made my companion's French servant, old Joseph, exclaim in comic horror, '*Est-il possible qu'on peut trouver de telles bouges, et si près de la France!*' The scenery from Irun was grand and wild, lit by a full moon; weird and fantastic hills seemed transformed into castles; and the first impression of Don Quixote's country was not one of disappointment. Of Burgos Cathedral I agree with Théophile Gautier, that it profoundly discourages one for all modern buildings—a grand, vast, and magnificent structure. But of it and of the superb royal tombs at the Cartuga de Miraflores do not the guide-books and Augustus Hare in his 'Wanderings in Spain' bear ample testimony? Thence on to Madrid through the night. Waking at dawn on Sunday, October 5, the town of Avila was seen all aglow in a bright sunlight, its ancient yellow walls and towers cut out sharp against the bare rocky hills. Like most Spanish towns, Avila is far more beautiful from a distance than when seen near. Later one skirts the gloomy Escurial, looking like some glorified hospital perched on the brow of a rocky hillside; a melancholy desert stretches around on every side. Besides the Picture Gallery and the Royal Armoury there is but little to see at Madrid.

"If I had the unfortunate alternative of being obliged to live either at Madrid or Petersburg, I should choose the latter; but both are hateful. From my balcony I see all the life of Madrid passing to and fro below on the Puente del Sol, which Sala has likened to a glorified Seven Dials. The Picture Gallery is badly lighted and badly arranged, and contains, among some gems of

painting, much rubbish. Velasquez, however, can only be appreciated here. The Murillos are here disappointing; his finest work in Madrid is in the Museo de San Fernando—the 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' formerly in the Church of Caridad at Seville. Nothing on earth would induce me to be a spectator at one of those brutal exhibitions called a bull-fight, not caring to see horses tortured, mangled, disembowelled and killed, preferring them in many instances to my fellow-creatures. But my companion went to one of these bloody sights, and after seeing some score of unfortunate horses killed, returned, I am glad to say, half sick and entirely disgusted with the favourite sport of Spain.

"One day was devoted to the Escurial. Although not disappointed with that place, I cannot say that it comes up to my expectations. It is not as gloomy and as mournful as I had expected. The royal vault is neither as gorgeous as the Chapel of the Medici at Florence, nor as impressive as the imperial vault at Vienna. The cathedral-like chapel above that vault is like a bit of St. Paul's combined with the great hall at Castle Howard. The most interesting feature in the palace to me is the room in which lived and died that wretched bigot, Philip II. The finest art work there are two kneeling bronze figures of that monarch and Charles V., on either side of the high altar. The library is a noble apartment, worthy of Fontainebleau or of the Vatican. The desolation of this palace has been much exaggerated; and I think the views of the grand hills at the back of the palace, and of the valley before it, although wild and rugged, not unpleasing. One might become very fond of those handsome arcades, and of the long terrace garden walks, cut in well-trimmed boxwood patterns. The beautiful little toy palace, the Trianon of the Escurial, near the station, made by Charles IV., should be visited. It is a pity that it is now allowed to fall into decay.

"We passed a day at that extremely picturesque and worst paved town in Spain, Toledo. Except the Desert of the Sahara, no place surely can match the desolation of the country between Madrid and Toledo. It is not only a howling, but a shrieking wilderness of stones, sand, and shingle. The view of the old city,

with its quaint old towers, Moorish and machicolated walls above the rushing Tagus, which, for a wonder in a Spanish river, has much water in it, although as yellow as Tiber or Arno, is worth a long day's journey to see; and so is the drive in the old break-down of an omnibus, drawn by five mules, over the double-gated bridge—the 'bridge of bridges' the Toledians proudly call it—past the fine old Moorish Tower of the Sun, up through streets so narrow that there is barely room for the lumbering old machine to pass along, jolting over a pavement which, had the machine springs, would send them flying on all sides, till you are landed in the courtyard of the only 'posada' in the place, that of the 'Lino.' One felt grateful at not being obliged to remain the night at such an inn. How that place reeked of every foul smell that ever tainted Christian nostrils; garlic and rancid oil, decayed vegetables, high meat, and worse! But, fortunately, in a few hours a good general impression of Toledo can be obtained. The cathedral is even more ornate and gorgeous than that of Burgos; it is overcharged with splendid tombs and ornaments. Very striking are the old banners hanging from its roof, that floated o'er the blood-stained waters of Lepanto. It is a cathedral of romance, and more like a dream of poet's and painter's fancy than a cold reality of stone and marble. What, next to the cathedral, has left the brightest impress on my mind, are the half-ruined cloisters of the Church of 'San Juan de los Reyes;' these gave me more delight than anything I have looked on since I left my old elms in the Long Walk at Windsor!

"Before leaving Madrid we revisited the Royal Armoury. The King's Guard was parading in front of it and of the palace which the Museum faces; and from its windows, in which are stored all that was gorgeous and gay in ancient warfare, all the remains of the glories of Spain when it could truly and proudly proclaim itself *Ne plus ultra* between the pillars of Hercules, we looked down into the palace-yard on the poor and tame pageantry of this fallen and decayed nation; a band playing underneath the palace windows, and a flame-coloured flag hanging tamely from the palace roof. 'Woe to the land that is governed by a

boy!' said the wisest of kings, but double woe to the land under the thraldom of priests. In leaving Madrid my only regret was to bid farewell to the undying works of Velasquez.

"We next visited the place Velasquez so much admired and often painted—Aranjuez; in these gardens, probably more court scandal has been gossiped than in any other. In a modest cottage-like house next the inn, the Empress Eugénie passed some years of her youth. Like most palaces, the two at Aranjuez are commonplace and tawdry, but in the gardens the fountains that Velasquez painted and the old English elms brought here by Philip II. are full of interest. I was reminded of the gardens of Trentham, at Aranjuez; but here, instead of horses or donkeys, camels assist the gardener; this imparts an Oriental aspect to the scene. Leaving Aranjuez by night train, we traversed on the following day the province of La Mancha, a wild waste of country, not unlike the Rocky Mountains; but Andalusia is even more desolate and savage than the far west of North America. At every turn, one expected to behold the Knight of Rueful Countenance, mounted on Rosinante, followed by his faithful squire.

"Cordova was our next halt. I was delighted with the courtyard of the cathedral, a veritable orangery, among which fountains plash and graceful palms wave their branches. Cordova is a maze of narrow, tortuous streets, the houses white, as if built of chalk. For a wonder we found ourselves in a clean and decent hotel—the 'Hôtel Suisse'—with a marble 'patio' (courtyard) and staircase. The lion of the place is the cathedral, with its thousand marble pillars. What histories could not those columns tell had they voices! They look like a fossilised forest. Here the Pagan Christians have worked terrible havoc; but enough remains of the Moorish mosque to make this cathedral of the thousand pillars, with the horseshoe-shaped arches, the most interesting fragment of the Moors—the Alhambra alone excepted—in Spain. I confess, to my shame, that I could not get the Brighton Aquarium out of my head while in the Cordova Cathedral."

"As far as Spanish paintings are concerned," I write, after two days passed in Seville, "I can now sing the *Nunc dimittis*, having

seen all that Madrid and Seville have to show. Seville Cathedral merits its great repute. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than those relics of the Moors, the Alcazar, and the House called of Pontius Pilate. In the museum, a former convent, are half-a-dozen Murillos of unsurpassed excellence; but I was disappointed with the Church of the Caridad, where the few remaining Murillos, not looted by Soult, are placed so high that one cannot judge their worth.

"Seville delights me much; its picturesque streets, picturesque without being dirty—so often the unpleasant companion of the former; its handsome people, its fine old houses, and above all, the massive structure of its cathedral, surrounded with grand old Moorish walls, and crowned by that splendid tower of the Giralda; the intense blue of the sky, with great white clouds like those Bonnington loved to paint, and the crisp pure air around, are altogether beautiful and delicious. Seville and Venice cannot disappoint; but Rome and Naples always will. The streets and markets, and especially the tobacco manufactory, are full of subjects for the painter. What an admirable pendant, were any painter of these days able to execute it, would not that crowd of bright-eyed, brightly-clad women and children in the factory make to Velasquez's 'Tapestry Workers'! Here in Seville one realises how true to Spain and Spanish habits John Phillips' pictures are; it is as if one of those had become a living reality as one walks through the streets of Seville. The cathedral is deeply impressive, and in that respect recalls Westminster, though the more I see of foreign cathedrals the greater is my conviction that our old Abbey is, of all Christian churches, the most impressive—to an Englishman at all events. How fine in these Spanish cathedrals are the lower row of organ pipes jutting out flush from the organ case; they seem, as it were, to foreshadow the awaking trumps of the resurrection morn."

We had made the acquaintance of two agreeable young Frenchmen at Madrid, Messrs. De Treville and Gosselin, who persuaded us to visit Gibraltar with them. After only four days at Seville we continued our journey.

A great sunset rejoiced our eyes as we passed Xerez; the western sky a wild sea of saffron and pomegranate-coloured clouds; the foreground a dark-brown landscape, with stone pines standing out dark against that glowing background. At Cadiz we embarked on board a Spanish steamer, where we slept the night, and steamed away for Gibraltar by dawn on the following day. Cadiz, like all ports, looked far better from the sea than from the land. The long line of white houses contrasting with the great brown mass of the cathedral in the midst, glistened in the bright morning sun; a great sweep of blue sky above and of sea beneath. One thought of Essex's fine bit of buccaneering here, when he so effectually singed the King of Spain's whiskers, some three hundred years ago.

As we passed by Cape Trafalgar, Nelson and Villeneuve, and the hot strife and thunder of the greatest of modern sea-fights, came across one's "historical conscience." More remarkable is the scene of a great naval action than of a land massacre; here the great deep, like eternity, swallows for ever all traces of suffering and the misery practised by man on his fellow-creatures; here no plough but that of the ship's keel can ever disturb the scene of strife. At Trafalgar one can but look from the ship's deck at the long yellow headland which echoed four-and-seventy years ago that furious cannonade in which the fleets of three nations met in fire and slaughter. When that day closed and that mighty diapason ceased over the darkening waters, a fresh chapter had commenced in the history of Europe. We arrived off Gibraltar too late that evening to land on the rock, which looks from the sea like some great lion couchant; and we had to pass the night at the miserable little town of Algeziras, in a lodging-house, of which the less said the better.

At dawn the next day, October 18, landed at eight at Gibraltar. At Gibraltar I found a friend in the Rifle Brigade, Victor Ward, about to return on leave; at his mess I also met an Eton chum, Monty Curzon. With Ward and Mountcharles visited the Lower Galleries and the other sights of the rock. To my mind the most notable sight there is to see the 93rd Highlanders (Suther-

land) marching through the narrow Spanish streets playing their bagpipes with might and main, and making the old Moorish citadel and the rocks above ring again to the sound of the old wild Scottish airs that take one back to far other scenes. The English have here, of course, since the place belonged to them, made it hideous as far as buildings can do so. Hard by the old gate, once Moorish, then Spanish, and bearing the blazon of Charles V., is a row of vilely ugly houses; however, Gibraltar is not a place that can be spoilt by a few ugly buildings. It is a spot that, apart from its beauty, every Englishman should visit. We ought all to be proud of the way we took the rock, and of the way in which we kept it, when, under brave old Heathfield, all the might of France and Spain for three long years in vain sought to wrest it from us. I hope to God we never shall give it up, or let it slide away from us—taken it never can be.

The view from Europa Point is the finest seascape imaginable. Returning to Cadiz we saw a great celebration in its cathedral, the finest we have yet seen in this most idolatrous land, at which even Russia pales in the worship of saints and adoration of images. It was the day of the patron saints of the city, when their effigies, in wax or painted wood all bedizened and be-tinselled, are worshipped by the people; these images are carried round processionally within the cathedral, followed by a fat mitred bishop and a troop of priests and acolytes. Palanquins glittering with gold and scarlet, clouds of incense, a splendid orchestra—for here a band was playing as well as the organ—made up a very theatrical but not an impressive show. But, gracious Heavens! what a terrible farce this Spanish Roman Catholicism is! Will no new Luther arise to tear the painted mask from these abominations, and show the grinning ghastly hollowness of the skeleton behind, which these people, ignorant as the beasts that perish, fall down and worship? How truly Cardinal Newman once wrote about this Roman Church when he said that she is "crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural as madmen are—or rather she may be said to resemble

a demoniac—possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own." But I believe the Latin races always were and always will be idolatrous, the vulgar at least, even when the educated, as in France and Italy, turn sceptics. We returned for a few days to Seville, where we had not yet seen the famous "*Sacristia major*" in the cathedral. The best things in it are the two superb life-size figures of St. Leandro and Isodora by Murillo; and the "Descent from the Cross" by Campaña, which Murillo so greatly admired, and which, although hard in colour and angular in drawing, is a powerful work. The group of holy women at the foot of the cross has much of the manner of Michael Angelo, of whom Campaña is supposed to have been a pupil. The sacristy itself is a gorgeous temple of carved stone, but the reliquaries, the delight of touts and tourists, are tinselly gewgawy rubbish. Before leaving Murillo's city I visited, with reverence, the house in which he died, in the old Jewish quarter. It is approached by streets so narrow that two stout people could not pass each other abreast, or rather stomach. The little room in which tradition has it that the painter worked contains a "Christ crowned with Thorns," one of the finest works of the master. At Seville we were joined by Hans Hamilton, a well-read, well-informed, and most amusing Hibernian. We had arrived at Seville in pouring rain, and we left it coming down in torrents. There is nothing more melancholy than such a place as Seville in such weather; the water spouts down on you from all the roofs and numberless gargoyles, and it even, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, "penetrates into our chambers!" Pots and baths had to be employed to catch the flood; and this in a house which had only newly been re-roofed and re-furbished. On the 28th we left for Granada, which we reached the same night, and established ourselves under the walls of the Alhambra at the Hotel of the "Sueste Suelos," a poor caravansary, but the only possible one to stay at near the Alhambra. The first day or two were wet, but even under rain the Alhambra is a dream of beauty; the most exquisitely picturesque building in the world. About the loveliest of a hundred beautiful impressions of this

place that I shall retain is the view of the Alhambra from the highest terrace in the gardens of the Generaliffe, where the grand old grey-stemmed poplars with their fountain-like foliage of green and golden leaves with fountains and little rivers running among the flowers, look down on the red Moorish towers of the Alhambra. The royal chapel in the cathedral with the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the narrow vault below, "a small place for so much greatness," as Charles V. said of it—containing the coffins of his grandparents, is unequalled in interest, artistic or historic, by any spot in Spain. But the sight of all sights here is the Alhambra by moonlight. We had been listening one evening to the gipsies playing their wild plaintive music when, being a night of brilliant moonshine, Hamilton and I visited that enchanting spot. Nothing that Washington Irving, Théophile Gautier, or Augustus Hare have written regarding the magic beauty of this place can give an idea of the beauty of the Alhambra on such a night. The charm and glamour of those silent courts and halls when seen under moonlight beggars all description. The town faintly glimmers below, lit by what seems to be a swarm of fireflies, and from the upper windows the glorious Sierra Nevada, more like a blank of white peaked clouds than palpable mountains, is unspeakably glorious and bewitching. The ochre tints of the elaborately decorated walls, and the different colours of the tiled roofs and domes of the palace, are as vivid almost by this light as in the daytime. But two more glimpses of that wonderful place and I have finished.

November 1.—A splendid service in the Cathedral. A bishop officiating in all the pomp of mitre and crozier, and enthroned. The singing good, priests chanting above in the organ loft, and choristers, accompanied by violins, in the choir. In the Chapel Royal another service was taking place; there the priests wore superb and ancient vestments, stoles, and chasubles, and heralds wearing tabards bearing the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, made one feel as if the fifteenth century had suddenly returned! I re-read Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" in the Court of the Oranges in the Alhambra, and climbed the rugged hills behind the Generaliffe

Gardens, whence surely one of the most beautiful views on earth that eyes can behold lies before one. Would only that a river like the Rhine or the Necker flowed beneath the red walls of the Alhambra! The lights, and the azure shadows from the great clouds sailing in the deep-blue sky, were wonderfully distinct; and Tennyson's song in the "Princess" is constantly on my lips when near the Alhambra:—

> "The splendour falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story."

The poplars in the Generaliffe Gardens looked like golden fountains playing against those castle walls, which once seen can never be forgotten.

We went on to Valencia, passing through a country half gardens, half orange orchards; stopping one night at Valencia, where is little to be seen, and the next day by more fertile plains and by many an old castle ruin perched on the crest of rugged hills. The grand old hill fortress of Seguntium is not unlike Stirling Castle. After a long day's journey we reached Tarragona, and on the following Barcelona.

How pleasant again to get butter, and eatable dishes not bathed in oil! Barcelona has many things to recommend it besides butter. The chief thoroughfare, the Rambla, is a bright street beginning at the port and pointing towards the distant purple hills of Catalonia. It is always full of life and movement and bright holiday-looking folk passing beneath its fine plane-trees that form an avenue up the long street. Here, too, are streets full of gay shops; a small but handsome cathedral with stalls that remind one of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, in which the coats-of-arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece are blazoned. Here our party dispersed; my friends Pariswards, while I, after climbing the fortress-crowned hill of Mon Juich—so nimbly taken by Peterborough—left Spain on the 12th November by sea for Marseilles, where I met the Westminsters on their way to their winter quarters at Cannes, and with them I passed a few days at the villa Isola Bella. On the 20th I was back in Paris, at work

on my Falstaff for the Shakespeare monument. At the end of that month, at Windsor, I received visits on the same day from Princess Louise and Lord Dufferin. "Both delightful, as they always are, and both genuinely artistic. Lord Dufferin gave a comical account of his working at a 'life' school of students the other day in Paris in the Passage des Panoramas. My collection of books on the French Revolution interested him. The Princess has brought back from Canada some clever water-colour sketches."

In December I made the friendship of Canon Pearson, whose acquaintance I had long desired; his sermons I had always enjoyed. "He is a man with devoted friends, and he deserves them. I now felt happy to think myself one of these. Although not High Church, he is so large and liberal-minded that one cannot wish him different even in that respect. He lives in a pleasant old nook in the Cloisters of St. George's, but his real home is at Sonning, near Reading. Hugh Pearson is one of those rare men whom to know is not only to like and admire, but to love." About this time the present writing was in hand. I say in my journal of this collection of old shreds and patches: "At times I feel the whole thing will be a wretched failure; and at others I cannot help believing that it will be read with interest." One day during December, Oscar Wilde brought with him a young Oxford friend of his, Rennell Rodd, "full of artistic desires, which, however, he has not had an opportunity to develop under the cold shade of Jowett. My dear old Transatlantic friend, Uncle Sam, also appeared one day on the Windsor scene; he is as perfect as ever, as full of pleasantry and stories as formerly, and, as he always is, overflowing with human kindness. He talked enthusiastically of Gladstone, whom he had met at Dalmeny during the great Midlothian campaign." That Christmas was passed with my sister Caroline Leinster at Carton, near Dublin. Among other guests were Lord Houghton and two daughters; "he is always entertaining and full of anecdote. Sir Bernard Burke, a mine of heraldic knowledge, is also full of curious information." A hundred years ago a lady staying at Carton gives some

details of the manner of life there, which are singularly like those of the present day. "The house," she writes, "is crowded; we breakfast between ten and eleven. We have an immense table—chocolate, hot bread, cold bread, brown bread, white bread, &c. We dine at half-past four" (eight nowadays, for the two o'clock luncheon was not then invented). "Courses upon courses, which take up two hours!" And after that I imagine his Grace of Leinster and the other gentlemen sat over their claret till they were hardly able to join the ladies in the drawing-room; but although they drank more than is done now, I think the couple of meals a day was better than our triple performances. We danced every night; to see Lord Houghton in Sir Roger de Coverley, with all his golden railway medals dancing before him, was a treat. By January 1, 1880, I was back in my little red-tiled house at Windsor. "Certainly," I write on leaving Carton, "few people are blessed with such a good and kind sister as my Irish one is. God bless her!"

CHAPTER XXX

1880: *TAINE—SARAH BERNHARDT—LORD BEACONSFIELD*

I WAS again at work in my studio at Paris early in January. In the middle of that month Mons. Taine took his seat among the forty immortals. "Hoping to get a ticket for the ceremony I called on him; he was cordial as usual, and his conversation full of interest. Speaking of Shakespeare, he said he (Taine) had made a special study of the works of the early engravers of the Flemish School; that he was convinced Shakespeare had been inspired by some of the works and their allegorical figures; he cited as an instance the line in Hamlet: 'Like Niobe—all tears,' as occurring in one of these engravings, in which the 'mobled queen' appears as in a masque, covered with teardrops. He hopes to be able to get me a ticket for the reception at the Academy, although the great 'Blowitz of the *Times*' himself has not been able to procure one. Taine has aged in looks since I saw him last, his hair turning grey." The reception took place on January 15. "It is five or six years since I was last in the Institute for a similar ceremony, when Jules Simon took his seat among the 'immortals.' What changes have occurred here since then, and how much older many of these immortals look to-day—Jules Simon especially mortal. To me there is nothing more interesting in this town or country than what I have witnessed for the second time to-day. The building itself, although unworthy of its fame, much modernised within and decorated in deplorable taste, is full of recollections of the great men of French literature. Fénélon's, Bossuet's, Descartes', and Sully's statues are in that chamber highly appropriate, as are also the

remnants of antique ceremonial, the gilt-chained *huissiers* with steel swords, the Academicians, some in coats embroidered with green bay leaves, the mounted guard at the gates, the military salute as the forty enter the building.

"The most striking heads there to-day were those of the Duc d'Aumale, Alexandre Dumas, and Renan. Victor Hugo was not in his place. The hall was densely packed, not room for an extra rat. Taine's address was excellent; he spoke well and pointedly, but he had a difficult task in order to know what to say regarding that rather insignificant author, with a great name, Mons. de Loménie, his predecessor. The most eloquent passage of the address, I thought, was about Madame Recamier, and what he said of her might have applied to my mother: '*Quand on l'avait vue une fois, on voudrait la revoir toujours.*'"

News reached me from Cannes of poor Roden's death at Mentone on January 11. "In one thing," I wrote, "he is to be envied, in not having survived his mother. This last blow will crush her; she has been in bad health for a long time. Few have had such sorrows as Lady Jocelyn. In half-a-dozen years or so she has watched all her children die; she is now left in this sad world with hardly a living creature to care for." A few weeks after her sorrows came to an end at Cannes.

"Would not the following passage from a letter from my good old nurse at Trentham have pleased Dickens, whose delightful letters I am now reading? 'May every blessing attend you through life, and I think there is no fear of heaven after!' The 'no fear of heaven' is what the French would call a 'pearl.'" At this time my "Prince Hal" was getting on apace. "Mr. Scharf has sent me a sketch of the Prince's dress, but it is too voluminous, and I shall clothe him in as tight a fitting garb as possible."[1]

"Passing by the Palais de Justice one morning I was struck

[1] My monument to Shakespeare, which had taken me ten years to accomplish, was unveiled by Lady Hodgson, wife of Sir Arthur Hodgson, during the fourth year of his mayoralty, at Stratford-on-Avon, on October 10, 1888.

by the Venetian-like effect of a posse of judges ascending the outer steps of that building in their scarlet robes, wearing flat black caps. As I stood in the crowd before that splendid black and gold gate, crowned by the Bourbon lilies, watching these magnates, I pictured the scene that occurred here in October 1793, when the 'widow Capet' appeared from out the prison door on the right of these steps. A vision of a woman robed from head to foot in white, grey-haired, her face worn with untold sorrows, her hands bound behind, but still the most queenlike of women, as she walks to the cart drawn by that sorry grey steed, and passes away through the almost pitying crowd to die on the Place of the Revolution!"

"The Duc de Gramont is dead, and Jules Favre is dying at Versailles, unregretted by all the world. The cold is intense. One night there was a sudden thaw, followed by a still more sudden frost; the streets became all coated with ice, horses came to a standstill, and people could only get along by drawing flannel shoes over their boots; the Rue de Rivoli was full of carriages, from which the horses had been led away; the streets were as silent as their stones. One afternoon I visited the Senate Chamber in the Luxembourg. Chesnelong was speaking—a handsome, bald-headed old man, with great 'gift of the gab.' The discussion was on the Ferry Education Bill. Ferry followed Chesnelong in the tribune; he looks like a cross between a café waiter and a retired greengrocer, and speaks as unattractively as his appearance would lead one to expect."

At the end of February I paid a short visit to Cambridge, being invited to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of the A.D.C. Club. The Prince of Wales took the chair. "I made this pilgrimage to Cambridge, having been much attached in my 'salad days' to this club, also from wishing to see some of my old college friends again. The dinner, a success, in the town hall. Hervey, a college friend (now Rector of Sandringham), said grace with extreme unction. The speeches short and to the point. H.R.H. did his part, as he always

does on such occasions, admirably. The speech of the evening was made by Burnand; it bristled with puns and sparkled with wit. Later all adjourned to the A.D.C. rooms, in Jesus Lane. The performances were 'Ticklish Times,' and 'The First Night.' The acting decidedly inferior to what it was in our day—*Laudator temporis acti!* Gery Callum, as 'Miss Arabella Fitzjames,' looked and acted admirably; and Belard, as the old French father, was extremely good, more like a professional actor than any of the others. Lord Houghton appeared to me to think the smoking in the house *de trop;* he looked picturesque and dignified, seated on a sofa, a skull-cap on his head, and the glittering row of golden railway passes on his breast. His son 'Bobby' Milnes, who sat by me, a very pleasing youth; so is also another 'Bobby'—Spencer—perhaps rather inclined to be self-conscious. How old some of the men with whom I had been at Cambridge had grown to look! I remarked this to be the case especially among my married contemporaries. Others appeared not a year older, although it is fifteen since we were here together; but these were single men. Next morning I passed an instructive hour at the Fitzwilliam Museum with Professor Colvin, another contemporary, and my cousin George Howard. To the Lyceum that night to see Irving in Shylock. When I last saw the 'Merchant of Venice' Charles Kean was Shylock, and he certainly made more impression than did Irving to-night on me; but that was twenty years ago at least, and, oh, ye gods! Mrs. Kean was Portia! To-night Ellen Terry was Portia, and she is perfection."

Early in March I went for a few days to Trentham. My visit there was saddened at finding my poor old nurse dying, but at a good old age. "It is entertaining to see the new generation here," I write at Trentham; "Florence Chaplin with two children, the eldest a fine boy of two, with a Cavendish look about him, the other a dear little girl. Lily Tarbat with her picturesque little daughter, aged two, with an old-world look about her; a child that looks like one of Sir Joshua's pictures. 'Bobby' Spencer is here; he is a good Liberal,

which, among the gilded youth of the present day, is as rare as a dull American, or a witty Scot."

At the end of that month I passed a few days at Cannes with the Westminsters, where I made the acquaintance of the Duchesse de Luynes, artistic to her pretty finger-tips, and not only remarkable for talent, but for heroic behaviour under great trials. Her husband was killed during the war of 1870. "At Mentone I called on my father's old friend, Count Pahlen. He is in his ninetieth year, his memory as good as ever. He told me of his having seen Napoleon in 1809, at Fontainebleau —how he hated that man! —and how pleased he is with Madame de Remusat's Memoirs, which he is now reading. He said the Emperor made believe to take snuff out of his waistcoat pocket only because that had been the habit of Frederick II.; and other curious traits of that character. What a detestable climate this of the Riviera is! how much I prefer the fogs and damps of Windsor to this sham summer, where you are scorched one minute in the sun and cut in two the next by the biting wind; and the dust is abominable."

By the end of the month I was back in Paris. "*Easter Sunday.*—To Notre Dame. A splendid full choral service. From the middle gallery that runs round above the east end of the cathedral the view looking down the church was impressive. A hazy light streamed athwart the building from the clerestory windows, the nave filled by a dense congregation; the organ pealed along the storied aisles. Without mounting to this coign of vantage no idea of the proportions of Notre Dame can be formed. Notre Dame deserves to rank among the first half-dozen of the great cathedrals of Europe."

The end of that month saw a strange transformation scene in English politics. The Liberals victorious all along the line of boroughs, counties, and towns. "Little as such things interest me, one cannot help sharing somewhat in the general excitement; but the difficulties and dangers for the Liberal party are only now commencing. Labouchere has conquered and Borthwick been defeated. One can imagine the jeremiads

of the *Post*, and the gnashing of *râteliers* in London society. *Io triumphe!*"

My sister passed through Paris on leaving Cannes for England in the middle of April. She and the Duchesse de Luynes paid my studio a visit in the Boulevard Montparnasse. With the former I returned for a short time to England, to return to Paris again early in May. There I made the acquaintance of two artists, both in the highest walks of their respective arts, both hailing from the Low Countries. One of these was that wonder of the age, Sarah Bernhardt; the other Leopold Flameng, the recognised head of that revived school of art—etching. Armed with an introduction from Her Dramatic Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* in London, Mr. Brandon, I called on the great actress, who received her *cher confrère*, as she deigned to call me, in her beautiful house in the Rue Fortuny with extreme cordiality. "That house is a marvel of artistic arrangement, as well as its mistress. The half-sitting-room, half-studio, is quite a sight—full of precious stuffs, tropical plants, pictures, statues, hangings and tapestries. At eight one morning she went with me to see my yet unfinished statue of Lady Macbeth. We visited also the Salon, where the crowd collected around her almost as much as the well-dressed mob does when royalty or a professional beauty appears in one of our exhibitions. Sarah was plainly attired; the only decoration she wore besides her flame-coloured hair was a large bunch of her favourite *giroflé*. 'I wish,' she said, 'when I am dead, that my body be burnt, and my ashes scattered under a wall covered by *giroflés!*'" But I suggested that the coffin which is said to accompany Sarah on her peregrinations would then be useless. However, I was glad to know that those in favour of that much-to-be-desired form of burial had so remarkable a personage on their side. It is impossible not to like Sarah; she is quite unaffected, entirely unartificial, and, what is a very rare thing among artists, likes to see the best side of painters and their pictures. After the Salon we visited her master's studio—the well-known Belgian painter, Stevens—in

the Rue des Martyrs, where Sarah showed me an unfinished painting of flowers she is engaged on. We were by this time pretty well famished; even Sarah requires food, and the pleasantest part of that day was when, before a well-spread table, with Sarah seated at the head of it in a Gothic high-backed chair, where she looked like a living page out of some romance, we did justice to her cook's excellent viands, and to Sarah's remarkable cellar.

My other artist friend, Leopold Flameng, is only remarkable in one branch of art, unlike Sarah the Universal; but, as I have already said, he is in that branch—and what a difficult one!—supreme. I passed many a pleasant hour with him and his talented son François in Paris, and also paid them a visit at their pretty villa at Les Tournelles, near Mantes. "They occupy a flat in a house in the Boulevard Montparnasse, which formed a portion of Turenne's hotel. I was introduced to the Flamengs by my friend Mr. Thibaudeau. It is not many years since Flameng came to Paris, quite a poor man. He is now the leader of that very richly remunerated school of French artists, the *Artistes graveurs à l'eau-forte.* To give an idea of the sums he now obtains, it is sufficient to say that he receives for etching Frith's 'Road to Ruin' (that feeble imitation of Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress') for six plates, three thousand pounds.[1] François, a bright, handsome young fellow of twenty-two, made a great hit in last year's Salon with a huge painting, 'The Last Repast of the Girondins.' He has a great career before him. Flameng, who is a friend of Gambetta's, told me the following respecting the great Léon. While etching at the Hague, Gambetta appeared and held forth on Art. He considered, he said, the great human Trinity of Genius to consist of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. 'Perhaps,' he added, 'I ought to include Victor Hugo; but, being a good Catholic, I prefer,' said Gambetta, 'to keep to the Trinity.' One cannot

[1] Mr. Watson, secretary of the "Art Union," informs me that the company paid Flameng £2000 for etching the five plates of the "Road to Ruin."

in mentioning the Flamengs leave out Madame, who is one of the kindest and most hospitable of women. Her devotion and pride for her husband and son does one good to see."

In order not to keep my readers constantly skipping from London to Paris, and back again to Windsor, I will here add a few matters I think of sufficient interest which occurred to me while in Paris during the remainder of that year, including my taking part in "an affair of honour." But before leaving the artists, I will allude to one who is more widely known out of his country than any, next to Doré—Meissonier. "I called on him relating to the publication of the photographs of some of his pictures at Hertford House in my 'Great Historic Galleries.' He lives in a splendid house near Sarah Bernhardt, the building of which has, it is said, crippled his finances. Within, the house is like a portion of the castles of Blois or Amboise transported to the most modern and artistic quarter of Paris. Meissonier is more like a gnome than any one I ever set eyes on. But genius sparkles in his wonderfully brilliant eyes. He considers '1807,' now at New York, his *chef-d'œuvre*, and resents its being out of Europe. Talking about this painting (which represents Napoleon reviewing his cavalry), he pointed out to me some interesting details in it. For instance, the Emperor's dress is copied from the identical uniform, most of which belongs to Meissonier. He showed me, too, a large number of highly-finished sketches done for that picture. Meissonier's talent and fame are great; but these are far exceeded by his vanity, which is excessive, and makes the little great man almost ridiculous. His ambition is to be considered a great soldier. I think his greatest regret is that he does not resemble the first Napoleon in appearance."

The "affair of honour" in which I took a part came about in this wise. One day in June, having just returned to Paris, I met Santa Severina, who asked me to be one of his seconds in a duel that he was to fight next day in Belgium, with a writer in a paper called the "*Gil Blas*." It would have been churlish to have refused my friend this request, although I have a hearty contempt

for the ordeal by the *duello*. "Accordingly, that evening we were on our way to the frontier; we, being Santa Severina, his other second, M. de Chaboulon (a young Frenchman, half gilded youth, half soldier), and myself. The enemy's party consisted of the other principal, M. Tavernier, who wrote the article which had raised my friend's ire, and his seconds, the two Nadards, *père et fils*. The former a well-known and highly-esteemed aëronaut and photographer, also an author, and, as I found later, a most delightful person of the purest Gallic type. I have left out the doctor. This was an eccentric old Italian, goggle-eyed, and of generally decayed appearance, named Maffei, *ex-docteur de S. M. l'Empereur*. We dined in the train excellently well on a cold collation provided by our host and principal. Changing trains at Lille, we reached our destination, Tourcoing, about midnight. Here we passed the night at the 'Hôtel du Cygne,' facing an ugly Hôtel de Ville. The wide streets of the town were as silent as the dead; not a mouse stirred as we found our way to the inn, and 'bitterfully thought of the morrow.' We were astir betimes next day. Santa Severina and I drove out of Tourcoing together at eight o'clock. The rest of our party followed, but by a different route, so as to avoid suspicion of a hostile encounter; for the most dangerous part of the adventure was the risk we incurred of being arrested by the gendarmerie, once in Belgium; a circumstance which would have entailed a change of scene and a fresh duel, fought in France, with the chance of fresh arrests, and imprisonment of principal and seconds. After driving for about an hour we reached the frontier, and were soon in Belgium, out of danger of the French gendarmes, but now in danger of the Belgian authorities. Halting the carriage, we scrambled out over a rough bit of road to a secluded meadow, where a level sward had been chosen as the site for the encounter; and here we passed a long half-hour, waiting for the rest of the party, who persisted in not appearing. To wait is always a nuisance, but under the circumstances it was almost intolerable. With my wonted tact I pointed out to Santa Severina a sawdust pit, which might be of service in case of wounds, and even

for burial, should both or either of the combatants fall in the coming encounter. At length the sound of carriage-wheels is heard, and in a few minutes the duellists are standing in their shirt-sleeves, with their rapiers pointed at each other's bodies. Although I do not think French duelling nearly as dangerous to life and limb as an ordinary day's covert-shooting in England, accidents of course will occur; and in order not to keep my readers any longer in anxiety as to the result of this encounter, I will at once say that my friend the Prince, after a very plucky combat, in which both he and his antagonist showed nerve and admirable self-command, got a slight wound on the wrist of the right arm, which, although he was anxious to continue the fight, was declared (greatly to my satisfaction and that of MM. Nadard, *père et fils*) by the doctor to make the continuation of the duel out of the question. The following is the '*procès verbal*' that appeared in the next day's papers, which we drew up at a café near the station on our return to Paris that evening:—'*Une rencontre à l'épée a eu lieu ce matin*, 6 *Juin*, *entre le Prince de Santa Severina et M. Fronsac*, *sur la frontière belge. Deux premiers engagements sont restés sans résultat. Au troisième*, *le prince a été atteint à l'avant du bras droit. Sur la demande du Prince de Santa Severina*, *et avec l'acquiescement du médecin et des témoins*, *le combat a été repris. Après deux nouveaux engagements*, *le médecin*, *constatant que l'engourdissement du bras blessé augmentait et rendait d'instant en instant le combat inégal*, *a déclaré à deux reprises la nécessité d'arrêter. Les témoins*, *reconnaissant de part et d'autre la loyauté des combattants*, *ont déclaré l'affaire terminée.*' Then follow the names of principals and seconds.

"Our return journey from Tourcoing to Paris was made under the most friendly and sociable circumstances—the two gentlemen who had so lately crossed swords and thirsted for each other's blood were now on the best of terms, the doctor was full of anecdote and raciness, and I found in M. Nadard senior a most agreeable man, full of humour, and of vast and varied experience of things relating to the earth, and also to the heavens."

Owing to the anxious state of my sister's health in London, I did not leave Paris that summer for a night, but I saw two of the finest country-houses in France—one of the old *régime*, the other of the day before yesterday, but both deserving a short account.

Dampierre is the former: that I visited by the kind demand of its owner, the Duchesse de Luynes, whom I had met early in the year at Cannes. "Dampierre is a splendid specimen of the French château of the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and is not far from Versailles. The station is Leverrières, just beyond St. Cyr. There I found a carriage waiting, and after half-an-hour's drive reached Dampierre. You enter through a stately courtyard—the stables on one side, the library above, an arcade on the other. At the other side of the house is one of those splendid gardens that owe their existence to Mansard. Dampierre is kept up with all the care of one of our great country-houses. The chief charms of the place are the quantity of formal '*pièces d'eaux*,' that recall those at Hampton Court. The library is worthy of that of a college, full of interesting works; and among other curiosities are some books printed here by a Duchesse de Luynes at the close of the last century—among others her own translation of 'Robinson Crusoe' that she made for her children, and hundreds of curious autograph letters from and to the De Luynes: some from Catherine de Medicis, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Anne of Austria. One of the *Grand Monarque's* daughters by the left hand married a Duc de Chevreuse, and brought many of these royal letters to Dampierre. The ever-charming Duchesse, who received me in a room all panelled white and gold, of the best Louis XV. style of decoration, well studded with portraits of the De Luynes and Chevreuses, I found in anxiety about the health of her little daughter, Mdlle. d'Albert; but she insisted on doing the honours of the place. After breakfast, at which the few guests then at Dampierre, Comte and Comtesse de Dampierre and their daughter, appeared, she drove us in the park, in a carriage drawn by five little Corsican ponies, that galloped at a tearing

pace up the hills and through the woods which surround the château. The late duke's father, a distinguished antiquary, had decorated, in a lavish style, a great hall on the first floor of the house in the Græco-Pompeian style—not in keeping with the place by any means. Here is the large fresco of the 'Golden Age,' painted by Ingres, who passed months at Dampierre working on it. Unfortunately, he left it unfinished. In front of it is placed a colossal statue of Minerva, of ivory, gold, and gems, supposed to be similar to the one by[1] Phidias in the Parthenon. I much prefer, to this expensive toy, the fine marble statue by Cavalier, of the sleeping 'Penelope,' at the foot of the great staircase. Here, too, is a life-size statue of Louis XIII. in his youth, by Rude, all of silver. In the room containing this statue that most uninteresting of monarchs passed a night; it has been turned into a kind of Legitimist shrine, the walls all hung with purple velvet hangings, powdered with golden *fleurs-de-lys*, and the ceiling gorgeously carved with the arms of France and Navarre in the centre."

The other expedition to another great French country-house, Ferrières, the most gorgeous building of this century in France, erected by Baron James de Rothschild, and now the property of his son, Baron Alphonse, I made with Cyril Flower and his sister Mrs. Brand. "Never did three people make such a mess of a very simple outing as we did. We met early at the station, the Gare de l'Est, and after passing a number of stations, the pangs of hunger began to make me wonder how it was that the station for Ferrières had not been reached; but confiding in my male companion's knowledge of the line—he having often made the journey—it was not until suddenly a horrible dread had seized all three of us, that we might have passed the station, that we found we had been so unfortunate. There was now nothing for it but to get out at a miserable little place called Ozier, where no conveyance was to be had, and no inn at which to breakfast, and no train back till the afternoon. However, the

[1] Cost £10,000 to make, it is said, and is worth, intrinsically, £4000.

society was pleasant, and at a butcher's house we got something to eat, and we passed the intervening hours as philosophically as we could. In an old church we watched a picturesque old *curé* catechising the village children, and at length we got to our destination. Ferrières is like Mentmore, only as big again, and internally more gorgeous than that too gaudy place. Everything that can be imagined in the way of splendid furniture and stuffs and decorations reigns within. The great hall is a fine room, but rather overcrowded with magnificence; the saloons are superb, and even the bedrooms are full of paintings and of treasures. In the luxurious smoking-room Jules Favre's tearful interview took place with Bismarck. I was shown the gardens, offices, and even the kitchen, which is connected by an underground passage with the house; the dinner traverses a part of the grounds in a kind of tramway. The Rothschilds most kindly invited me to remain the night, but I had to return to Paris; having seen, however, tolerably well, one of the most splendid and luxurious of human habitations, and certainly the most gorgeous in France.

That summer I had the satisfaction of seeing the Kesselstadt "mask," supposed to be the one taken from Shakespeare's face after death, which was brought by Dr. Becker, when with the Grand Duke of Hesse, to Windsor Castle. There is no satisfactory history regarding it, only conjecture, but it bears the most striking resemblance to what one hopes and wishes the poet to have looked like in life and in death. I never saw, not even in the cast of Napoleon's face after death, a finer-featured or a more beautiful face, so serenely grand and so divinely calm, with a saddened but satisfied look on it! I induced Dr. Becker to allow this mask to be photographed by the Van der Weyde electric light in London, and I met him at the charming home of Mr. C. Flower, at Stratford-on-Avon, when we were able to compare and measure the cast with the bust of Shakespeare over his grave; they tallied in a very remarkable manner. Stratford owes its public garden and the conception and most of the funds of the Memorial Theatre to Mr. Flower, who has formerly served the town as mayor on more than one occasion.

It was early in July that the serious state of my sister Constance Westminster's health first alarmed us, but a great ball took place at Grosvenor House on the 9th, at which she was too ill to be present, but which she would not permit to be postponed for fear of disappointing those invited. "The ball was a magnificent affair," I write of it the following day; "but one missed the principal figure that would have made it perfect; and as I said to Marie of Aylesbury when she said, 'Well, dear, here's all the world,' 'Yes—but without the best woman of the world.'" It was the last of those beautiful entertainments that no one knew how to arrange so well as they did at Grosvenor House, where all were welcomed with the same unfailing kindness, whether they were princes or toilers in art or on the stage. Rapidly my dearest sister's health grew worse, and although we never gave up hope even to the last, the dark shadow was closing over that once happy home, and the terrible irreparable blow that fell on us in December was steadily approaching. What the feeling was about her amongst all who had even only seen her lovely genial face, those that loved her best will not forget, nor the warm sympathy that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales showed her. Of the Queen's visit to Grosvenor House on July 13 I wrote at the time:—

"Her Majesty drove to Grosvenor House after being present at the garden party this afternoon at Marlborough House. It was seven when the Queen drove into the courtyard of Grosvenor House. Princess Beatrice came also, but only the Queen and Lilah Ormonde went upstairs to my sister's room. Nothing could equal the Queen's most touching and affecting kindness—her dear eyes full of tears and her look full of infinite compassion. Constance met her outside the sitting-room, where I left them alone together. How gladly would one lay down one's life for such a Queen and friend."[1]

But before I come nearer to the close of that precious life, whose loss has taken the charm and sunshine from one's own, I

[1] My sister died at Bournemouth in December 1880.

will add a few more old shreds of memory out of this year, with which I shall close this patchwork of an autobiography.

"The Prince of Wales called constantly at Grosvenor House to inquire after my sister's health. One day he said to me, 'Your sister is my oldest friend; I have known her for five-and-twenty years.' He asked to have daily accounts sent him when out of town. A kinder-hearted man does not live." Our dear sufferer's courage and cheerfulness under the trying illness were wonderful; she keenly appreciated all the sympathy that all classes felt for her. Once she said to me, "It is indeed something to be cared so much for and liked before one's death." I lost a kind old friend that summer in Lady Cowper, who died in July. With her another link of the past was broken. Dining one night at Holland House, "I found rather a large party. Lord Beaconsfield in his star and blue ribbon. He took in to dinner Lady Chesterfield, and sat between her and our hostess; and Lady Bradford, with whom it is always a pleasure to talk, fell to my lot. We dined in the great dining-room, formerly the entrance-hall, by far the most picturesque dining-room in or near London, except the Long Gallery at Knowle. The table was a marvel of beauty—brilliant with lights and flowers and Dresden china figures. Lady Bradford's affection for, and admiration of, Constance, is to me in itself a great attraction, besides her charm and cleverness; would there were more like her in this crowded London society! Mr. Morier, the Minister, was there; we had a pleasant chat over our cigarettes and coffee on the terrace before leaving that most delightful old house.

"Another of my Scotch nieces has been married—Elizabeth Campbell, to young Clough-Taylor. Dean Stanley officiated at this wedding in the newly-restored church of Kensington. Shortly after I dined in Downing Street, on July 27. "Dined with the Gladstones at 10 Downing Street. A much better house within than one would imagine from its ugly outside appearance. The reception-rooms are delightful—of the time of George I., with handsome decorated ceilings and massive chimney-pieces. The windows look out on the Horse Guards Parade.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and half-a-dozen others dined. I had the good fortune to sit next the Premier, who is as full of interesting talk and jest as ever. He is much pleased just now with an old house near Barnet, which has been taken for the summer by the Aberdeens, and where the Gladstones pass the Sundays of the season. It is said to have been built by Charles II. for Nell Gwynne.

"On August 10 I met the Gladstones at the Deanery at Windsor, where he had gone to rest after his late serious illness. We went to afternoon service at St. George's, where Mr. Gladstone occupied one of the stalls near which only a few days before I had seen the newest of the Knights of the Garter take his place.[1] A couple of days later I had the honour of receiving the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone in my little house. His visit, as I told him, made that little erection of red brick and tile historic. Mr. Gladstone overflowed with amiability; he liked my little Gainsborough landscape, and said many kind things about the 'Old Guard' in the front of the house."

On August 14 my sister left London for Cliveden, where she passed the last autumn of her life, and where she remained till her last journey to Bournemouth in October. The removal to Cliveden was safely accomplished, and in that lovely place she passed some happy days, surrounded by her children and her children's children; but the state of her health only allowed of a few friends to see her.

Among these were Lord Dufferin, who called at Cliveden on his return from Russia at the end of September. "He is as delightful as ever; he gave an amusing account of his voyage by steamer from Russia to Leith—the steamer a beautiful little craft; and he had to sleep on a shelf in a little hole of a cabin full of old cheeses. In the middle of the night he was pitched off this shelf, picked up by the fat wife of the steward, who was full of compassion, and who 'kissed the place to make it well.' At Berlin, during the late military manœuvres, he had been

[1] Lord Beaconsfield.

introduced to Moltke, on shaking whose hand he had said to the Field-Marshal that he had shaken hands with the great Duke of Wellington, and that he had now the equal honour of doing so with the greatest of living warriors! Such short speeches and well-turned compliments are worth volumes of despatches both to our country and to its representative. My sister also received a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, who seemed astonished at finding her so little altered in looks after so many months of suffering and discomfort.

"How like your mother she looks," said the Princess; and, indeed, with the hair brushed back, her beautiful clear chiselled face had a striking resemblance to that of our mother. But the weakness of the heart was on the increase—the kindest heart that ever beat—and although at times we were still hopeful, and little anticipated that the end was so near, one trembled for her from day to day. She loved to sit during the fine autumn days in the private garden near the wing, under the shade of an old cedar-tree, her parrot near her chair, and the grandchildren always about her, rolling like 'tumbled fruit in grass.'"

From Cliveden I paid two visits to Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden during that autumn, one for a couple of nights, the last only passing the day there, returning to Cliveden in the evening. Of these visits I find in my diary the following:—

"*September* 9.—At Hughenden for the second time. My first visit took place some eight years ago. There is little alteration within the house, and its owner does not look much older than when I paid my first visit here with William Harcourt. There are a few more portraits on the staircase and in the drawing-room. Over the fireplace of the dining-room is a very fanciful portrait of Lady Beaconsfield—after a miniature of about the year '30; and hanging on the opposite wall a half-length copy of Angeli's portrait of the Queen—presented to Lord Beaconsfield by Her Majesty, and a standing proof of the utter want of vanity of our beloved sovereign, for this Angeli representation of Her Majesty is almost a caricature of the best of queens. On the staircase are a set of portraits of personal and

political friends of Lord Beaconsfield; Sir Stafford Northcote by A. Stuart Wortley, and Lord Barrington by Augustus Lumley—remarkable performances for amateurs. A full face of Rowton by Angeli, very like. 'Yes,' said my host when I said so, 'but Angeli has not given the golden light in Monty's hair'—which light I had never seen, nor had Angeli, it seemed.

"By the landing hangs a fine but idealised profile of Byron, painted by Westall, a superbly handsome face; it is a portrait of which Lord Beaconsfield is proud. 'I got it,' he said, 'from the Harness family.' But what the Harness family had to do with Byron I felt I ought to know, but did not, and did not like to display my ignorance by asking.

"Lord Beaconsfield, although, as I have said, little aged in appearance, is not strong, and is feeble on his legs; but he would take me a walk of nearly a couple of hours; beginning with the garden, and then going on to the walks in the beech woods, and along the pleasant green terraced walks, laid out by Lady Beaconsfield (to whom he attributes all the beauties of the place). We went on to the 'German Forest,' as she called a pretty pine wood intersected by numerous paths. It was getting dusk, and my host seemed already very tired, and would sit at every bench we came to; at one he told me how perfect a natural theatre was in front of us, but there was only a steep decline edged by a circle of trees; this shows how much enjoyment one may derive from the pleasures of the imagination and from a picturesque fancy. Lord Beaconsfield was, as I have ever found him, extremely pleasant, full of quaint humour, and never seemingly bored at being questioned on any subject that one ventures to put to him; however, once I felt that he had administered to me a well-deserved rebuke. We had been looking at some prints, one of which represented Whitehall, and I asked him if he had any doubt as to the side of the Banqueting House on which Charles I. was executed. He answered me something to the following effect. Some time ago a Tory squire had brought his two sons to see him, and to receive words of advice as to their future conduct in political and social existence. Eagerly the fond parent

waited to hear what his leader would deliver on so important a subject. 'Never,' said Lord Beaconsfield, in his most solemn tones, 'never in society ask who wrote Junius's Letters, or on any account inquire on which side of the Banqueting House Charles I. was beheaded, or if you do you will be voted a bore, and that is, well—something dreadful!' He said he had seen the story in print, and unlike most of the stories in print about him, this was perfectly true.

"Talking of religion, he gave me almost the same answer as appears in one of his novels. 'I would indeed be very ungrateful to Christianity, which has caused half the civilised world to worship a man and the other half a woman, both of my race.' Lord Beaconsfield appears to enjoy being here quite by himself; he has not left Hughenden, except for an occasional visit to London, since last May. He told me of his wish to see Warwickshire and Shakespeare's haunts, 'but I have,' he said, 'never been able to do anything in my life that I have wished—at least,' he added, 'not during the last thirty years!' He spoke of his travels in early youth, in Spain and in the East; but he has kept no notes or journal about them. 'I have never kept a diary in my life,' said Lord Beaconsfield; the more's the pity, thought I. We dined at eight, sumptuously. My host ate little, only some venison and a little of a cabinet pudding—(which I thought an appropriate dish). After dinner he insisted on my smoking a cigarette in the library, where he always sits, and he also smoked one, a thing which he said he had not done for more than a month. He showed me his treasures—presentation books from the Queen, and photographs; papers sent him from Rawdon Brown at Venice; but what he seemed to take most pleasure in were some of his father's books, especially a MS. on Solomon's writings, and some work in an old Italian binding. He much admired Rivière's bindings, and also Bedford's, but does not seem to know how much superior are the old French bindings of the last two centuries to any of ours. He keeps locked a set of Aldine editions of Latin and Italian authors in a black wooden cabinet, covered outside with modern Dresden china plaques,

with which cabinet and its contents he is highly pleased. The Queen, he said, had much admired it when she was here. During the evening he was much troubled with a cough, which sounded somewhat asthmatic; at eleven he left to go to bed, which he does, as a rule, punctually at that hour. He does not appear to expect to live long, and gives himself but two more years, but to the Queen twenty. I begged him to write a *catalogue raisonné* of his treasures, and he seemed to think that he would like to make one; he has certainly the love of possession very strongly developed. He alludes constantly to 'my dear wife,' and speaks of her as if she had been his good angel. I found on going below next day a luxurious breakfast laid out for me in the dining-room. Lord Beaconsfield breaks his fast first at half-past seven, and has a second refection about eleven; mine was introduced between these two repasts, but he came to see that I had all one could possibly require. Later he took me all over the rooms; those occupied by the Prince of Wales at the beginning of this year are sunny and cheerful, the sitting-room full of prints, after portraits by Winterhalter, of the Royal Family, given him by the Queen. In the bedroom hang two pretty water-colour drawings by that delightful artist, Miss Blackburn ('T. B.'), given him when he was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In another of the bedrooms are arranged all the family portraits, more than one of his father; a portrait in chalks by John Downman of his mother; two of his grandfather, 'the real D'Israeli,' as he called him, his hair powdered, and in a red coat; and a pencil drawing of an infant resting in an angel's lap. 'My Guardian Angel,' Lord Beaconsfield called it, and said it was by Cosway, but I think more likely by Mrs. Cosway, or some other artist's wife, to judge by the feebleness of the touch; and hanging over the chimney-piece his own portrait, in the heyday of youth, by Grant, which has been engraved more than once.

"It was a lovely sunny morning, and I strolled about the place; going by the beautifully situated parsonage-house down through the fields to the pretty old church, I found the memorial tablet to Lady Beaconsfield outside against the church wall at the east

end, and on a granite slab let into the outer masonry, on which are the arms and coronet, is the following inscription: 'Viscountess Beaconsfield, in her own right. Thirty-three years the wife of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.' Returning to the lawn near the house I met my host, drawn out by the brightness of the day, among his peacocks in the sunny garden front. He took me over the stables that he had lately built, and in which he said he would like to live: 'they are so like cloisters,' he said. We strolled on into the kitchen garden of old-fashioned flowers which he loves, but he professes great ignorance regarding botany. Returning to the house we sat in the library among his books, where he always seems to be most at home. Of Lord —— he said, 'He is the most envious of mortals; whenever I have published a book he at once writes to all the editors of magazines to run it down and cut it up as much as possible. Envy!' he added, 'that most detestable vice, he has to a degree;' and he added, with great warmth, 'I have a thousand faults, but not that detestable one!'

"After luncheon we went out for rather a long walk. First down to the stream—'The Hughen,' he said it is called—a pretty, bright trout stream that meanders among the sedges. He delights in walking along this little river, and to what he calls the lake and the island, miniatures of both one and the other; he was as pleased as a child at seeing a swan sitting on the latter, and this lake has been expressly photographed for the Queen, among other views of Hughenden.

"Lord Beaconsfield talked in anything but a conservative sense as to the intolerable injustice of trying to keep the people out of one's parks, especially when so near London as Hughenden is. He showed a very great and good feeling about wishing to give as much possible enjoyment to the hard and over-worked classes as is compatible with private rights, and seems to have a great contempt for the narrow, selfish views of many of the Tory and Whig landed proprietors, who make their class odious to the people by keeping them as much as possible out of their great demesnes and vast parks. 'I for one,' he said, 'cannot and will not do anything so absurd.'

"We then crossed the high road, after passing the neat little lodge with its porch, where Lord Beaconsfield often sits on his walks about the place and chats with the children of the rather gipsy-like damsel who attends the gate. Here, as the drive became steep, Lord Beaconsfield got into a pony carriage that had waited for us, and in it we passed the 'Green Farm,' which he has recently bought, and down on through a wood; from here the view of Hughenden is very pretty nestling in the beech-woods. As we returned by the high road towards home we met many people. It was a market day at Wycombe. Most of those people bowed to Lord Beaconsfield as we walked past, and when they did so he always spoke to them, asking them questions about the crops and the market and the state of their affairs. One labouring man came up to him and mumbled something which we at last made out to be the poor fellow's thanks for a Christmas gift of some flannels that he had received last year. 'I thought,' said his lordship, as the man left us, 'he was going to stab me!' He had received some threatening letters a day or two ago; no wonder if he felt (not that I believe he was really alarmed, for dear old Dizzy is the personification of pluck) rather uncomfortable for the moment.

"During luncheon he gave me a curious account of the time of the Fenian rising in Ireland. 'Only three men,' he said, 'succeeded in stopping it; those three men were Mayo, Hardy, and I.' Of the history of how that movement was stopped, partly, it seems, by paying well some informers in Ireland, no one will ever, Lord Beaconsfield said, know the truth; 'for Mayo is dead, Lord Cranbrook never writes about anything, and I have not kept a single note or even a memorandum of that most strange and curious time. Cluseret,' he said (afterwards the Communist-General), 'we had watched in his London lodgings, and as he was on the point of starting for Ireland to take the command of the rebellion he was neatly stopped.' How Dizzy must have enjoyed all the mystery and the almost halo of romance that shrouded that mysterious history of what was very nearly being as serious a rising in Ireland as '98!

"That evening Lord Beaconsfield was in great talk. 'I am,' he said, 'the unluckiest of mortals; six bad harvests in succession, one worse than the former, this has been the cause of my overthrow; like Napoleon, I have been beaten by the elements; Bismarck and I were perfectly *d'accord*. Had the late Government lasted we would have kept the democrats of Europe in check; but now all is over!' Bismarck he much admires and personally likes. 'He is one of the few men,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'that at my age I have been able to feel real attachment for; but all that is now over, and were he to come to England I should not ask to see him; there is no such thing as sympathy or sentiment between statesmen. I have failed, and he would not care now to see me, nor I him,' he added rather bitterly. He blames Hartington for not accepting the Premiership when sent for by the Queen. He thinks Granville would have accepted office under Hartington; but he thinks both Granville and Hartington lost their heads when sent for to Windsor, although, he said, they had had plenty of warning of what would happen. 'Hartington,' he continued, 'would have had a large following, and for six months at least would have had it all his own way.' He said he had written to resign his leadership of the Conservative party to Lord Salisbury, asking him to succeed him; but he fears Lord Salisbury's health will not allow of this. 'All becomes chaos,' he said, pacing up and down the room and waving his arms; 'all becomes chaos when I am away.' He wants to go to the south, to winter at Cannes, but he says it would not be worth while to go so far, as he has to be back again in his place in the House of Lords in January. He said that during all last session, even when at Hughenden, he was never free from worry from his former colleagues and Ministers—every train brought some ex-Cabinet Minister to Hughenden: 'Lord Cairns, or Mr. W. H., or is it H. W., Smith? I never know which it is, or Mr. Secretary Cross, whom I always forget to call "Sir Richard."'

"I think Lord Beaconsfield is utterly and entirely sick and worried to death by political life, and would gladly give up the

burden of being leader of his party; 'but,' as he says ruefully, 'they will not let me give it up.' His mixture of humour, drollery, and pathos when talking of these things was quite indescribable." My visit to Hughenden came to a close on September 11, when I returned to Cliveden.

"The next morning was a very wet one, and after breakfast we marched up and down the smoking-room together, instead of going out of doors. This is a long passage-like room on the first floor, hung round with prints of Premiers and some of Lord Beaconsfield's political friends; Lord George Bentinck occupies the place of honour above the fireplace. 'Look,' said Lord Beaconsfield, as he stopped suddenly in his walk before a row of prints that hung over the writing-table in that long, low-ceilinged room; 'look at those five engravings, they are interesting. There have only been thirty Prime Ministers of England; and of those thirty, five were Buckinghamshire men. That man in powdered hair is Grenville (father of Lord Grenville), who lost us the Colonies. That is the first Lord Shelburne; that the Duke of Portland; there is Lord Grenville: and there,' pointing to the print of Grant's portrait of himself, 'is your humble servant.'

"I left Hughenden at noon; it rained in torrents, and my kind host insisted on having out his brougham to take me to Wycombe Station. As we stood in the porch, amidst marble vases and busts, ferns and flowers, the post arrived, and with it the *Times*, which contained Mr. Gladstone's letter thanking the public for their sympathy for him during his illness. 'Did you ever hear anything like that? it reminds one of the Pope blessing all the world from the balcony of St. Peter's,' said my host; and then we parted."

The last time I saw Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden was two months after this visit, when I drove over from Cliveden and passed a couple of hours with him.

"*November* 8.—An interesting day; for some of it was passed *tête-à-tête* with Lord Beaconsfield. The morning was bright and summer-like, the woods of Wycombe and of Hughenden all aglow with their gold and bronze autumnal tints. I found Lord Beacons-

field, who came out of the library to meet me, attired in a long furred coat that reached nearly to his feet. He had been sunning himself among his peacocks in the verandah on the south front. He has not been out of doors, except in the garden, since my last visit here, having been laid up with a sharp attack of gout; and his left foot was still a-slippered. He said he quite rejoiced in this gout, for it had driven away his other complaints, of which he seems to dread most the bronchitis. He looked older, and is much weaker than when I saw him here last in September. It was the first day that he had been able to come downstairs for his luncheon; until to-day he has had his meals in his study on the first floor. Lord Beaconsfield said he has hardly seen a face since I was here last; only Monty Corry had been there of late, and then only for one night. However, he declares that he likes his solitude, and that he does not know what it is to feel bored even for a moment. He reads a great deal, and I believe he is engaged in writing something; but this he did not tell me. When I alluded to the report that Lord Rowton had taken the proof sheets of his new novel, 'Endymion,' to the Queen at Balmoral, he only laughed and turned the conversation. We sat after luncheon before a blazing fire in the library. His mind seemed to be full of the past, and of his youth. He spoke of his early friendship with the three Sheridan sisters, all beautiful women; the present Duchess of Somerset, once 'Queen of Beauty;' of Lady Dufferin, and of Mrs. Norton. He described how delightful were the dinners in old days at Mrs. Norton's, over a public-house near Storey's Gate, more than forty years ago, and of the wit and humour that then flowed, more copiously by far than the claret. Lady Dufferin was his chief admiration, more beautiful than her beautiful sisters. 'Dreams! dreams! dreams!' he murmured, gazing at the fire, and smoking a cigarette he had accepted. 'I have not smoked, dearest, since you were last here!'"

The next time I was at Hughenden was to follow his coffin to the grave. But I can still fancy I see him among his beloved books, gazing at the fire, and murmuring in an absent way, "Dreams! dreams!"

Dreams! and after all what is this life but one? And how often so sad a one that one would fain wake from out of it, for to die is to live. "Life," Lord Beaconsfield said to me that last time I was with him at Hughenden, "life is an *ennui*, or an anxiety;" and he enlarged on his text by saying that for the self-made life is full of troubles and anxieties, for fear of losing the position or wealth they have obtained; and for those born with position and wealth there is nothing to strive for, and life then becomes a mere bore, an *ennui*, and a burden. "My idea," he added, "of a happy future state is one of those long midsummer days, when one dines at nine o'clock!" Lord Beaconsfield had left out the majority of mankind, those who cannot afford either to be anxious or to be bored; and, indeed, in that half-way state I believe the truest earthly happiness exists. Life, when those we have loved and cherished in it are taken from us, is a long sadness; but, thank God, we may humbly hope that in His good time we shall again meet with our lost and loved. One has but little wish to cling to life with such a hope in death—

"Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

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